Calabar and its Mission

Rev. Hugh Goldie

WITH ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS
BY REV. JOHN TAYLOR DEAN

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CALABAR AND ITS MISSION

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"This is a very valuable and ably written history of the mission of our Church in Old Calabar. It was well that Mr. Goldie undertook the task; and he has fulfilled it in a manner which lays the Church under great obligation to him."—*United Presbyterian Magazine.*

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REV. HUGH GOLDIE AND NATIVE TEACHERS

CALABAR AND ITS MISSION

BY

THE REV. HUGH GOLDIE

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS

BY

THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR DEAN
COLDINGHAM
FORMERLY MISSIONARY IN CALABAR

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Edinburgh and London
OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER
1901

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—*continued.*

"The student of missionary literature will preserve it among his treasures."—*Sword and Trowel.*

"Valuable to the ethnologist and to every student of human nature."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

"Mr. Goldie has an interesting story to tell of the place, of its people, and of the mission work that has been carried on there. It is a story which the opponents of missionary enterprise can hardly get over."—*Spectator.*

"The United Presbyterian Church has reason to be proud of the men it has sent out to the Calabar River, and the work that has been done since the foundation of its mission there. . . . A narrative of the vicissitudes of fortune and the changes in the native custom and conditions of European intercourse with this part of the Oil River Protectorate during the past fifty years by one who has been himself an eye-witness of what he describes, or who had his information at first hand from the other pioneers of Christianity with whom he was associated."—*Scotsman.*

"An interesting description of the country and the people, and chapters are given on the slave trade, and on the origin and progress of the mission."—*Manchester Examiner.*

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"Mr. Goldie has spent fifty years of his life in the mission field in Jamaica and in Calabar, and has been connected with the mission in the latter country since its commencement. . . . The narrative is one of thrilling interest, and is full of encouragement to all friends of missionary enterprise."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"The book has a twofold interest and value, appealing to the student of humanity as well as to those who are interested in Christian missions, to the merchant as well as to the evangelist, for the truth is that the history of its mission is the history of Calabar."—*North British Daily Mail.*

"Tells of a noble work in the foreign field which has been carried on, so to speak, with little noise. The author has himself spent a lifetime of honourable service there, and he narrates the rise and progress of the mission with admirable fulness."—*British Messenger.*

"Will be found a very acceptable addition to the missionary literature of our time. It is the work of one who has spent many years in the field and is still in it, though no longer able for its more active duties. We cannot have too many such books."—*Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, Nova Scotia.*

"A clear and instructive account is given of the country and people of Calabar, the slave trade and its abolition, and the rise and progress of the mission, the narrative abounding with personal and picturesque details which rivet the attention of the reader."—*Kilmarnock Standard.*

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The principal part of this book remains exactly as it was written by the late Rev. Hugh Goldie. Had Mr. Goldie lived to see the issue of a second edition, he intended to add the account of the opening of the up-river station. This has been done by Mr. Dean, and the story of the Mission brought up to date, while new illustrations have been added.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Advancing years indicating that I must soon lay aside the work in which I have been so long engaged, some of my brethren made the request that, as I had been connected with the Mission since its commencement, I should make a record of its history.

Not being now able, in our rude country, to discharge the more active duties of the Mission, I had it in my power to comply with their request.

The history of the Mission is very much the beginning of the history of the country, which has just now taken an important step, in requesting to be taken up as a British colony.

I have enjoyed a melancholy pleasure, while writing the narrative, in bringing before me, and renewing intercourse with those who, during a long series of years, have given their life's labour to the Mission, and from companionship in duty here have gone to join the great company of the redeemed before the throne. They now form part of the cloud of witnesses which surround us, and no doubt rejoice in the progress of that work for which they lived and died.

The distance at which I am from the press has made it impossible for me to revise the proof-sheets; but this office has been kindly performed by Mrs. Edgerley, who was several years in the Mission, to whom I offer my grateful acknowledgments. H. G.

Creek Town, Old Calabar,
January 1890.

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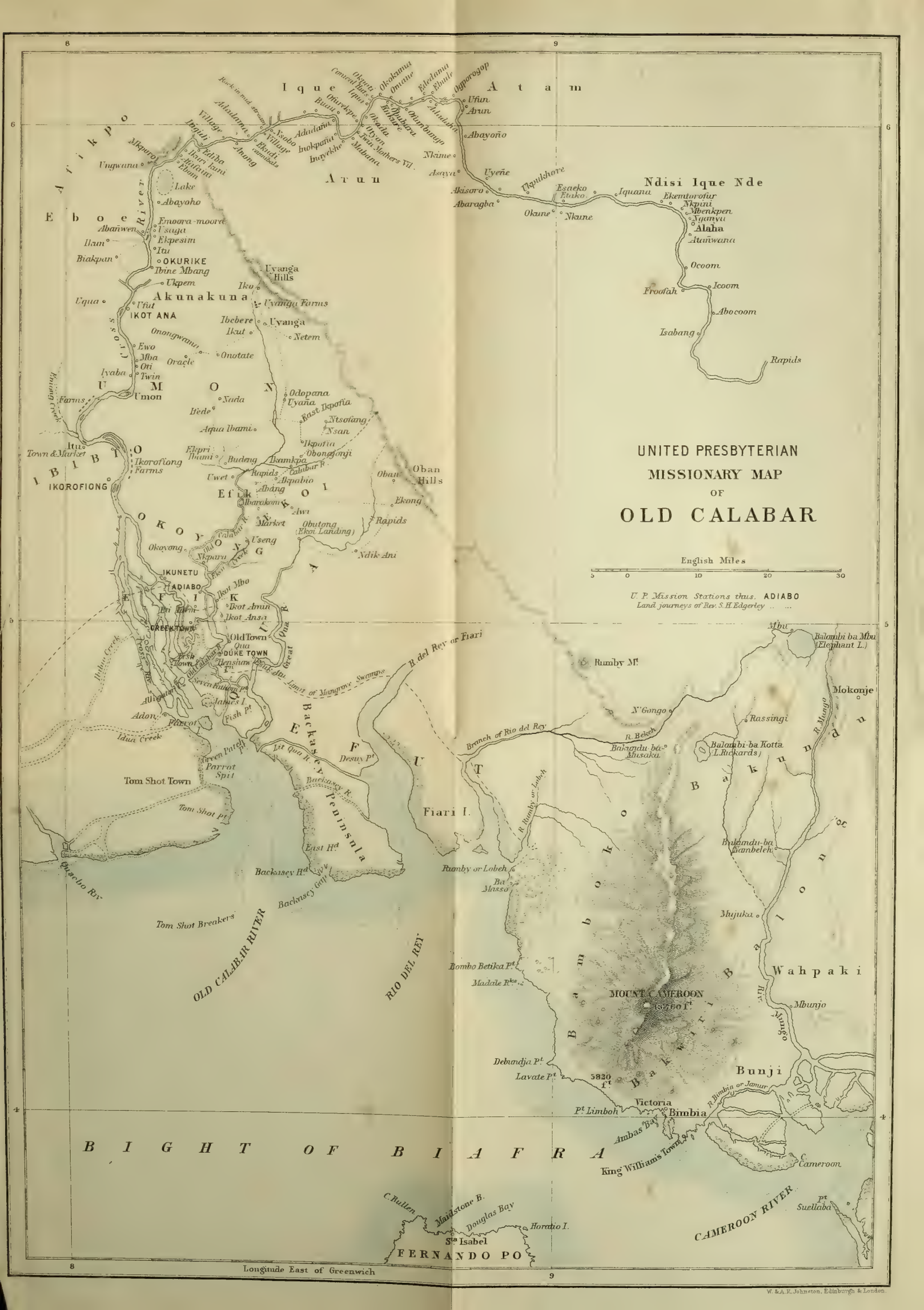
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Fish Pt.
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Ndik Ani
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Awi
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Ibepabio
Abang
Useng
Okoyong
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Ikot Abia
Ikot Ekpene
Ikot Mbo
Ikot Amun
Ikot Ansa
Eti Ekim

CALABAR AND ITS MISSION.

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CHAPTER I.

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

PORTUGUESE enterprise in the end of the fifteenth century unveiled the West African coast to the modern world. In 1784, that part of the continent in which Calabar lies was explored along its coast-line, and the name given to it by its discoverer, Diego Cam, is that by which it is still known to Europeans.[1] English commerce was soon attracted to the coast, and as this increased, a line of settlements or forts, from the Gambia downwards, was planted along the seaboard, chiefly on the Slave and Gold Coasts, for its protection. The benefit of the natives was not contemplated thereby. Until the beginning of this century, the commerce promoted was the slave trade; only in the end of the previous century was something done on their behalf by the private efforts of the distinguished philanthropists who, in 1787, purchased a territory along the Sierra Leone shore, and formed the settlement which bears this name, for the reception of the unhappy captives rescued from the slave ships captured by British cruisers. The wretched victims

[1] The native name is Efik. There is a New Calabar, reached through a creek off the Ibanni (Bonny) branch of the Niger. This was probably a settlement from Calabar, now called Old for the sake of distinction.

of this traffic were there cared for and educated. Our rulers were content with the strip of coast through which a limited commerce flowed, and did not look beyond. Other nationalities are now getting into the interior beyond our settlements, and so cutting off the springs of the coast traffic. Surely such a power as that of Britain, without stepping out of its proper functions, could have in many ways advanced the welfare of the rude tribes on whose borders we had planted ourselves; but our official men as a class have hitherto recognised no duty towards them, and have acted on the notion that the black man was created for the benefit of the white. A better class is now gradually filling the posts of power.

Leaving all the British settlements and passing southward along the base line of the extensive delta of the Niger, we reached the mouth of the Calabar river. At this point, in clear weather, the peak of the mountains of the island of Fernando Po may be seen on the one hand, and the huge mass of the Kameroons mountains on the other. The Cross river, to use the name it bears on the map, enters the Gulf of Guinea by a single outlet, twelve miles broad, so that ships of a large burden find an easier entrance into it than into the Niger, which divides its waters into many streams. For a considerable distance the banks are low, covered with a mangrove forest, but even at the entrance inhabited on Efiat (Louis Shott's point) by a tribe of fishermen located on the swampy soil. Proceeding up the turbid stream, the estuary begins to be divided by numerous islets; and at a distance from the mouth of between fifty or sixty miles, high land appears on both sides, and the river divides into two main branches; that on the right hand, still carrying the name of the Cross river, is the main stream. It has been so named from the opinion entertained so late as 1840, when M'Queen

published his *Geographical Survey of Africa*, that it is an outlet of the Niger. A Mr. Colthurst, in the decade of 1830, attempted to penetrate the continent from Calabar, but reached no farther than Ikorofiong (Ekrikok), where, taking sick, he returned and died at Duke Town. In a communication to the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Colthurst states that people from Old Calabar traded with the Niger. Depending on this and other authorities, Mr. M'Queen affirms the old opinion. There is a traffic of no great extent between the Niger region and Calabar, but it is conducted overland, and no connection, so far as is known, exists between the two rivers. The late governor, Becroft, when in charge of a small steamer, the *Ethiopa*, went up the Cross river till stopped by rapids, at about three hundred miles from the mouth, the farthest distance to which it has yet been navigated, and found it take a sudden turn to the south, so that a conjecture that it might have a communication with the Benue was disproved. The smaller branch on the left, locally called the Calabar river, at a distance of eighty or a hundred miles narrows into a mountain stream. On this branch Duke Town is situated, about five miles above the division of the river. At the point of the parting of the waters, the consulate and Old Town are seen in the distance, and the Factories lining the bank of the river. Duke Town, lying in a hollow, is not seen at first, but the mission-house on the top of the hill comes speedily into view.

Calabar proper is divided into four districts. These are—(1) Iboku, comprising Atakpa (Duke Town) and Okuritungko (Creek Town), which possess the traffic and power of the country; (2) Obutong (Old Town); (3) Adiabo, consisting of the Guinea Company villages, with Ikotmbo and Ibunda; (4) Mbiabo (Ekrikok), consisting of Ikunetu and Ikorofiong. Adiabo lies on the smaller branch of the

river, and above it are the petty tribes Okoyong and Uwet, leading on to a hill region. Mbiabo is situated on the main branch, and beyond it are Itu, Enyong, Umon, and numerous other small tribes, into which the slave trade broke up the population of this part of the continent, leaving to them a legacy of perpetual enmity and strife.

The Efik people, as they call themselves, have, according to their tradition, come out of Ibibio, a territory which extends from the Cross river to Ibu on the Niger. Expelled by the party victorious in a tribal war, they attempted to form a settlement on a place called Old Efik, the head of the island which lies in the estuary opposite Ikunetu; but their enemies, following up their victory, drove them from that quarter, and they scattered into the various localities which they now occupy. This compulsory migration seems to have occurred in the seventeenth or more probably in the beginning of the eighteenth century. They obtained land from the Qua, the Okoyong, and the Ibibio tribes on which to form their settlements. They report that their fathers, when they came down the river, found ships carrying on the slave trade, and, locating themselves nearer to the coast, they shut off those behind them from communication with the European shipping. The people of Old Town being at that time nearest, attempted to treat their fellow-refugees in the same way; and to defeat this scheme, a number of families in Creek Town went farther down still, and, procuring land from the Qua tribe, built what is now called Duke Town, at first called New Town, which, from the advantage of its position, has become the principal seat of population and traffic.

The chief article of export is palm oil, got from the fruit of the palm named by botanists *Elais Guineensis*, which is limited in its habitat, abounding only on the West African coast. It is not cultivated by the natives; they gather

what is produced naturally. The fruit is a kind of plum, compacted in numbers round a central core, forming a large cluster; and cut from this core they are thrown into a shallow pit lined with wood, in which they are pounded in water. The oil is collected, a thickish fluid, which solidifies on its passage to Liverpool, which is the principal port for West African commerce. Formerly the stone was thrown aside, but of late it forms a large article of export, and from it another oil is extracted. Barwood, a red dyewood, and ebony also enter into the list, and now rubber is being added. The elephant is found in certain districts, but not in any number, and the people never attempt to make a prey of it. A little of what is called dead ivory is sometimes picked up. By far the greater part of the oil exported is produced by the tribes behind, especially by Ibibio; the Calabar people acting as merchants in the trade. They make a quantity of oil in their farms, but a considerable portion of this is consumed as food, the oil forming an ingredient in almost all their dishes, and is much relished by Europeans when they get over the uncomfortable sensation of eating oil.

The country gradually rises to a considerable elevation above the river, though no hills diversify it; and looking over it from any height which gives opportunity for a view, it presents a uniform appearance of forest. The mode of cultivation of their soil practised by the natives does not break in much on the wooded aspect of the country. In preparing the ground for planting, they do not make extensive or permanent clearances. They cut down the bush on the plot they wish to crop for the season, and when the harvest is gathered in they allow the bush to spring up again and occupy the clearance, cutting another spot for next season's tillage, and returning on the field formerly cropped, after allowing it a rest

under the bush of five or six years. The ashes of the bush cut down is the only manure given to the land. This mode of culture shows that the population does not at all press on the means of subsistence.

The yam of various kinds is the chief article of food grown. The plantain and banana, cassava, maize, coco, a species of arum resembling the taro of the South Sea Isles, the sweet potato, which is the tuber of a convolvulus, and the sugar-cane, all find a place mixed together in the farms. The maize is roasted or boiled, not ground to meal, and the sugar-cane is eaten or chewed as a sweetmeat. The mission has introduced upwards of thirty plants, of food, fruit, and flowers, such as the breadfruit, the mango, the avocado pear, the papau, the citron and lemon, and arrowroot of two species. During the prevalence of the slave trade, the possession of a home and even of life were so uncertain, that no one thought of planting a tree; even yet the only tree generally planted is a small species of palm, the sap of which is used as a beverage. Nor do they seek to propagate flowers; they have yet no eye for their beauty. A chief of Duke Town calling one day found me engaged in planting roses. He asked if they were good to eat, and on being told that they were not food, but beautiful to the eye, he replied that he did not see the good of bringing bush into the country, as they had already more than they wanted. The people of each tribe around us keep to the cultivation of the kind of food which they have been accustomed to grow, and do not readily introduce a new plant. Following use and wont is the rule of their lives. The Mkpongwe, at the mouth of the Gaboon river, cultivate only the cassava; the people of Efiat, at the mouth of our river, grow the plantain; and the Kameroons people have the sweet potato as their staple article of food.

The towns in Calabar are built by the side of the river,

Mission Beach, Duke Town

and where the soil is not productive in the immediate locality, they make their farms at a distance where better land may be obtained. The principal farms of the people of Duke Town are in the hilly region on the banks of the Qua river. There they build their farm hamlets, in which they reside in the dry season, and gather into the towns during the rains. A few of the chief men reside in the town permanently, attending to their traffic and the affairs of the town.

Their mode of house-building makes a substantial and comfortable dwelling. The materials are at hand in the mangrove forests and in the palm, and every man is his own house-builder. A wall is made of strong wattle, plastered with a sandy clay which is got everywhere. The roof is supported on mangrove posts, and the rafters are the branches of a palm, the *Phytelephas macrocarpa* of botanists, which are covered as a thatch by mats formed of its fronds stitched together. The roof projects beyond the wall to protect it from rain, and so forms a covered walk or verandah in which the indwellers spend most of their time during the day, and attend to their household work. The apartments are built in Eastern style, round a court or yard, without windows, each apartment opening into the court, and all having a common entrance from the street. In this manner court can be added to court, to provide the accommodation required, and a hundred or more may have their homes in the same premises. In almost every house there is a women's yard, corresponding to the harem or zenana of the East. When the walls are finished, a clay bench is commonly formed along the bottom, inside, which, while it gives stability to the wall, forms a convenient seat or bed, as may be required. The women spend a great deal of time and exhibit their taste in painting the principal apartments with various coloured

earths, according to their fancy, frequently imitating the patterns of cloth got from the factories.

The dusky colour of the skin takes away a good deal of the feeling a stranger from Britain is apt to entertain on entering amongst our people, in the state approaching utter nudity. The native costume consists of a piece of cloth tied round the loins. In the case of a chief it is likely a piece of silk, and out of doors he assumes a hat of the chimney-pot style, black, blue, red, or green, as he may fancy, an attendant carrying over him a huge umbrella made of strips of bright-coloured cloth. European clothing is now being adopted by such, though at first it is felt less comfortable than their native mode.

By far the greater part of the population is in a state of serfdom, the people or their fathers having been brought into the country, sold for crime or debt, or it may be to get rid of any claim they might have to position or wealth seized by a stronger hand. We have amongst us also captives of the slave raids of the Tibari, as the Fulatos or Fellani are called here.[1] Thus about thirteen different tribes are represented in our population. There is no record of their number, so that the amount of the population can be only guessed at. It is commonly reckoned that Duke Town has a population of six thousand, and Creek Town one thousand five hundred. By far the greater part of the people are, however, scattered in the farm districts.

The slaves greatly outnumber the free men, and have once and again overawed the chief. A number of them are employed in the traffic of the country, but they are

[1] King Eyo II., who received the mission on its entry, a clear-headed man, was much amused when our custom of taking a census was explained to him. All our counting, he remarked, could not add one to the number of the people.

mostly employed in agricultural work, scattered throughout the country districts, and left almost entirely to their own supervision. The master expects that they acknowledge him by an occasional visit with a tribute of a few yams or other farm produce, and when he has a heavy work on hand, such as building a house, he calls out his people. In the case of war, they follow him into the field, for as there is no military profession, every man is a soldier.

The master's power over his slaves is in theory absolute, but is much modified by custom, though by occasional outrages, which still occur, this irresponsible authority is asserted. It is considered a confession of extreme poverty, a condition thought contemptible in Calabar as it is in Britain, should a master sell any of his slaves except for crime. Moreover, the abolition of the slave trade, of the slaughtering of human victims for the dead, and of substitutionary capital punishment, have greatly ameliorated the condition of the serf population. The terror of these customs enabled the masters to exercise a power which they would not now venture to put forth. Those born in the country are termed half-free, and are possessed of certain privileges above the new people brought in.

In this state of society, a slave, tending or cultivating land on his own account, may become a richer man and a greater slaveholder than his master, and practically as free. The distinction of race as between white and black does not exist to place an impossible barrier between the two classes. All are of the same race, all equally uncultivated, and all taking life leisurely. Sometimes a chief will take one of his own slaves for his wife, and a trusted slave will take charge of his deceased master's household, should the children be too young for any one of them to assume the headship. He becomes, in fact, his

master's heir, as Abraham, still childless in his advanced life, apprehended the steward of his household would be. It is the old patriarchal state of society which prevails, and in some points resembles that existing in our country in bypast times when might ruled rather than law. For protection a free man will sell himself; indeed, the people of the smaller towns have given themselves over as clients to the leading families of Duke and Creek Towns. And it is remarkable how clannish the slaves belonging to the same house become. Each one considers that he partakes of the honour of the house, and is zealous in maintaining it. Any slight put upon his master, or father (the one word *ëte* signifying both) as the master is designated, is resented as a personal offence, and in faction fights between houses, puts forth his powers in behalf of his own side. The above statements show that the native serfdom is not that of the slavery formerly existing in the British West Indies and in the Southern States of America; but the word slave being used to translate the native term, which means dependent, the mistake has been made by some of considering both conditions to be the same.

Polygamy is a prevailing practice. The headmen have their harems. The girls are gifted or betrothed in their childhood, and a chief may keep adding to his harem so long as he lives. If he has grown in wealth, the other families, even those of neighbouring tribes, are desirous of forming connection with him, and bestow their daughters upon him. Before marriage, those so disposed of were called *Nkaiferi*, the naked class, and walked about clothed only with a roll of bright-coloured worsted round the loins, and leglets or buskins made of brass rods, which obliged the poor girls to hobble along not very gracefully; but the demands of fashion are inexorable here as elsewhere. When the husband wished to complete the

marriage ceremony, the young woman was shut up to undergo a process of fattening, a practice widely prevalent in Africa, corpulence being esteemed a chief point of beauty, as Park found it to be even in the Moorish regions he traversed to the east of the Gambia. When the desired result is attained, the bride is brought forth from her seclusion, decked with a head-dress of feathers, and profusely ornamented with beads, a silk cloth round the loins being her only garment, to be seen and admired by all publicly. Friends make her presents, and she then withdraws into the harem of her husband. The seclusion of the Calabar harem is not so rigid as that of the zenana of the East. The wives so shut up may have their own farms and their own people, and may go out to attend to the farm work in the season. The parties, moreover, may part company, on the wife giving back what the husband has expended in gifts to her and her relatives on taking her as his wife.

Dr. Robb when in charge of Ikorofiong station, one day entering an Ibibio village behind the mission-house, found the Efik ceremony in its native soil going on with more than wonted splendour. "A great day in Ibibio," he writes. "For several months the marriageable girls, all of whom have been bought by their husbands years ago, have been a-fattening, and on this day the whole of them come out and show their charms in the market-place. Leglets made of two or three yards of brass rods, weighing two pounds each, are twisted round each leg from the ankle upwards; bracelets of the same material envelop the fore-arm, and an immense girdle of dark red beads with necklaces, complete the grotesque attire. In this guise they trudge three or six miles, and go round the market-place amid the plaudits of the crowd." On another occasion he came upon an additional part of the exhibition. "The last yard

visited in our round presented to me a curious and interesting scene. With difficulty we pushed our way through the crowd to the inner yard. There in the middle of the yard was a woman sitting on a chair covered with a rug, having a crown on her head made of feathers, many strings of beads on her neck, a cashmere kerchief spread on her knees, scarlet leggings, thickly studded with small bells, her feet resting on a box of brass rods, and her head resting on bunches of black coppers.[1] In her hand was a staff headed with ivory, and decorated with a large tassel. Before her on the floor lay all kinds of earthenware, many brass pans, and heaps of small pieces of cloth. On the world at her feet her eyes were intent, like those of the man with the muck-rake in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Two young girls, profusely decorated with beads, stood at her side, fanning her most gracefully. The yard was uncomfortably filled with women squatting on the floor, and men sitting on chairs. 'Is this the queen of the farm?' I inquired. 'Oh no,' was the reply, 'she is now made a wife, her fattening being over, and her friends are presenting her with their gifts before sending her home to the house of her husband.' Her father, while we were present, brought a calabash, from which he counted eight pieces of cloth, and laid them at her feet. He then took a little white earth out of a small calabash at her side and rubbed it on the back of her right hand, indicating that his presents were ended. Her mother and many others followed with their gifts. Some brought goats, one a furious pig, which caused much commotion. It was pronounced unsuitable for transmission to the future abode of the bride, and should be killed for the feast."

It is a question still under debate among Christians,

[1] The brass rods and the black coppers are the money of the country.

whether a polygamist is admissible into the Christian Church. The practice of most missionaries is to exclude such. But it is argued that we have not scriptural authority for such action, and that it inflicts a great wrong on the poor women who may be cast off. Were such objectors to see polygamy as existing in Calabar, they would find no difficulty in coming at once to the conclusion that the only connection which a person entering the Church can have with one of the other sex must be that marriage relationship which God instituted at the creation of man. As to the injury inflicted on the wives repudiated, such even in their married state among the negro tribes have for the most part to support themselves, their husbands contributing little towards their expenses. The refusal to condone the custom of polygamy by excluding it from the Church, it is true, restricts much the numbers of those who come forward to profess Christianity, while Mohammedanism, sanctioning it, and making no demand on its converts but the abandonment of a few fetish rites, makes more rapid advance in Africa than the Christian faith. Those thus gained, however, only exchange one superstition for another.

While a marriage ceremony is observed by the chiefs when taking to wife a woman of their own rank, among the most of the population no ceremony exists. The people in this respect live like the lower creation. They form connections, and separate at their pleasure. This, as will at once be perceived, leads to a great waste of child-life, for the burden of the children's support being commonly thrown on the mother, and having little to encourage her in bestowing upon her children the care they require, many perish through want of it.

Whether the most unnatural of the customs prevailing amongst the Calabar people, the destruction of the infant

twin-born, originated in reluctance to undertake the care of their upbringing, it is hard to say. Eventually it took the place of an act of obedience demanded by the objects of their idolatry, and, strange to say, it is most strenuously supported by the women, though they suffer most from it. The mother, who was visited with the much-dreaded affliction of a twin-birth, was no doubt formerly destroyed with her infants; but we found on our arrival that though she was driven out of the town, and mourned for as dead, she was permitted to live in the farm districts, and a hamlet was built on the outskirts of each town, called the twin-mothers' village, in which those resided who were undergoing this banishment for life.

Twin-births seem much more frequent amongst those rude tribes than among communities advanced in civilisation, and consequently infanticide tended much to keep down the increase of population. A detailed account need not be given of the destruction constantly occurring around us of the hapless infants whom superstition doomed. The following instances will suffice to show the feelings of the people towards such, in the cruelty practised on them. The wife of Okun Nyamsi, then teacher at Eseko, came in one day to report the circumstance of a twin-birth in the neighbourhood. The father of the infants had carried them into the bush, and buried them. Okun and his wife got notice of the matter, and he hurried out to see if anything could be done for them. The father refused at first to show the spot where he had put them, but yielding to Okun's sharp rebuke, they were taken out of the hole still alive, but neither of them lived, and the poor mother would not look at them. A note received from the Rev. Asuqua Ekanem, native minister at Ikunetu, says: "On Wednesday morning a lad came and told us of a twin-birth at a farm. Ekpenyong Ndang

(a native assistant) and I went out immediately and saw the woman in the bush. She was weeping very much, and we tried to comfort her, but she would not listen. We asked her to go home with us, but she refused, nor would she receive any help. She would rather die than be a twin-mother. We asked for the infants, but all were afraid to tell us. At last one boy, on the promise of a shirt, led us to a pot lying under a palm-tree. On turning it up, we found two little girls squeezed into it. We wrapped them up and brought them home, and put them into a warm bath. One of them died after the bath, for the people had wounded it on the head, and cut her hands and face and broken one of her ribs."

The Rev. Mr. Timson, writing from Ikorofiong, states that on the dreaded calamity of a twin-birth occurring in the household of a man who professed to be his friend, the said friend had thrown both mother and twins into the river, and thought it strange that he should be rebuked for so doing. Mr. Timson had the pleasure shortly after of rescuing by force the first twin child of the Ibibio tribe preserved from the wonted doom. The infant was a little girl, who is now the wife of an assistant teacher at Ikorofiong station; but for years the heads of the village where she was born insisted that she should be brought back from Creek Town, where she had for safety been taken, and killed. It is a proof of the absolute power of the destroyer over these tribes, that he has been able to pervert the strongest feeling which God has implanted in the human breast—a mother's love for her helpless infants—into hatred and loathing.

Having succeeded in getting the people to abandon the practice of killing human victims for the dead, we judged that it would be no difficult matter to induce them to abandon twin-murder, and we invited the chiefs of the

several towns to a conference on the subject. They attended on our invitation, perhaps not knowing our purpose, and listened to what was said; but to our surprise resolutely refused even to discuss our proposal. One and all decidedly declined to grant our request, with the exception of the representatives of the Eyo clan, who declared before the others their purpose to preserve the doomed infants. Thenceforth King Eyo made infanticide a capital crime, but he had power to do so only among his own people. In asking him on one occasion to provide shelter for a twin-mother, the woman to whom she belonged having pulled down the house in which the birth occurred, the king spoke of the custom as prevailing in the neighbouring tribes. A small tribe beyond Ikorofiong killed both mother and children. The people of Akaba, another small tribe in our neighbourhood, drive the poor mother into the bush, and allow her to perish of want. The Calabar people sometimes pick them up, the women going to the side of the river to hail any canoe passing. Another tribe drives off both father and mother, but the father is allowed to return to society on his paying a fine, and catching a certain animal without wounding it. A rational and kindly custom, a contrast to all this unnatural cruelty, prevails among the Ekoi people, a tribe at no great distance from us. When a twin-birth occurs amongst them, they make it an occasion of rejoicing, and her neighbours present gifts to the happy mother.

The first case of the preservation of twin-infants occurred at Old Town, then occupied by the Rev. Mr. Edgerley, senior. The birth took place in the mission premises; otherwise it would have been impossible to secure the safety of the children. Egbo was blown on the mission-house, by which ceremony all intercourse with it

was prohibited. The children were forbidden to attend school and the people to attend divine service, so that, to use a term now current, the mission family was boycotted in every way. The chief of the town, known to Europeans as Willie Tom Robins, an old man, was devoted to all the heathenish customs of the country. Though following the example of Duke and Creek Towns, he had permitted the settlement of a mission station beside him, and had gone so far in the way of improvement as they had done to prohibit the public market on Sabbath. When, however, his superstitious mind was shocked by the preservation of the twins, he issued his proclamation, that as Mr. Edgerley had broken his law, all the people must break God's law, in which he was fully obeyed, and the Sabbath market was resumed with all its noise and bustle. He called in a troop of his people from the farms, for the purpose of overawing Mr. Edgerley; and fearing that an attack might be made on the mission, in order to secure the woman and her infants, I went up from Duke Town, where I then was, to stand by our friend. We called on Willie to talk with him quietly, but Willie would not appear. Mrs. Edgerley, on the following day, went to him and found him with a number of armed men, daubed over with coloured earth, and making a great palaver over the matter. They broke out in wrath on her appearance. "You say you be friend for me, and you let them bad things live. Go away, we no want you for stand here. You must leave the place." A number kept watch outside the mission fence, wishing to attack the premises, but afraid to do so; and their purpose to burn the house in which the mother and her infants lay being overheard, Mr. Edgerley removed them into his own house. The countenance shown by Creek Town friends also kept the Old Town people from their purpose, and seeing they could not secure it, Willie with the town

population evacuated it, and withdrew to their farms, where they remained for about a year.

Nothing happened from this breach of the wonted custom, and the vengeance of the objects of their idolatry having been safely braved, there was a beginning made towards its abolition. The act of King Eyo in making the perpetration of the cruel rite a capital offence among his own people, helped speedily to this. The king's law, while it prevented the murder of the twin-born, could not, however, eradicate the superstition which destroyed them from the minds of the people, and so a mother visited with the much-dreaded calamity of a twin-birth was driven out by her neighbours, and the care which might have sufficed for her own preservation she in most cases refused to give to the hated objects which had entailed this upon her, this disgrace and suffering. They were consequently brought into the mission-house, and ere long we had a large family of such children, and also of those infants who were saved on the death of their mother. None were willing to take the care of an infant thus deprived of its parent; it was commonly thrown alive into the grave with the dead body of the mother, or both into the bush.

The stand taken by King Eyo greatly helped to secure the law making infanticide throughout the land in any case a capital offence, which by the Divine blessing was eventually attained. At Creek Town, when King Eyo IV. came into power—a kindly old man, but a great stickler for old custom—in attempting another advance, we had a hard fight to gain the liberty of the town equally with all others for twin-mothers and their children, and also for the right of the women of the commonalty to assume a decent covering of their nakedness. The king sought the aid of the Eyo clan, and also of Duke Town, against our effort, but neither moved to his support. Had the latter done so,

we would have likely for the time been defeated. However, both privileges have been gained for all in the land. All have equal access to the town, and all can clothe themselves at their pleasure, a privilege which is sometimes carried to excess.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT AND ITS ADMINISTRATION.

As in patriarchal times, the power of the head of a house is supreme over his own people; and the heads of the house, forming a town community, in council regulate the matters which are of common concernment. Among them there is a recognised head of the town, who represents it in intercourse with strangers, and presides in the council of elders, which council unites the legislative and executive powers.

The supreme power over the whole country is Ekpe, the native name for a leopard, Anglicised Egbo. This Egbo is represented to be a supernatural being inhabiting the forest, and is brought into the town only on great occasions, concealed in a small tent borne along to suit his progress, and ushered into a back apartment in the town palaver house. His voice is heard issuing from thence, resembling the growl of an angry animal; on hearing which the town is hushed, the street door of every house is shut, and all business is suspended while he remains. Though himself never seen, he has his *idems* or representatives, who mask themselves in fantastic dresses, a bell being hung at the back of those of the higher grades, who run about the town armed with formidable whips, which they lay mercilessly on the back of any one out of doors not free of Egbo. A grand display is, however, sometimes made as part of

the funeral rites of a great man, or on some other special occasion, to which all are free to witness. Such a display we witnessed at the obsequies of King Eyamba of Duke Town, similar to that thus described by Mr. Waddell.[1] "The day I visited Eyo," he writes, "I was privileged to witness a grand brave Egbo ceremonial. Some persons of consequence had come from a far country to purchase the honours and authority of that institution, that they might introduce it among their own people. It was a public display of Egbo grandeur, and all the townspeople were allowed to come out and witness it. They crowded both sides of the main street from top to bottom, and even the women, especially excluded on other occasions, and who dare not utter the name of Egbo, as too sacred for their lips, were now spectators, and filled the gates of their respective yards. Egbo runners, disguised with black masks, and wild dresses of dried grass and sheep-skins, scoured the street in all directions, wielding however a long rod instead of the terrible cowskin whip. They kept the centre of the street clear, confining the populace to the covered way on each side. One rash fellow tried to cross, but was so hunted down the whole length of the street by three of these runners, who followed him closely, amid the laughter of the crowd, till he reached the beach and plunged into the river, that it made no bad part of the show. There came forth from the palaver house two others without masks, but very gaily decked out in silk clothes, with immense turbans on their heads, and long variegated feathers. Each held a long narrow Egbo drum in both hands at arm's length, and as they darted hither and thither around the palaver house, pointed it significantly towards each street. Then the people, in whatever direction they pointed, set up a yell of acclamation

[1] *Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa*, p. 265.

of a thrilling kind, produced by patting their mouth with the hand while cheering.

"When the drums and feathers had performed their volutions, out rushed two others similarly dressed, with bows and arrows, and immense caudal appendages, trimmed with silk and ribbons. These they whisked from side to side, as they ran and turned, and in whatever direction they pointed their arrows, the people expressed their delight and admiration, in the pulsatory manner already described. A band of musicians then appeared, but drums and rattles do not afford any great variety of sweet sounds; the only addition was that of tiny white bells, which a man had attached to his leglets, and kept tinkling by incessant stamping. This was but a prelude to the big Egbo drum, which, deep and sonorous, uttered its mysterious sounds. These varied in number and force, and as they varied, the king's uncle, Otu Honesty, gave forth certain intimations in a loud voice. All the while the flying squadron of Merry-Andrews continued their eccentric movements through the streets, and in and out of the palaver house.

"After they had returned and a little intermission in outside operations occurred, a solemn procession came forth. First walked the sheep-skins, with masks; then the drums and feathers; after them, the bows and arrows with tails, followed by King Eyo and the musicians; and lastly Egbo himself, concealed as befitted a supernatural being in an ark covered with fine cloths, and carried on the shoulders of chief men. From it issued continuous deep base tones of the trumpet kind. All the members of the order followed to usher him into the thick bush, where the uninitiated are bound to believe he lives, and none but the initiated dare follow to penetrate the mystery."

There are various grades in this secret fraternity, into

which admission is got by purchase, and it is a capital crime for any one not initiated to look upon any secret observance, or take part in any ceremony. Mr. Waddell mentions the case of a young man who intruded on the mysteries at Creek Town, though, as I suppose, there is after all nothing to conceal. He was denounced by his own father, on which he tried to make his escape, but was captured and publicly executed, and his head, according to custom, was sent round and shown to the members of the fraternity. "There were two others, minor chiefs," adds Mr. Waddell, "under sentence of death at the same time, for intruding into Egbo affairs, beyond the degree they had purchased. One was executed, and the other escaped, his friends paying a fine, and purchasing for him all the degrees."

The laws enacted by Egbo are proclaimed by beat of drum, sometimes with much ceremony, and every breach thereof is a capital crime; but formerly the offender might provide a substitute to undergo the punishment he had incurred. A slave was commonly bought for the purpose. To resist the messengers of Egbo, however unwarranted their proceedings, was death. On one occasion an Egbo message was sent to Adon, a small tribe inhabiting two or three villages on the high land overlooking the river at its division, and the messengers were opposed in their office. On hearing this, King Archibong II. of Duke Town did not seek to ascertain who were guilty in the matter, but he and the other headmen of the town, arming their canoes, went down, and without warning given, attacked the villages, killing the people indiscriminately; and securing a certain number as prisoners, they brought them up to Duke Town, and butchered them there.

This dread power is frequently used to quell any tumult or faction fight which may arise, and so its

messengers serve the purpose of a police in an emergency. It is used also in the recovery of debts. By the tuck of Egbo drum, a creditor can imprison a debtor in his own house until his demand is complied with; and by the same power, even the whole population of a town may be shut up on account of the debt of one of its inhabitants.

Under this rude system of government, all scope is given for the oppression of the weak; and as slaves are inadmissible into the higher grades of Egbo society, the free people look upon this power as their instrument for keeping them safe in subjection.

In the administration of their laws, or customs, which stand in the place of laws, the Calabar people, when other means fail, have recourse to ordeals and oaths. The ordeal is supposed to detect and punish secret crime, which they apprehend abounds amongst them. No death was considered natural except through extreme old age, so that in the case of sickness or death it was supposed that some one or other was practising witchcraft or wizardy against the life of the sufferer. This dreaded power is called *ifot*, and there is an internal organ always found in the leopard, it is said, bearing this name, which, when an individual is possessed, gives the power of causing sickness or death at his pleasure. On a death occurring, the juju man might be asked to discover the guilty party, which he was never at a loss to do, and those he denounced were subjected to the ordeal of the poison bean, the *Physostigma venenosum* of botanists, which has found a place in *Materia Medica*. It is administered in every mode in which medicine is given, and is held to be a test of the possession or non-possession of the *ifot*. When the accused vomits the poison draught, *ifot* is not found in the individual, and he is consequently innocent of the crime with which he is charged: but if his stomach does not reject it, he dies,

which is conclusive proof of his guilt. The ordeal is readily undergone and even appealed to, all having firm faith that the result will be according to truth, and all of course assume that they are not possessed of the dreaded power. By their faith in this superstition many destroy themselves. A painful case of this kind occurred in the family of Ene Uyi (Henry Cobham), chief of a part of Duke Town, who received us most kindly on our entrance into the country, and though never making any movement toward the profession of Christianity, was always ready to give us a meeting in his yard. His oldest son died when Mr. Waddell was erecting the mission-house, and on hearing of the affliction which had befallen our friend, he paid him a visit to express his sympathy. But Ene refused to be comforted. Mr. Waddell found him weeping bitterly, and to every word of kindness his reply was, "God do me very bad, to kill Ene." A report got abroad that the deceased had been seen or heard in the town saying that his younger brother had killed him, on which the accused insisted on appealing to the *esere*. Mr. Waddell, on hearing this, went with a medical man of one of the ships to administer an emetic, but Ene declined the kindness, asserting that his son was innocent, and would not fail to prove this, by vomiting the poison, and if relieved by white man's medicine, the test would not be considered as fairly applied, and his son would be again subjected to it. "Yielding at length to their importunity, and beginning to apprehend danger, he came with us," writes Mr. Waddell, to the inner yard, where his son was lying in a state of insensibility. The poor youth was on his back, on a mat. A woman, perhaps his mother, sitting at his head, supported it on her knee. Another wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and the mucus flowing from his mouth. He could not speak nor hear. In vain we poured the

medicine into his mouth. 'It is too late,' said the doctor. I added, 'Ene, you said your son was innocent, and I believe him so; do you now believe him to be guilty, or rather that the ordeal is a lie?' He would answer only by a passionate fit of weeping. The women wrung their hands with bitter cries, and implored us to do anything we could to save him. What misery! what sad wailing! The poor father was much to be pitied; he stood silent and confounded. Oh for a ray of Divine light! Oh for the breath of heaven to wake those dead souls from their delusions to spiritual life!"

The chief of Old Town, as I have remarked, clung to all superstition which he had imbibed in his youth; and that which chiefly occupied his attention in the latter part of his life, suffering under frequent sickness, was the various rites of that superstition, to protect himself against the evil designs of his neighbours and kindred, who, he believed, were constantly practising against his life. During a sickness while residing at his farm on the Qua river, the juju man was set to discover those who were causing his ailment. The *Abiaidong* denounced Willie's nephew and two nieces. The oracle having spoken to those around him, perhaps to divert suspicion from themselves, in a pretended zeal for his welfare, were not disposed to wait on the result of the appeal to the *esere*, but demanded that they should be beheaded at once. This mode of execution, in the minds of the native, carries with it a greater disgrace than that of hanging, in which the body is not mutilated. "The younger woman," writes Mr. Edgerley, sen., "clasped his feet in agony, and implored him by all their ties of consanguinity to spare her. He relented so far as to allow her the appeal to the poison draught, which was administered to the three incriminated, with the additional outrage of denuding them of their

scanty clothing. The two women had also the powder of *csere* stuffed into their eyes and other parts of the body, and the man was mutilated in a manner which cannot be described."

On one occasion at Ikunetu a little boy idly stated that his mistress and he had gone out at nights, and by their *ifot* preyed upon the life of a person then sick. The tale of the child was credited by the heads of the town, and in their anxiety to extinguish *ifot* amongst them, the boy and his mistress were subjected to the ordeal, and perished. At the same time a woman was accused of taking the life of her husband by this dreaded power. A brother of the deceased and three others charged her with the crime, and also with practising against the life of one of the chief men. The ordeal pronounced her innocent, and the townspeople called on the accusers to come forward and prove their own innocence. Three of them did so without hesitation, and the brother was forced to submit to it. Two of them died, and those the most vehement in making the accusation.

The means of destruction which this superstition puts into the hands of the people, and which are so extensively used, prevents the growth of population, and everything else beneficial. Dr. Hewan, whose medical services the mission formerly enjoyed, in visiting the Qua country behind Old Town, where he then resided, came upon the ruins of a large village. On inquiring the cause of this, he was informed that the headmen mutually accused each other of *ifot*, and in an appeal to the ordeal a number of them died. The people, from dread of the ghosts of those thus self-destroyed, deserted the place.

Uwet, a small tribe from the hill-country, had settled on the left branch of the river, where it narrows into a rivulet. When we first visited the place, a considerable

population, divided into three villages, occupied the settlement. Since that time it has almost swept itself off the face of the earth, by the constant use of *esere*. At one time two headmen contended for the kingship. He who succeeded in gaining it fell sick, and of course accused his opponent of seeking to destroy him, and insisted that his competitor and adherents should test their innocence by the ordeal. A number died, and the sickness of the successful candidate also issued in death. The one disappointed now attained the coveted honour, and in retaliation subjected those of the opposite party to the test, and a number more perished. On one occasion the whole population took the *esere*, to prove themselves pure, as they said; about half were thus self-destroyed, and the remnant, still continuing their superstitious practice, must soon become extinct. A few years ago an old man whom they had installed in the headship took refuge at Creek Town, where he paid an occasional visit to the mission-house. Among them the king, as a duty pertaining to his office, is required to keep all sickness, I suppose any epidemic disease, out of the community. A rope made of withs is sometimes stretched across the entrance of a village, to prevent the entrance of sickness. Our old friend did not succeed in performing what was demanded of him, and so was repeatedly subjected to the ordeal, which, undergoing successfully, he said that they could do nothing now but shoot him. So he thought it well to get out of harm's way, and taking the insignia of his office, he threw them into the street, declaring he would be king to them no longer.

Under cover of this superstition, one can take vengeance on his neighbour with all safety to himself, which is not unfrequently done, and murders were formerly of frequent occurrence. In another way might one indulge

his ill-will or thirst for blood through belief in this power of *ifot*, it being supposed that the possessor thereof can transform himself into a crocodile or leopard for his malicious purpose. Several years ago a quarrel arose between the people of Ikunetu and Ikorofiong. A crocodile lodged at the landing of the former town and made a prey of several people, but instead of trying to destroy the monster, they accused some unknown parties in the former of assuming the guise of the creature to prey upon them. A deputation came down from Ikunetu to lay their case for judgment before the heads of Creek Town, who refused to entertain the matter; on which the deputies carried it to Duke Town, with what result I know not. The thirst for blood is strong in some savage natures. Even in the district of Ibibio, near to the mission-house at Ikorofiong, murders are sometimes perpetrated in a way which indicates that a fraternity must exist, resembling that of the Thugs of India, for the commission of such atrocities. The members of it are called *Mfurockpe, those who assume the leopard*, perhaps disguising themselves with the skin of the animal. Their practice is to lurk in the bush by the side of a road, and spring out on any passer-by, whom they can easily overcome. A limb is cut off, and the rest of the mutilated body left on the road.

The above details will suffice to show this phase of the heathenism of these dark tribes. Not only in killing for the dead, but in the execution of justice, by the poison draught, murder was being constantly carried on around us when we entered amongst them; for, "living in malice and envy," every calamity was attributed to the dreaded *ifot*. But of these murderers we had to make friends, bearing the horrors of our position as best we might, so as to win them from their atrocities.

In our rude state of society, a member of a house or

tribe may be made answerable for the debt or crime of his connections. This is frequently done. When a creditor cannot get the right man, he seizes on an individual of the same tribe, and holds him as a hostage until his claim is satisfied. The same practice prevails in the case of bloodshed. If any one loses his life, even in a fray, and he who struck the blow is not laid hold of to answer for his deed, any one of the tribe to which he belongs may be seized and put to death. Some time ago, two men of the Okoyong tribe got a loan of a canoe from a person belonging to Ikunetu, and one of them falling into the river was carried off by a crocodile, whereupon Okoyong said that it was some one in Ikunetu which had caused the man's death, and that Ikunetu must give up one to die as a fair reckoning for the loss of the man drowned, or war would be made upon it. King Eyo prevailed with Okoyong to forego the execution of this threat. The following case, showing the determination to have blood for blood, is mentioned by Mr. Waddell. A free man of Mbiabo was shot accidentally as all allowed, by a slave in the Enyong country, and the town to which the man who thus lost his life belonged claimed the life of a free man instead. Enyong offered to give up the unfortunate slave who had fired the gun, but the other party refused him, his life not being equivalent to the life lost, and insisted on having a free man. The matter remained long unsettled, and the body unburied. His own countrymen would not receive it without the compensation demanded, and the other dared not bury it lest all Calabar should hold them answerable for his death. In this dilemma they dried the body in smoke, and so preserved it till it should be called for. At length the case came to Duke Town for judgment, and it was decreed that it would be more than justice required to deliver up an Enyong man to be killed

purposely for one whose death had been accidental, and that the affair must lie in abeyance till a similar case should occur on the other side, that is, until an Ikorofiong man accidentally killed one of the other tribe. Meantime the friends of the deceased were required to take home the body and bury it.

An oath is frequently permitted to rebut a charge, but more frequently to confirm a promise or engagement. This is done commonly by *mbiam*. The *mbiam* is a dirty-looking liquid kept in a bottle, ornamented with old feathers. A little is poured out and put by the finger into the mouth. The *mbiam* is believed to cause the death of any one breaking the oath, or swearing falsely. A quantity of *mbiam* is sometimes thrown about a house or ground by a malicious person, who in doing so imprecates evil upon the indwellers or those who may come to occupy the ground. When he is discovered, he is obliged to undo the spell.

CHAPTER III.

THE RELIGION OF THE PEOPLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING assertions to the contrary, as the outcome of evidence on the matter, it would appear that non-worshippers are to be found only in so-called Christian lands. "No native people," to quote Dr. Warneck, "are found utterly destitute of belief in existence beyond the present, or of a power superior to themselves to whom they pay some sort of superstitious rites."[1] The negro tribes of Western Africa, though greatly brutalized by the usage to which they have for generations been subjected by their civilised brethren, in their many fetishes and jujus, abundantly manifest the desire of our common nature for some object of dependence and worship.

The Calabar people acknowledge a creator and supreme governor of all things, whom they name *Abasi*. In the entrance yard of every house there was built a small circular mound on which were placed a few shallow dishes of earthenware and some old bones, commonly a human skull amongst them. This is called *isu Abasi, the face or presence of Abasi*, and on a certain day of their eight day week, those wishing to pay him worship approached, presenting their prayers, which might be as frequently

[1] Taylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. chap. xi., and Warneck's *Modern Missions and Culture*, a noble defence of, or rather an ample justification of missions. Translated by Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith.

supplication for evil on a neighbour as of benefit to themselves, pouring a little water in conclusion into one of the dishes. This practice seems to have fallen into disuse before the advent of the mission, and the worship of the people is now given especially to their various *idems*, one of which, called Ndem Efik, is a sort of tutelar deity of the country. An individual was appointed to take charge of this object of worship, who bore the name of King Calabar, and likely, in bypast times, possessed the power indicated by the title, being both king and priest. He had as a tribute the skins of all leopards killed, and should a slave take refuge in his shrine he belonged to Ndem Efik. The office, however, imposed certain restrictions on its occupant. He, for instance, could not partake of food in the presence of any one, and he was prohibited from engaging in traffic. On account of these and other disabilities, when the last holder of the office died, a poor old man of the Cobham family, no successor was found for him, and the priesthood has become extinct.

Objects of worship fill the country. Every large tree and every remarkable spot in their noble river is supposed to be the residence of an *idem*, to which the people of the locality pay their worship, the rites being prayer, offering, and sacrifice. The chiefs of Duke Town were wont to make an annual offering to the river. A young woman, an Albino, or one of a light colour, was selected as the victim, and on a set day the poor girl, decked with finery, was taken down to Parrot Island, and with much ceremony plunged into the stream. The fishermen of Efiat, at the mouth of the river, in order that they may have success in their industry, still observe the rite.

Only two objects of worship are represented in any form. That which we found in every house, at our coming, called *Ekpenyong*, was a section of a particular kind of

tree inserted into the ground, and most commonly crowned with a human skull, besmeared with the blood of fowls offered in sacrifice. *Ibok*, the other, was a diminutive image of the human form rudely cut out of wood, and kept in some houses more as a charm than as an object of worship.

The people have a belief of an existence after the present, though this faith has very much the haziness of a dream. The dead go into *Obio Ekpo, the country of spirits*, and worship is paid to their deceased ancestors. The head or elder of each family has a corner in his yard, in which is a small clay mound on which are collected a number of bones of the animals sacrificed, called *Isu Ekpo, the presence of the spirit or ghost.* When a member of the family wishes to make sacrifice to his forefather, he brings his fowl or goat to the elder, who, as in patriarchal times, officiates as priest, by whom it is offered, accompanied with prayer. In providing for the public feast in the palaver house, which the heads of the town occasionally observed, the patriarch of the community in like manner offered prayer over the goat which was killed to provide the feast. His prayer was on behalf of the town, that children should be multiplied to them and be of a peaceful disposition, so that the community might not be disturbed with broils, while a few of a contrary disposition would be of benefit, that such might stand on their defence and enabled to keep their own against their enemies. This seems to have been the only act of public worship amongst them.

To this belief we may attribute the custom of slaughtering human victims for the dead. Not one of any consequence, slave or free, was permitted to descend to the grave unhonoured by the effusion of human blood, and in proportion to his rank was the number of victims. When a chief died, the fact was concealed as long as possible, that

victims might be secured, for as soon as it was known or suspected, the slaves took to flight, but a number had their safety promised them to give their assistance in capturing the fugitives. His immediate attendants and a number of his wives were of those doomed to accompany him into the other world, that he might hold the rank there which he occupied here. These were buried with him. A pit was dug, at the bottom of which a horizontal excavation was made, into which the body of the deceased was put, and one or two of the victims alive. Others were slaughtered and thrown into the pit, in which a quantity of goods was also placed, and the whole covered up, so that all trace of a grave might be removed, lest in the event of a hostile tribe getting possession of the town, his grave should be dug up and the skull carried off as a trophy.

Four days after the burial, an *Uyerisu*, or face-washing, was made, a table or platform on which were placed European articles of house use, with drink and cooked food, one of the chief's large umbrellas surmounting all as a canopy. Those engaged in the interment, when all was completed, washed their hands and face at the *Uyerisu*, at the same time entreating the deceased to do them no harm, as they had placed for his use such things as he liked. The *ikpo*, or funeral rites, might be celebrated any time after death which should be found convenient. The relatives collected a quantity of provisions and rum to make as great a festival as possible in honour of the dead, and meanwhile a congregation of women assembled at a certain hour daily to weep over him; deputations coming from the neighbouring towns to help in the lamentation. It was at these *ikpos*, or devil-makings as they are styled, not at their marriage ceremonials, that the people held their chief games and amusements; and the saturnalia might

last for a week or fortnight as long as the provision made for them lasted. People from all parts gathered into the town where the *ikpo* was being observed, food being provided for them and rum freely supplied, so that the whole community was immersed in drunken revelry. Till the *ikpo* was celebrated, the surviving wives of the deceased were shut up in the harem, for until then their husband was said only to be sick, their seclusion being more rigid than when he was alive. They were forbidden to attend to personal cleanliness in any way, so that when the funeral rites were delayed, it might be for one year or even for several, the poor women suffered greatly, and sickness, and even the death of those who had no friends to supply them with food, sometimes took place. When the *ikpo* was over, they were let out of their imprisonment, undergoing a slight Egbo flogging, and paying a small fine as if they had been guilty of their husband's death. Those of them who were of family returned to their friends, and the others became the property of the heir of the deceased, so that he might possibly own his own mother as his slave.

During the celebration of these rites other human victims were slaughtered. A small house was also built for the use of the dead, in which were collected a quantity of European articles,—sofa, table, mirror, chair, and so on, if he possessed such things. They were all broken, so that they could be of no use to the living, though they were thought to be sufficient for the dead. Another erection was made, in which native articles of household use were put, and into which a large quantity of native food was thrown.

The following is a description by an eye-witness of the burial of Duke Efium, who preceded Eyamba in the headship of the town which bears his name: "The victims were prepared, and in a particular part of the house of the

late chief the grave was dug. The mouth of it was something like the hatchway of a vessel, and the inner part was hollowed for some yards. At one end a complete cavern was formed for the corpse of the duke, and this part was laid with valuable cloth. When all was ready for the interment, five of the youngest of the wives of the late duke were brought to the grave, their legs and arms were cruelly broken, and turned up towards the body. One was then placed by the cruel executioner on the spot where the head of the corpse was to rest. Another was laid on the spot where the right arm was to be stretched. Another was placed for the left arm, and one for each leg. Their cries and groans were heart-rending, but no heart there seemed to feel. Even their parents were prohibited, on pain of being sacrificed, from lamenting the fate of their children. The corpse was next put into its place. Then six free men were each compelled to eat a poison nut, which soon caused death. They too were placed near the corpse. Then began the sacrifice of slaves; about fifty fell victims. They were brought near the grave and struck on the back of the head with a club, and allowed to fall into the yawning sepulchre. Some were not killed by the blow, but it mattered not. They were speedily dragged from the mouth of the cavern and packed along its sides by the fetish men, and the outer hole was filled up upon the living and the dead. Still the sacrificing went on, but was now removed to the bush behind the town, as the captains objected to its taking place on the beach by the side of the river, the former place for the completion of the offering. Posts to the number of forty or fifty were sunk firmly in the ground. Victims were supplied by free men and chiefs, and for a full week some were sacrificed daily. When the numbers to be sacrificed for that particular day were brought out, they were tied firmly

to the stakes, the head being also secured by a rope passing above the eyes. The executioner then approached. One loosed the upper rope and tightly pulled down the head of the wretched man towards his breast. The other then deliberately cut off the head from behind with a knife of about eighteen inches long, of native manufacture. The bodies were left for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to devour. The horrid scene ended in the erection of a juju house by the side of the river, in which were placed broken sofas, tables, chairs, dishes, plates, etc., all they thought the dead man might want in the other world, but all completely broken lest any one on earth should think it worth his while to believe that the dead man had no use for them and carry them away. A flag was hoisted above the juju house, and the place was sometimes visited by friends of the deceased."

King Eyamba, who subscribed himself "king of all black men," was in power at Duke Town when the mission commenced, he being one of those chiefs who invited its entrance. He died a month before the return of the steamer from Jamaica, and on our arrival we found such atrocities as those thus described going on day by day. Mr. Edgerley, sen., who was on the spot, says, that on inquiring the reason of the terror with which the whole town was struck, he was informed that the king was dead, and "plenty had been killed during the night," among whom were thirty of his wives. When it was determined by those who had the direction of the slaughter that such a wife should die, the well-known message was sent to her, formerly received with pride, "The king calls you." She knew its fatal import, and calling for the box which contained her clothing and ornaments, she arrayed herself in her best attire, swallowed a large quantity of rum, and followed the messenger to the outer yard, where she was strangled with a piece of copper

A Ju Ju House

wire or of cloth. The late king's personal attendants, his umbrella carrier, his snuff-box bearer, and the others were beheaded, and with the insignia of their office thrown into the pit. A former chief of Creek Town, to honour a deceased relative, cut off the heads of his canoe men, affixed them to the shafts of their paddles, which he lashed to the thwarts of the canoe, and launched it into the river to carry its ghastly freight to the sea.

The missionaries, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Edgerley, backed by the Europeans then in the river, by their efforts checked in a measure the work of blood, but many perished; and when the *ikpo* was celebrated some months after, the murderous work was resumed, each town contributing its victims, so that it was estimated that probably as many as three hundred perished. Ofiong, a daughter of the deceased king, when the chiefs desisted from their work of murder, urged them on, accusing them of lack of respect to her father.

In providing food for the dead, the people show that they suppose that their deceased friends may linger about the abodes they formerly occupied. That they believe there is a life which survives the death of the body, is proved also by the curious custom, called *Ndok*, which they have of taking means to expel from the town all the ghosts of those who have died since the last lustration. It takes place once in two years or so, and in preparation for it they form rude images, called *Nabikom*, of the crocodile, the leopard, and other animals, which they plant along the streets. On the appointed night, all turn out to make as terrible a noise as they possibly can, beating on their doors and firing off guns, so that one might think that an invading army had got possession of the town. This they do, they say, to frighten the spirits of their deceased friends into these images as hiding-places; and when they think

they have accomplished their purpose, they hastily snatch them up and throw them into the river to be carried off by the tide. What a sad disclosure this gives of the life of heathenism! The poor people are persuaded that if they allow their deceased friends to continue amongst them, they will do them only evil, which they can now do with impunity, being disembodied, and so in their childish folly they do what they suppose will make the parting by death a final separation. A quarrel arose at one time between Duke Town and Abakpa, a village of the Qua tribe, lying about two miles behind the former. The people of Abakpa had, it seems, delayed their observance of *Ndok* till after that of Duke Town had taken place, and by doing so had driven all their dreaded powers of evil into Duke Town, after it had been freed of them.

The *Mbiaidiong*, practitioner of charms, professed to have intercourse with the spiritual world. Their former fraternity, and the belief of the people in their supernatural knowledge, give them great power. As the foregoing details show, by the practice of their jugglery they profess not only to name the thief who has stolen a missing article, but to tell in a case of sickness or death what or who has caused it. Under the accusation of *ifot*, the person denounced is subjected to the poison ordeal. If the evil is inflicted by some other malign power, an animal sacrifice may be prescribed. Not unfrequently an animal is tied up alive before the door of a sick person, and then left to perish and decay, in the hope that the evil power which is preying on the sick may be satisfied with the life of the animal. Belief in substitution is natural and prevalent amongst them. A visitor to a chief, now dead, paying a visit to him in his sickness, poked with his staff something lying at his foot enveloped in cloth, and out there rolled a human head in a state of putrefaction.

Some poor wretch had been beheaded, in hope that his life might be accepted in lieu of his master's.

Okoyong, the small tribe with which Calabar is frequently at strife, inhabits a stretch of territory lying between the two branches of the river immediately behind Creek Town. A war was waged in 1868 between the two, and Okoyong, finding itself worsted in the conflict, sued for peace, which was readily granted. To make the treaty of concord secure, the Okoyong people insisted that a man should be buried alive, and his spirit charged to visit with all evil the party who should violate the agreement. This proposal was rejected by Creek Town, and till now the Okoyong people hold that the treaty of peace has not been ratified.

Ukpong is the native word we have taken to translate our word *soul*. It primarily signifies the shadow of a person. It also signifies that which dwells within a man on which his life depends, but which may detach itself from the body, and visiting places and persons here and there, again return to its abode in the man. This superstition is prevalent among the negroes of the West Indies, and the action imagined by a person in his dreams is attributed to this *ukpong*. He may, moreover, be deprived of his *ukpong*. The catching of the shadow and so depriving a man of it, is a trick of the Obea man in Jamaica, and issues in the person's death. The *ukpong* of a healthy man can also be transferred to one sick, when the former dies and the latter recovers. Besides all this, the word is used to designate an animal possessed of an *ukpong*, so connected with a person's *ukpong*, that they mutually act upon each other. When the leopard, or crocodile, or whatever animal may be a man's *ukpong*, gets sick or dies, the like thing happens to him.[1] Many individuals, it is

[1] Williams' narrative shows that the like superstition prevails in some of the Pacific isles. This *ukpong* is there called *etu*.

believed, have the power of changing themselves into the animals which are their *ukpong.*

In their shadowy notions revealed in their superstitious faith, we see the poor people groping in the midst of their thick darkness after the truth. The many charms or jujus which they employ manifest a belief that they are surrounded by a spiritual world, from which only evil is to be experienced, and an egg or a yam, or some other offering, is laid on the highway, and a bunch of feathers or a few pieces of cloth or other disgusting object is placed in the house, to protect from malign influence they know not what, nor whence it may come. All their worship is a dictate of fear. The great enemy of God and man makes the life of those under his power a life of utter wretchedness; and he contrives to turn their various superstitious beliefs into incentives to seek each other's destruction.[1]

[1] The superstitious beliefs and rites of all "native peoples" are very much alike. See Wilson's *Western Africa*, and Taylor's *Primitive Culture*, *passim*. Nor in these is there much difference between uncultured and cultured paganism, in classical ages or in the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

CALABAR DURING THE SLAVE TRADE.

So soon as the West coast of intertropical Africa was unveiled, Europe began to make a prey of its people. As early as 1503, a few negroes were exported from the Portuguese settlements to America, and under Ferdinand V. sanction was given to this traffic.[1] Alexander III., who then occupied the papal throne, in the plenitude of his power as lord of the world in virtue of his office, gave the Spaniards full right to the possession of the people, and the territories of all the discoveries they made in the West. This power was so cruelly exercised, that the inhabitants of the West Indian Islands, and of those regions of the continent acquired by Spain, speedily became extinct.

The cruelties inflicted on these unhappy races excited the indignation of many of the agents of the Romish Church sent out to convert them, and strenuous efforts were made, especially by the Dominican order, for their protection.[2] The leader in that humane endeavour, Bartholomew de Las Casas, accompanied Columbus in his second voyage, and witnessed in St. Domingo the gradual disappearance of its inhabitants, under the ruthless

[1] Robertson's *History of America*, vol. i. 320. Clarkson's *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade*, vol. i. 34.

[2] Robertson's *History;* Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Peru*, vol. i.; Clarkson's *History*, vol. i.

oppression of those who had got possession of them in their division of their spoil by the conquerors. Returning to Spain, he exposed the conduct of his countrymen, and so effectually pled the cause of the wretched Indians with Charles V. and his ministers, that he was sent back with the title of Protector of the Indians, to promulgate laws enacting their liberation. He, however, found all his courageous and persistent efforts on their behalf, though backed by royal authority, unavailing in these distant countries against the thirst for wealth; and to save them from utter extinction, he looked to the negro tribes of Africa for the needed supply of labour. Cardinal Ximenes opposed the scheme put forward by Las Casas. He saw the iniquity of reducing one race of men to slavery, while seeking the means of restoring liberty to another. Leo X., when the subject was brought before him, to his honour, declared that "not only the Christian religion, but that nature herself cried out against a state of slavery." Charles, carrying out the idea of Las Casas, granted a licence to import four thousand Africans into America to one of his favourites, who sold it to Genoese merchants. The emperor seems to have acted without due consideration in this, for he subsequently endeavoured to undo the consequences of his act by proclaiming emancipation to all slaves in his American islands. On his resignation of the crown, the importation of negroes was recommenced, and thus was originated that traffic which has continued to our day, the terrible record of which forms the blackest chapter in the history of our race. The protection which the benevolent Las Casas hoped by his scheme to secure for the unhappy Indians was not gained; they soon disappeared from the islands where the Spaniard planted his foot, and for centuries the tribes of intertropical Africa became the prey of every spoiler. In the document containing his

plea for the Indians, which he put into the hands of Charles, and in his eloquent speech before the Council of Valladolid, he claims the natural right of freedom for them; and he meets the arguments of their oppressors, that they required labour, and that the Indians would not work without compulsion, with the great truth, that *the law of God forbids the doing of evil that good may come*, and subsequently furnishes the most remarkable example the world has ever seen of the breach of this precept, and at the same time the greatest proof of its wisdom.

British commerce with the coast began in 1553,[1] and a legitimate traffic was carried on from that date till 1590, when the slave trade strangled it. The Company which received a patent from James I. in 1618, so long as it lasted, was free of slave traffic.[2] In these earliest voyages, cloth seems to have been the chief article of exchange, and returns were got in gold, ivory, and pepper. In the record of a voyage of a Captain Welsh to Benin in 1588, we for the first time find mention of "oil of palms;" and in the following year, in a subsequent voyage, he got thirty-two barrels of palm oil.

The first slaving voyage from England was made by Sir John Hawkins in 1562.[3] Elizabeth was then on the throne, and on hearing of his exploit, sent for him on his return, to get an account of his adventures. In the account he gave, he no doubt covered over the iniquity of his doings, for Her Majesty expressed her disapproval of carrying off any of the Africans without their consent, declaring that "such an act would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of Heaven on the perpetrators." Captain Hawkins, no doubt, gave all assurance to Her

[1] Macgregor Laird in Committee of the House of Commons on the Slave Trade, 1849.

[2] Clarkson, vol. i.

[3] Hakluyt's Collections.

Majesty that he would faithfully carry out the injunction she laid on him; but the gain he had made in selling in St. Domingo the people he had captured on the coast, was too great a bribe for his rectitude to withstand, and led him to persevere in the slave traffic. In 1564, he embarked on another voyage in the *Jesur* of 700 tons, with three small vessels; and made straight for the African coast at Cape de Verde and Sierra Leone. The narrator of the voyage states that they fell in with a vessel which they supposed was carrying on a legitimate trade, for the natives of the Cape avoided the snares set for them, which led them to the inference that they had been forewarned by that vessel of the piratical designs of Hawkins and his crew. The narrator continues: "At an island called Sambala we stayed certain days, going every day on shore to take the inhabitants with burning and spoiling their towns." This voyage also proving profitable, a third was undertaken in 1567 in the *Jesur*, and five other sail. By assisting a chief at war with his neighbours, they secured 250 captives, and collected altogether between four and five hundred; but, notwithstanding this amount of plunder, the voyage proved most disastrous. When they got among the Spanish settlements in the New World, one calamity befell them after another, as detailed in Sir John's own narrative, and that of a co-adventurer, Miles Philips,[1] so that few lived to return to England. Sir John went about his work of murder and plunder without any compunction, and concludes his narrative thus: "If all the misery and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, these should need a powerful man with his pen, and as great time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs." So he and his fellow-pirates pour forth

[1] Hakluyt's Collections.

their lamentation, as people who had a claim to look upon their sufferings as martyrdom.

There were several chartered companies formed in the seventeenth century to carry on the African trade, but they failed one after the other. In 1662 a Company was formed, chartered by Charles II., and headed by the Duke of York, to supply the British West Indies with 30,000 negroes annually;[1] and Britain's share in the traffic gradually increased, until after securing what was called the Assiento Contract, which made over to her the privilege of supplying the Spanish West Indies with slaves, 192 ships left our shores annually for Africa. This monopoly of supplying the Spanish West Indies was formerly possessed by France, but was secured to us by the treaty of Utrecht,[2] as our national gain from the victories of the great Marlborough.

This traffic, which once formed so considerable a part of the commerce of Britain, turned a great part of Africa into a wilderness. It depopulated the seaboard, so that the supply of victims had to be sought gradually more and more towards the interior. The regions of the continent watered by the Niger and the Calabar or Cross rivers, suffered specially. Before the traffic was made illegal to subjects of the British Crown, as many slaves were exported from these two rivers as from all the rest of the coast, and for nearly half a century after the prohibitive law of 1808, other nationalities continued to pursue the barbarous traffic. The tribes were taught to prey upon each other to supply the cargo of the slave ships; and under the influence of such barbarities, the inhabitants of tropical Africa were reduced as nearly as possible to the condition of the wild animals of their forests, their sole aim in life being to

[1] Macgregor Laird in Committee of House of Commons, 1849.

[2] Hume's *History of England*, vol. iv.

capture or avoid capture. Even among those who acted as merchants in the purchase and sale of their countrymen, was this the case. One day I passed by a few mouldering posts which marked the site of a bygone village of the Qua people. The account given me of its destruction stated that some of the Old Town people, fearing an attack from Duke Town, had deposited their more valuable goods with their friends of this village; and the then chief of Creek Town, getting information of this, came upon the village at night, set fire to it, and carried off as much plunder as could be secured. The captives, seized as they fled from their burning houses, would form the main part of the prize of the assailants. Even in the Calabar town, which supplied the ships with their wretched freights, it was the custom of the captains of the vessels, in order to expedite the delivery of the cargo, to arm their crews and send them on shore to seize all they met in the streets. Any one of importance captured was, of course, redeemed; but so great was the feeling of insecurity, that no chief would venture abroad, even in his own town, without an armed attendance.

Not only the capture but the mortality of the middle passage, and the seasoning process on arrival in the islands, occasioned so great a loss of life, that Wilberforce, in leading the crusade against the slave trade in the House of Commons, declared that if it were general it would in a few months depopulate the globe; so the east coast slave raids are now depopulating the continent.

These cruelties could not fail to react on their perpetrators, who became utterly savage, and were ready to commit any atrocity, as the following narrative shows. In the year 1767 the ships *Indian Queen*, *Duke of York*, *Nancy*, and *Concord* of Bristol, the *Edgar* of Liverpool, and the *Canterbury* of London, lay in the Calabar river. At

this time a quarrel subsisted between the inhabitants of Old Town and New Town (Duke Town). The captains of these vessels sent letters to the inhabitants of Old Town, particularly to Ephraim Robin John, who was a chief man of the place, stating that they were sorry that any disagreement should exist between the parties, and if the people of Old Town would come on board, they would guarantee their safety, and mediate between them to settle the dispute. The people of Old Town gladly accepted the invitation. The three brothers of Ephraim, the oldest being Ambo Robin John, embarked with twenty-seven others, and with nine canoes following, directed their course to the *Indian Queen*. They were sent next morning to the *Edgar*, and afterwards to the *Duke of York*, on board of which they went, leaving their attendants and canoes by the side. In the meantime the people on board the other canoes were either distributed on board or lying alongside the other ships.

This being the situation of the people, the treachery was revealed. The captain and officers of the *Duke of York* armed themselves and rushed into the cabin to seize their guests. The unhappy men in their alarm attempted to escape through the cabin windows, but were dragged back, wounded, and put in irons. At the same time an order had been given to fire on the canoe lying alongside, which soon sank, and the people in it were either seized, killed, or drowned. Most of the other ships followed the example. Many more were killed or drowned, while those who could swim endeavoured to escape to the shore.

In this juncture the people of New Town, who with the ships' captains had concocted this treachery, lying in ambush, came out of their hiding-places on the bank of the river, and pushing off their canoes came between those escaping from the fire of the ships and the shore. The

ships' boats also were manned, and joined in the pursuit. They butchered the greater part of those whom they caught, and between those who perished and those who were stowed away as cargo in the holds of the ships, three hundred, it was calculated, were lost of the people of Old Town.

The carnage was scarcely over, when a canoe with the chiefs of New Town dropped alongside of the *Duke of York*, and demanded that Ambo Robin John, the eldest of the brothers of the chief of Old Town, be delivered to them. The unfortunate man besought the commander that he would not violate his pledge by giving him into the hands of his enemies, but without avail. The commander seized a slave in his room, and forced him over the side into the canoe. His head was immediately struck off in sight of his brothers and attendants, who escaped his fate, but were carried off to the West Indies and sold.[1]

A knowledge of the atrocities coming to the ears of the British Government, those sold in the West Indies were sought for, and there is a tradition in Calabar that the people so treacherously captured were liberated and brought back. A few of the murdered men, I have heard, formed part of the insignia of an Egbo connected with the Eyo family.

Yet so strongly blinded is the mind to any evil, however great, when self-interest wears a veil over it, or custom makes it familiar. Even this "sum of all villanies" was looked upon at the time of its prevalence as a lawful branch of industry. Godly men, I doubt not, engaged in it, and prayed for the blessing on their interest in the traffic, as good men in the Southern American States asserted Scripture authority for the enslavement of the Negro. Nay more, the traffic was supported by some as a benevo-

[1] Clarkson's *History*, vol. i. 306.

lent institution for the Negro; and we find such a man as Boswell daring even to stand up in opposition to his great hero in affirming this as its characteristic. "I beg leave," he writes, "to enter my most solemn protest against his (Dr. Johnson's) general doctrine with respect to the slave trade. For I will resolutely say, that his unfavourable notion of it was owing to prejudice and imperfect or false information. The wild and dangerous attempt which has for some time been persisted in to obtain an Act of our Legislature to abolish so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest, must have been crushed at once, had not the insignificance of the zealots who took the lead in it made the vast body of planters, merchants, and others, whose immense properties are involved in the trade, reasonably enough suppose that there could be no danger. The encouragement which the attempt has received excites my wonder and indignation; and though some men of superior abilities have supported it, whether from a love of temporary popularity when prosperous, or a love of general mischief when desperate, my opinion is unshaken. To abolish a *status* which in all ages God has sanctioned and man has continued, would not only be robbery to an innumerable class of our fellow-subjects, but it would be extreme cruelty to the African savages, a portion of whom it saves from massacre or intolerable bondage in their own country, and introduces them into a much happier state of life, especially now when the passage to the West Indies, and their treatment there, is humanely regulated. To abolish the trade would be to shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

The indignant utterance of Boswell now appears a thing to amuse and to astonish. The conscience of the nation respecting this great crime was never wholly asleep. A protest against it was maintained by a number of writers, and as a body by the Society of Friends; so that when

Clarkson devoted his life to procure its abolition, and Wilberforce made this the great object of his political career, many were ready to give them aid. By the Divine blessing on their united and strenuous efforts, the great purpose was accomplished, and by the last Act of the then existing ministry of Lord Grenville, March 1808, the traffic was prohibited to British subjects. Well might Clarkson, in closing the record of his life's work, speak exultingly of its successful termination: "Thus ended one of the most glorious contests, after a continuance for twenty years, of any ever carried on in any age or country. A contest, not of brutal violence, but of reason. A contest between those who felt deeply for the happiness and honour of their fellow-creatures, and those who, through vicious custom and the impulse of avarice, had trampled under foot the sacred rights of their nature, and had even attempted to efface all title to the Divine image from their minds."

Prohibited to British subjects, the slave trade continued to be carried on by other nations. But not resting satisfied in having removed it from herself, the country brought her influence to bear on all nationalities engaged in it, in order to induce them to follow her example, and that so successfully that no nation of Christendom now sanctions it. In Calabar the traffic was carried on till in 1842 it was abandoned by treaty with our Government, which treaty has been faithfully kept. The late Emperor of the French attempted to revive the slave trade under the guise of a free emigration scheme, and some of our own countrymen concocted such a project; but the native chiefs, with whose aid the plan was to be carried out, understood it to be the revival of the slave trade. When application was made to King Eyo from parties in Liverpool for his co-operation, in mentioning this to Mr. Waddell, he remarked, "It be all same as old slave trade. I have no too many men for myself, I

must send and buy people for them in all countries, and must charge full price for them man. When he go away, he no will for come back." He said that he had a treaty with England to stop the slave trade, and could not begin again. The oil trade was the better for him; by it he had made his money. In the slave trade he had sometimes lost a hundred men in one night.

Had the tide of battle in the American war, of the slave-holding with the free States, turned in favour of the South, the slave trade with all its inconceivable horrors would have been reopened, and Africa again laid waste. The combatants on neither side probably thought of this as involved in the issue of their strife; but He who awards victory gave it to the North, and Africa was saved.

Under the demands of the slave trade, the population of that part of the continent lying behind Calabar was carried off in multitudes, and that which remained we find divided into small tribes, each at enmity with its neighbour, frequently breaking out into active hostility, and most of them practising cannibalism during war. Calabar being one of the chief seats of the slave trade, reflected in everything its degrading and brutalizing influence. The late Macgregor Laird, who took a deep interest in promoting the welfare of Africa, and to whom the west coast of the continent owes so much, visited Calabar in 1833, and thus speaks of it in giving his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee in 1842: "The most uncivilised part of Africa ever I was in was Old Calabar, where commerce has been going on for the last three hundred years. The Calabar river has been so long frequented by British vessels, that a description of it would now be superfluous. I may remark that I was much struck by the extreme demoralization and barbarism of the inhabitants in comparison with the natives of the interior. The human skulls that are seen

in every direction, and that are actually kicking about the streets, attest the depravity of feeling among the people."

The foregoing details show what Calabar and its people were when the mission entered. The country was a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, over which the power of the Destroyer had hitherto been absolute and unquestioned.

CHAPTER V.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

THE abolition of the slave trade was thus happily accomplished, but the injury inflicted on its victims was perpetuated by the slavery in which they and their children were held. Against this Mr. Wilberforce now directed his efforts, but the system was as stoutly defended as that of the slave trade had been, and by much the same arguments. Slavery, it was insisted, is a benevolent institution for the negro, and to grant the demands of the abolition would moreover ruin our West India possessions; but the few devoted men who led the battle had God with them, and the awakened conscience of the nation secured a second victory. When advancing years obliged Wilberforce to withdraw from parliamentary life, Sir Fowell Buxton took up the leadership, and ably seconded by Lord Brougham and others, this other great triumph of Christianity was won by securing the legislative Act of 1833, abolishing slavery throughout the British dominions. This great deed of justice and mercy has not yet commanded the attention of the nations as it should have done,—a deed unprecedented in the history of our race, and whose influence will continue to be felt in the future. The veteran Christian and philanthropist retired in his old age from the field, and lived to see the successful issue of his long life-struggle in behalf of the Africans.

These Acts putting an end to the slave trade and abolishing slavery in British territory, are great steps towards the better times which await the world. They show the power of Divine Truth, applied and directed by those who profess it, to accomplish all the good which our Creator and Saviour has promised to our race. Thus eloquently speaks Dr. Channing in his oration on emancipation in the British West Indies: "When I look at this Act, I do not stop at its immediate results, at the emancipation of eight hundred thousand human beings, nor do I look at the Act as standing alone. I look at the spirit from which it sprung, and see here a grand and most cheering foundation of human hope. I see that Christianity has not come into the world in vain. I see that the blood of the cross was not shed in vain. I see that the prophecies in the Scriptures of a mighty change in human affairs, were not idle words. It is true, Christianity, has done little compared with these predictions. The corruption of our age, who is so blind as not to see? But that a new principle derived from Christianity, and destined to renovate the earth, is at work amid these various elements,—that silently a new spirit of humanity,—a new respect for human nature, —a new comprehension of human rights,—a new feeling of brotherhood, and new ideas of a social state;—have been and are unfolding themselves under the influence of Christian truth and Christian civilisation, who can deny? Society is not what it once was. Amid all the stir of selfish passions, the still small voice of Christianity is heard; a Divine spirit mixes, however imperfectly, with the workings of worldliness, and we are beginning to learn the mighty revolution which a heavenly faith is to accomplish on the earth." Truth and righteousness will prevail against all agency of evil, when fairly brought into the field, for they have omnipotence with them; and the conquests

they have won, which form the subject of the preceding narrative, are an earnest of the triumphs which await them. The next great evil which must be unveiled is intoxicants, which flood the world with misery and crime. In our day we wonder that our forefathers could be guilty of sanctioning and perpetrating the atrocities of the slave trade and of slavery; those who follow us will no doubt wonder at some things we do,—that this great evil, reaching further than the former, should ever have existed among us, supported by law and custom. The triumph of Christianity in the former case assures us of victory in the latter. We are now in the thick of the fight. Not only the Christian community, but the nation as a whole, is awakening to see that, as a measure of self-preservation, this evil must be extinguished. The contest will be prolonged more than those led by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Buxton; for the evil is in our midst, and all classes are implicated, but the desired result will be attained.

The Act of Emancipation fixed the first of August 1834 as the day on which the new era should begin for the serfs of our West Indian Islands; but it was encumbered by the appointment of a period of apprenticeship, an arrangement which was soon found to be a mistake, and was never fully carried out. The day of emancipation was hailed by the slaves with exuberant gratitude and exultation. Their joy and thanksgiving were rendered to God in the sacred rites of His sanctuary, and the manner in which the day was kept, and their subsequent orderly conduct, proved them fully qualified for the great gift of freedom. The following account of the observance of the day, given in the narrative of visitors to the islands after the Act had taken effect, will serve to show the manner of its observance throughout the islands:—"To convey to the reader some account of the way in which the great crisis passed, let us

here give the evidence of several accounts which were related to us in different parts of the island (Antigua) by those who witnessed them. The Wesleyans kept watch-night in all their chapels on the night of the 31st of July. One of the missionaries gave us an account of the watch-meeting in the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamation of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing and honour to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock in the cathedral began to strike, the whole congregation should fall on their knees. All was silence save the quivering, half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the bell fell on the multitude; peal on peal rolled over the kneeling throng, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart-strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky, God's pillar of fire and trump of jubilee. A moment of profound silence passed, then came the burst. They broke forth in prayer; they shouted; they sang Glory Alleluiah. They clapped their hands, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed; but high above the whole there rose a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up. It was the utterance of gratitude to God. After this gush of excitement had spent itself, and the congregation became calm, the religious exercises were resumed, and the remainder of the night was occupied in singing and prayer, in reading the Bible and in addresses from the missionaries explaining the nature

of the freedom just received, and exhorting the free people to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws, and to show themselves in all things worthy of the high boon God had conferred upon them."

Before human legislation had struck off the fetters which it had imposed, multitudes of the slave population had attained the higher freedom which Christ bestows. By the labour of missionaries, carried on commonly against persistent opposition, and not infrequently under persecution, large congregations had been gathered throughout the islands, and numerous churches formed. The Scottish Missionary Society, which united the efforts of the Presbyterian denominations of that country, at the request of some Jamaica proprietors, commenced mission work in that island in 1824, by sending out the Rev. George Blyth and others. These were followed by the agents of the United Presbyterian Church, when it began to take its part as a denomination in the great duty Christ has entrusted to His people,—a policy which is now carried out by all Churches, though general societies were at first a necessity when the Christian community was only beginning to awake to a recognition of the work committed to it.

When the enslaved population gathered into these congregations became free men, it was expected that amongst them might be found suitable agents to carry the Gospel, which had done so much for them, to their degraded kindred in Africa. The emancipators readily took up the idea, and throughout the Presbyterian connection meetings were held and contributions made by the people to prepare for giving practical effect to it. The Presbytery formed of the Scottish Society agents and of those of the United Presbyterian Church, made it the subject of inquiry and prayer. In these days the veil which concealed the dark continent has been suddenly withdrawn. Formerly a fringe

of coast, where European settlements had been made or traffic established, was known, but until the great enterprise of Dr. Livingstone and those who have followed him, the interior was an unknown land. Now its secrets have been revealed, and missions are pressing in on all sides in the wake of the travellers; but previous to this, no little courage was required to attempt a mission to an unknown region altogether under native rule.

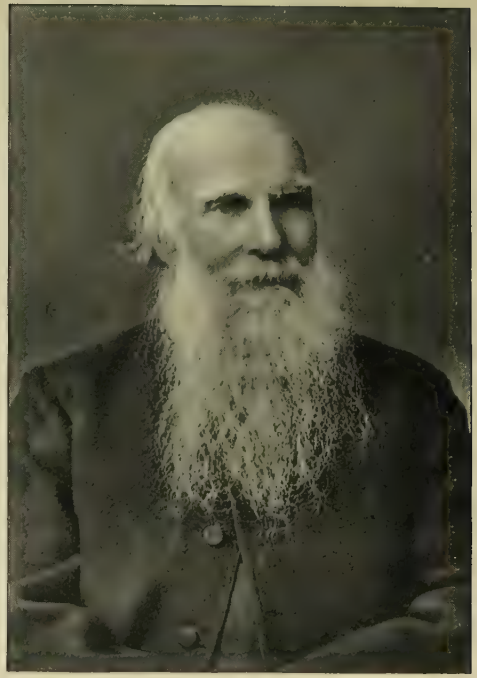
Sir F. Buxton's book, *On the Slave Trade and its Remedy*, came to hand when the brethren were in this state of inquiry, and tended to give form to their purpose, and encourage them in it. In July 1841 the Presbytery met at Goshen, amongst the verdant pastures of the higher part of St. Mary's parish, and there the resolution was taken to go forward on the enterprise.[1] "We felt bound," writes Mr. Waddell, "to take some decided step, yet seeing that the general consequences would result to ourselves and our congregations from our decision, we suspended business, and under inexpressible solemnity of mind, devoted the rest of the day to prayer for Divine direction. When the subject was resumed next morning, a deep feeling of awe was on the minds of all present, as each gave his opinion in favour of the new mission, and expressed his readiness to go forth on it, if called by his brethren, and approved of by the Church at home. It was a renewed, unreserved self-consecration to the cause of our Lord and Saviour among the heathen." Those who then consecrated themselves to the proposed mission to Africa were Messrs. Blyth of Hampden, Waddell of Mount Zion, Anderson of Bellevue, Niven of Stirling, Simpson of Port Maria, Carron of Carron Hall, Jameson of Goshen, and Scott of Hillside.

Miss Jameson, latterly Mrs. Simpson of Arran, then

[1] Waddell's *Twenty-nine Years' Mission Labour in the West Indies and Central Africa.* Blyth's *Reminiscences of Missionary Life.*

REV. HOPE M. WADDELL

From a Photograph by Mr Thomas North, Dublin



REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON

From a Photograph by Mr J. Moffat, Edinburgh

an earnest fellow-worker with her brother, in a letter to a friend[1] thus describes the meeting: "They had two days of anxious deliberation in regard to Africa, and of earnest prayer to God for direction in the deeply important matter which they were considering. Mr. Waddell introduced it, and read extracts from Buxton's work. After he sat down, all were silent for a few moments; then each minister rose in his turn, and solemnly devoted himself to Africa, if God should call him. I wish, my dear friend, you had witnessed the scene. Looking at every difficulty and danger, and many such await Christ's servants in wild, untamed Africa, these eight devoted men solemnly pledged themselves to the enterprise of a new mission there. Do you ask how I felt? I was lifted above myself at the noble bravery of the men."

In the following resolutions which they adopted, they laid their scheme before the Churches which they represented, and solicited them to adopt it:[2]—

1st. That the time seems to have arrived, and to be in an eminent degree favourable, for introducing the blessed Gospel into Central Africa.

2nd. That the long-neglected and critical condition of the inhabitants of that vast country, hitherto sunk in the deepest darkness, and exposed to all the miseries of the most iniquitous system that ever defiled or desolated the earth, together with the duty which the Church owes to the Lord Jesus to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and the Divine prediction apparently about to be fulfilled, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hand to God," demand of us most seriously to consider our duty in that solemn and important matter.

[1] Dr. Robb's *Memoir of the Rev. William Jameson.*

[2] Dr. M'Kerrow's *History of the Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church.*

3rd. That the employment of some of the intelligent and pious black and brown people, already under training in our Churches of the West Indies as assistants, seems to be the best means that can be devised for commencing and carrying on the great work, but that it is indispensable that they be accompanied by ordained missionaries from this island, whose experience, already acquired in the work, and whose constitutions, already acclimated to the tropics, besides possessing the confidence of our native teachers, would render them, in all probability, fitter for this new missionary field than others direct from Scotland.

4th. That our congregations feel a deep interest in the matter, and have been forward and zealous in promoting it whenever it has been brought before them, even to the urging of the subject on us their ministers.

5th. That, in dependence on Divine promises, we all express a willing devotion of ourselves to the Lord for this service in any way He pleases to call upon us, and particularly that we engage to furnish one, or, if necessary, two of our number, besides several assistants from our churches, to go forth to Africa.

6th. That in the most earnest manner we call on the Societies we are connected with to take up the business and to go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The boldness of the enterprise alarmed the friends at home. The first efforts made by the Scottish Society had been made in Africa, in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone in 1787, and proved a failure.[1] Moreover, while the mission from Jamaica was under consideration, the great Government expedition which went out to establish a colony at the junction of the Niger and Benin, and which carried with it so much of the hope of the friends of Africa, was visited with such mortality on the former river, that

[1] Dr. Brown's *History of Missions*, vol. ii.

the result was utter disaster. The projected attempt was therefore looked upon as Quixotic. It was also urged that the Jamaica mission, being itself dependent on the home Churches, was taking too much upon it in proposing such a scheme. The officials of the two Societies with which the missionaries were connected set themselves in opposition to it; but they, supported by the zeal of their congregations, persevered notwithstanding this discouragement, and in a subsequent meeting at Stirling in Westmoreland they re-affirmed their purpose. "It was agreed," so their minute runs, "to record the desire of members to aid in introducing the Gospel into Central Africa; that they view the proposed mission with increasing interest, and entertain the same sense of their duty to it as at the first, willing to go forth to the help of the Lord in the conversion of Ethiopia."

It was at first contemplated to make agricultural industry, to a certain extent, a part of the work of the mission, and it was chiefly instruction in this which was desired by the natives, as expressed in the applications made by the chiefs of Calabar, to which region the mission was eventually guided. This wish came out afterwards, expressed to Commander Raymond, who negotiated with them the treaty for abandoning the slave trade in 1842. Thus King Eyamba of Duke Town writes: "Now we settle treaty for not sell slave, I must tell you something I want your Queen to do for me. Now we can't sell slave again, we must have too much man for country, and want something to make work and trade, and if we can get seed for cotton and coffee, we could make trade. Plenty sugar-cane live here, and if some man can teach we way for do it, we get plenty sugar too; and then some man must come to teach book proper, and make all man serve God like white man, and then we go on for same fashion."

A similar request was made by King Eyo of Creek Town: "One thing I want for beg your Queen. I have too much man now, I can't sell slaves, and I don't know what for do for them. But if I can get some coffee and cotton to grow, and men for teach me, I make sugar-cane for we country come up proper and sell for trade side, I be very glad. Mr. Blyth say England glad for such men for teach book, and make we understand God all same white man do. If Queen do so I glad too much, and we must try do good for England always."

This part of the plan was, however, laid aside, while the main object was adhered to. At the time when the origination of the mission was under discussion, the late Dr. Robson of Glasgow visited the island for rest and restoration of health; and on his return to Scotland, in renewed vigour, he gave his influence, which was extensive, to promote it; and Messrs. Blyth and Anderson, home on furlough from Jamaica, took the opportunity of advocating it when visiting the Churches. Dr. Fergusson of Liverpool, who had been on the African coast as a medical man, gave it his hearty support, and brought those two missionaries into intercourse with captains of ships sailing to Calabar, who gave them much encouragement to enter that region. One of these, Captain Turner, on his return to the coast, carried with him proposals from Messrs. Blyth and Anderson to the chiefs, respecting the settlement of the projected mission amongst them, which seemed to them a reply to their request to Commander Raymond, presented but a month previously, and they at once made arrangements for its location. This information was sent by Captain Turner, but there being then no regular communication between England and Calabar, the patience of the movers in the project was tested in waiting for further and more definite information. At last it came. "At a

consultation of the chiefs held this morning in the king's house," again writes the captain, "it was settled, that to sell the tracts of ground required (formerly given as a site) was out of the question. The land, however, will be at your service, to make such establishments as you may see proper. It will be guaranteed to its occupiers on these terms for ever. A law will be passed for its protection, and the colonists may dwell in peace and safety, none daring to make them afraid. There seems no doubt of your obtaining land sufficient for planting stations for a number of families. The king and chiefs say they are desirous of your coming amongst them, and are full of the scheme, hoping to have their children taught in English learning. The spot of ground intended to be presented you is high, lying between the two towns of Duke Town and Henshaw Town, which lie about a mile apart. The spot rises from the river as far as the inland boundary of the town."

To this statement by Captain Turner is subjoined the agreement of the king and chiefs. "We, the undersigned king and chiefs of Old Calabar, having consulted together, agree to these things before written, and request you to come amongst us. (Signed) King Eyamba the Fifth and Seven Chiefs."

Captain Becroft, governor of Fernando Po under Spain, who had been long on the coast, and had a great influence over the tribes in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, had intercourse with the Calabar people respecting the matter, and wrote giving all encouragement to the projectors of the mission to take immediate possession of the field thus lying open to them. But while receiving this call, the sanction of the officials of the Societies was not yet obtained, and the resolution was come to, to proceed without them. The missionaries met at Hampden, September 1843, and

agreed to form a society to carry out their design, and elected the Rev. H. M. Waddell as leader thereof. While thus making arrangements in Jamaica, the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church held its annual meeting in Glasgow, 1844, and unanimously resolved to adopt the mission to Calabar, and instructed the committee then superintending the foreign missions of the denomination to co-operate with the Jamaica Presbytery in carrying it out.

Mr. Waddell obtained permission from the directors of the Scottish Missionary Society to go to Scotland to lay the scheme of the new mission before the Churches. In his voyage thither he was shipwrecked on the Grand Camans, a small islet lying at the southern entrance of the Gulf of Florida, on which many ships on their return voyage from the Indies perished. The small community, which finds subsistence on the islet a good deal at that time by the salvage of wreckage, is very much isolated, and at the time Mr. Waddell paid his involuntary visit, the people were destitute of the means of instruction. His representation of their destitution in this respect induced the United Presbyterian Church to commence the mission among them which is being carried on very successfully. The Rev. W. Niven of Stirling and the Rev. James Elmslie of Green Island, were deputed to visit the islanders, the latter to remain if deemed advisable. They were received with much gratitude and joy. Mr. Niven, in returning, took passage in one of the small vessels trading between the islet and Jamaica, which was overtaken by one of the terrific hurricanes which occasionally swept the Caribbean Sea, and was never more heard of.

Mr. Waddell on reaching Scotland gave himself zealously to advocate his scheme among the Churches, and was everywhere warmly welcomed. A great interest was excited among Christians of all denominations. "Wherever

made known," wrote Mr. Waddell, "our design was received with enthusiasm." The romance associated with it,—a mission into a then unknown region, far apart from any European settlements, and which had been one of the principal seats of the slave trade, together with sympathy for desolated Africa,—drew forth the warm hopes and aid of many who had not formerly given their sympathy to mission effort. The interest was necessarily the greatest in the denomination which had adopted it, being its first mission into a region of unmitigated heathenism, and the zeal which it excited gave an impetus to the missionary effort of the whole of the Scottish Churches. Each denomination, as it realized more and more its responsibility to take its special part of duty in the propagation of the Gospel in the wide wastes of heathenism, assumed that duty, and the Scottish Missionary Society, having served its purpose, was dissolved in 1847.

Funds were readily provided, and a small vessel being deemed necessary for the use of the mission, Provost Baikie of Kirkwall contributed a sloop, which being judged too small, he allowed to be sold and its price added to the other contributions. This need was fully met by Mr. Robert Jamieson of Liverpool, who gave the use of a brigantine, the *Warree*, of 150 tons, so long as it should be required, adding a hundred pounds annually towards its expenses. Mr. Jamieson's name is worthy of record among those of the other friends of Africa who have come to her aid. When Lander solved the great geographical problem of the day by the discovery of the outlet of the Niger, he expended his wealth largely in endeavouring to prepare the way for a beneficial traffic among the tribes of the oil rivers, so as to destroy the slave trade. For this purpose he kept the *Ethiope*, under command of Captain Becroft, afterwards Governor of Fernando Po and ultimately

the first British consul for the Bights, exploring the mouths of the rivers entering therein. He withdrew when the Government expedition of 1841 was sent out, judging that it would render his efforts abortive; but when he heard of the formation of the Calabar mission, he showed his unabated interest in the welfare of Africa by his generous assistance.

Mr. Samuel Edgerley, sen., and two assistants, Edward Millar and Andrew Chisholm, natives of Jamaica, joined Mr. Waddell in Scotland. Mr. Edgerley was associated, as a teacher, with Mr. Waddell, and on his offering himself to accompany him, was at once accepted. Having acquired the art of printing, it was judged that this would make him of special service in the mission.

The expedition being thus fully equipped, amid the warmest wishes of Christian friends and most encouraging farewells, the *Warree* sailed from Liverpool on the 6th of January 1846.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE MISSION.

THE *Warree*, after a tedious and stormy passage of upwards of three months, cast anchor in Clarence Cove, now St. Isabell, in the island of Fernando Po, which lies about forty miles to the south of the entrance of the Calabar river. The Baptist missionaries in Jamaica had preceded us in sending forth a mission from the island to West Africa. The members of the party had formed stations in Fernando Po, at Bimbia and at Kameroons on the continent opposite, five years before the arrival of our mission, and their friends in England were under the impression that they occupied the Calabar river also. In negotiating with them, Mr. Waddell arranged that if on arrival he found they had done so, another location would be sought for our mission, so that each might have its own field of labour; an arrangement universally approved in theory by the directors of mission effort, but frequently violated in practice, to the bewilderment of the heathen and the waste of effort.

When they came out to the coast, the Baptist brethren found a people ready to receive them in the township, which was formed as the seat of a mixed commission court, to decide on all slave vessels captured in the Bights, as great mortality ensued among this wretched live cargo in sending them up to Sierra Leone for adjudication. This

purpose was not carried out, but people had been gathered from various parts of the coast to form the township, all speaking English, many having been formerly under Christian instruction, who, it is said, were collecting their money to buy a missionary when any one came their way. These welcomed the friends from Jamaica, who found among these a sphere of duty into which they could enter at once. A church was formed, and the work continued until Spain began to give more attention to the island, and in the reign of Isabella it was prohibited. The better part of the people, who were not willing to be without the public means of grace, passed over to the continent and purchased land from the natives at the foot of the Kameroons mountain, where they formed a settlement which they named Victoria. After the expulsion of Isabella, a more liberal policy prevailed in Spain, but the Baptist missionaries did not return to the island to resume their work, which after a while was taken up by the Primitive Methodists, the first foreign mission of that energetic denomination. Recently, in the scramble for African territory, Germany appropriated Kameroons, and the directors of the Baptist Missionary Society handed over the native church, which their agents had gathered there and at Victoria, to the Basle Mission, so that after an expenditure of many lives through half a century, their locations on the West coast know them no more.

Captain Becroft welcomed the storm-tossed party in the *Warree* to the island, where it had been long expected, and after a week's sojourn he went over with them in the *Ethiope* to introduce them to the Calabar chiefs, and aid them in commencing operations. The *Warree* followed and anchored in the river before Duke Town on the 10th of April 1846—a day which will yet occupy an important place in the memory of the Calabar people. King Eyo,—to

THE CHRISTIAN KING EYO

give him his full title, of which he was proud, King Eyo Honesty,—they found doing business with the shipping which lay off the town, and they got acquainted with him at once. Mr. Waddell thus describes his meeting with him:—"He soon came in a six-oared gig, covered by an immense and handsome umbrella of various colours, to pay his respects to Captain Becroft. A British ensign with his name thereon in large capitals streamed behind. He was followed by two large river canoes, each paddled by twenty-eight men, with a row of armed men standing down the centre, a swivel gun in the bows, a roofed house amidships, and an immense ensign behind like the one in the boat. They came on with a sort of shouting, keeping time with the stroke of their paddles. Some of his chiefs followed him in their own canoes, adorned with flags. It was quite a pageant. He was heartily welcomed by Becroft, and cordially shook hands with us all, saying that he was glad to see us. Though rather a low-set and stout-made man, his fine head and open, firm countenance favourably impressed us. The spare clothing we had seen elsewhere prepared us for the prevailing style of Calabar costume. King Eyo was in native dress, which, except a white beaver hat, consisted of a few yards of broad fancy coloured cloth round his loins descending to the ankles; strings of beads on neck and arms formed his ornaments. Two boys attended him, one carrying his gold snuff-box in a handsome native bag hung round his neck, the other a pair of pistols and a sword slung over his shoulder."

The party went on shore to visit King Eyamba, and found him in a large framed house of two storeys, which had been built for him in Liverpool. "We found a large, coarse man," says Mr. Waddell, "with a good-humoured face, sitting in an arm-chair with a few yards of Manchester cloth wrapped round his waist. He shook hands cordially

with us all, but having much business on hand and a crowd of people waiting, he requested us to come again next morning. The following morning, Sabbath, we all went on shore to keep meeting in Eyamba's house. Becroft with the captain and supercargoes accompanied us. We met the king and his chiefs in the state room of his palace, a large and elegant apartment handsomely furnished. A peacock was here before us strutting about. Eyamba himself with black hat and feathers, with waist-cloth according to the fashion of the country, and loads of beads and brass rings, paraded before the large mirrors, turning and admiring himself in every attitude,—a specimen of rare vanity.

"Eyamba sat down in an arm-chair of brass under a handsome canopy meant for a throne. Four sofas were wheeled round in front of the company, and a small table placed in the centre for the Bible gifted by friends. When I had addressed him and his chiefs on the object of our mission, and the character of the present sent by Christian friends for him, he replied that he thanked us and them, and God also for sending us. Mr. Edgerley followed with appropriate remarks, as did Chisholm and Millar, and we concluded with a prayer for the Divine blessing. All seemed pleased with what had passed, and understood and approved of what we had said. They asked if Mrs. Edgerley would also speak, but were satisfied to learn that she would talk to their women. During the rest of the day, Mr. Edgerley and I held service on board several ships in the river, and found good arrangements made for our meeting with the crews."

The missionaries then received a friendly welcome to Calabar, and had full liberty to carry on their work. They, however, soon found that there was no desire for the Gospel. The honour of having white men resident amongst

them seemed the chief thing cared for. King Eyo must be credited with something beyond this. He was quite in advance of his countrymen, and was sincerely desirous of improving the tribe by education, and the abolition of the rites of blood which prevailed.

It was necessary to set to work at once to clear the ground appropriated to the use of the mission, so as to get a house built. By arrangements made on the mission leaving Jamaica, it was necessary that Mr. Waddell should return as soon as possible to report to his co-workers and churches there, how he had fared, and, if successful, to get additional agency. He and his fellow-labourers therefore set themselves without delay to the work of forming a location. The land fixed upon at first, lying between Duke and Henshaw Towns, overlooking the river and the former town, was found most suitable, and on it a frame-house, brought out in the *Warree*, was erected. The bush covering the ground had been a receptacle for the unburied dead, so that even the Krumen who were employed in cutting it down were disgusted with the work. "Too much bad thing live here, massa," said they to Mr. Waddell, as he found them one day with their cutlasses thrown down. "True, it be bad, too bad," he replied, "but you do all same bad in your country." "No, massa, we no do all same bad for our country." "Well, never mind, cut the bush and cover the bodies with it, and go on with the work."

When the Calabar mission was adopted by the United Presbyterian Church, a more regular organization than had hitherto been found sufficient was required in carrying on its work in the foreign field. A board of directors was formed, a secretary appointed entirely to the work, and a monthly periodical was published to report to the constituents of the mission the various procedure of their agents. The *Children's Magazine* had been previously published in

Glasgow. The Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Dumbarton, was elected secretary and editor of the periodical, the duties of which offices he discharged devotedly and efficiently during a long period of service. The missions of the denomination were his one subject of thought, and he gave himself, "in season and out of season," to awaken the zeal of the Church in its foreign efforts. Mr. Waddell's communications for a time were a principal part of the *Missionary Record*. Everything was new and interesting in the wild country into which the mission had entered, alike to the pioneer company and to their friends at home, and he was careful in noting, and diligent in communicating to them the desired information respecting the country and people. Thus giving his first impressions, he writes on one occasion:—"While waiting the king's (Eyamba's) leisure, we could not but look about us. He was in his inner courtyard among heaps of trade goods, surrounded by native traders, and the door kept by men armed. All round the yard was an open shed. On one side stood two mahogany chests of drawers, sure to go to ruin there. Beside them were two four-wheeled carriages, not the worse certainly of the wear, for they had never been used, nor was there a road about the town where they could be used, nor a horse to draw them. On another side were puncheons of rum and hogsheads of tobacco. Here were bales of Manchester cloth, there iron pots, boxes of brass rods, and crates of earthenware. Mixed with them on all sides were odds and ends of all sorts of things in queer confusion.

"A young man completed his payment for a degree in Egbo, and received his patent of nobility from Eyamba's own hand, in the form of three marks of yellow powder on his forehead and arms. Having bowed to the earth in acknowledgment, he rushed forth shouting, to show his new honours.

"Returning from the king's house we passed through the market, and were reminded of a nest of black ants disturbed. The people were crowded, and conducted their traffic with a great buzz of voices and not a little bustle. The sellers squatted on the ground with their wares on mats or in calabashes before them; the buyers walked about. The goods for sale were English manufactures or country provisions, smoked fish and flesh, yams, plantains, etc. The crowd, among whom we made our way with difficulty, were not burdened with clothing, either for use or ornament, yet both sexes were clean in person and decorous in conduct. The currency consisted of copper and brass rods which the ships brought."

In the mode of conducting the foreign trade of the country there followed, the merchant loaded his ship and sent it out to the river, where it lay till it got a return cargo. The articles sent out were chiefly various kinds of cloth made for the market, salt, cutlery, tobacco, gunpowder, guns, and the brass rods mentioned above. There was then a great deal less strong drink imported than there is now. The supercargo gave out his goods to the various native traders, and waited on the return in palm oil. It was reckoned a good voyage when made in a year. The crew which brought out the ship remained in it to take it home, so that there was then a greater number of Europeans in the country than is now the case, when the factories are planted along the side of the river, collect produce, and do their business through the steamers which now visit the whole of the coast.

It was then the custom of the native traders when taking out trust as it was called, or when taking oil on board, to be entertained at a feast, breakfast it was called, which was liberally provided for them and the large following which accompanied them. On returning on

shore, they were saluted with guns, the number marking their rank as traders, which honour they valued highly.

In return, King Eyamba and King Eyo had a weekly dinner each on a set day, his Sunday as he termed it, at which all the supercargoes and captains were expected to attend. Mr. Waddell then describes the first entertainment of the kind at which he was present: "At two o'clock, a large gun, fired on the beach, summoned the company to dinner. They assembled in the state room of the palace. Eyamba entered, dressed in his best style, broad silk waist-cloth, hat and feathers, a profusion of beads, but no shirt nor shoes. He went round and shook hands with every one, and then paraded admiringly before the mirror, as his manner was. In the dining-room, a long table was laid out and properly furnished. Eyamba took the head, his white guests sat on his right, the black on the left, the foot remained vacant, to be filled as friends arrived. Basin, ewer, and towel were carried round for every one to wash hands, which was done by a little water being poured on them in Eastern style. Then came in a file of stout girls in native undress, each bearing on her head a large covered calabash, with ornamented cloth thereon, which she placed on the table. The contents had a novel appearance. Yams and fish stewed, together with palm oil and vegetables and pepper, filled one; yams and goat's flesh similarly dressed filled another, and so on. A native earthen pot, with rich 'black soup' as it was called, accompanied by a dish of pounded yams, or *fufu*, held a prominent place. Every dish formed a course, and Eyamba helped them all himself in succession to all his guests, without asking any one what he would choose. Trying a little of each, more from conscience than curiosity or appetite, I found them not unpalatable, though too oily and spicy. The white gentlemen all ate sparingly; the black

enjoyed themselves highly, not over particular in their manners, using their fingers often for forks, and the lips for napkins. The *fufu* was not eaten, but swallowed in great masses. Every one had a lump of it and laid it on the table before his plate of black soup. Rolling a piece between his hands into a ball, nearly as large as a hen's egg, he stuck the middle finger of his right hand lightly into it, dipped it into the sauce, then slipped it into his mouth and over his throat instantly without chewing. The native nobility performed this feat with an ease which the practice of a lifetime alone could have given, and which foreigners in vain tried to imitate. Laughing and joking enlivened the table while discussing this dish, the use of the teeth not hindering the use of the tongue."

The following day was Eyo's "Sunday." An invitation was sent round the river on the previous day, and three guns in the morning at Creek Town kept all in memory of it. Mr. Waddell and Mr. Edgerley attended with the rest of the Europeans, and found the entertainment similar to that of King Eyamba, but served in a more decorous style. The drink partaken of at these dinners was chiefly the sap of a small species of palm called Min Efik, plentiful in the marshes in Calabar, and is the only tree which the natives were accustomed to plant. *Min* is a generic name for anything used as a beverage, and it is not improbable that the wine of Scripture was sometimes the sap of a palm. King Eyo was a personal abstainer. When asked by a supercargo, on one occasion, why he never drank wine, he replied, "If I begin to drink wine, what will become of my trade and of yours too?"

Old Town lies at the head of a reach of the river, looking down to Seven Fathoms Point, about two miles above Duke Town. It is situated on the ground which the mission on its entrance wished to occupy. To prepare for a

location beside the town, Captain Becroft accompanied Mr. Waddell on a visit to the chief, Willie Tom Robins. The old man, though full of the superstition of the country, nevertheless followed the example of the other two towns, and readily granted a site. They found a large nest of wasps hanging from the eaves of Willie's house above the door, and the troublesome insects had the freedom of the house. "Willie, what for you no break that nest down?" was asked. Willie, in alarm, exclaimed, "No, no! no for touch; them my doctor and keep my house."

A large folio copy of the Scriptures had been sent for presentation to King Eyo, similar to that given to his rival of Duke Town, and on being informed of this, he expressed a wish that the ceremony of presentation might be deferred, till some of the headmen, then absent from the town, should have it in their power to be present. At the time agreed upon, the mission party met with them, and after prayer and a statement respecting the purpose of the mission, the king expressed his satisfaction, saying, "Now I am sure God will love and bless me, for I am very glad you have come with this book." After conference with the headmen, he said that he had seen some reluctance on their part to welcome the mission. They were afraid that, coming to settle among them, we would by and by take the country from them; but he had explained to them that it was knowledge which made white men strong, whereas they grow up like goats, knowing nothing. The fear entertained by some of the Calabar people who objected to our getting a footing in the country, that we might possess ourselves of it, was not unnatural. They knew not but that it was such as would be coveted by the white man, whose power they saw they were unable to oppose, and though they were not aware of it, it is the practice of powerful nations to push aside native rights,

and appropriate any part of the earth's surface that they think it worth while to make their own.

The possession of the mission ground at Duke Town had been secured by Egbo ceremony, as well as by written pledge of Eyamba. "Ere our house was finished," writes Mr. Waddell, "or a proper road made to it, Eyamba honoured it with a visit, coming up in a four-wheeled open carriage. It was perhaps the first time he had ever been in it, and how he managed to get it through the town was never explained. The astonishment was great at seeing him and his attendant, Hogan Basi, a heavy young gentleman, sitting behind, with his great umbrella like a tent over all, dragged up a steep, narrow, broken foot-track, over long grass and young bush, which choked each side of the way. What no pair of horses could have done, a dozen stout men accomplished, and by pulling and pushing and lifting, they got carriage and contents over all obstructions. The pole was broken, indeed, but with the help of ropes they got on better without it. The descent, if less difficult, was more dangerous. At first the carriage would not move. The people pulled and pulled in vain. Discovering that one of the wheels was jammed against the stump of a tree, they lifted it clean over. Soon it was caught by another, and freed in like manner. Next moment it was almost capsized; one wheel was down in a rut, and the other mounting over the ruins of a devil house among potsherds. It leaned over alarmingly, but the king held on stoutly by the weather side, while his people lifted the lee to a level. His attendant, having the umbrella to manage, found it less easy to maintain the perpendicular. Soon they were going down the hill at a good pace and with great cheering, regardless of obstacles and of Eyamba's shouting, while his sable highness, swinging from side to side, seemed likely to be sprawling, umbrella and all,

among the grass most unroyally, before reaching the town."

The mission company lived on board the *Warree* till accommodation was provided on shore, and by hard work a site was speedily cleared and a house built. While the workmen were thus employed, Mr. Edgerley commenced teaching a school, and Mr. Waddell, while overlooking the work, sat with his note-book before him, collecting the vocables of the language, and, with the assistance of Mr. Young, wrote out a considerable vocabulary, which he printed by a lithographic press, the use of which he had acquired. He had, as the first produce of this press, thrown off a few leaflets in English containing Scripture narratives, which he gave to the king and a few others who could read a little in that tongue. It was the custom of the principal traders to put their sons on board the vessels while they lay in the river, to acquire a smattering of English, and some of them learned to write it, while they could not write a word of their own language. Those thus taught were unaccustomed to read letterpress, but could read a page in the written form as thrown off by the lithographic press, so that the leaflets became their first books, while their contents served as texts to their instructors. "Mr. Young, who was a man of good ability, and whose knowledge of English was superior to that of his compeers, on seeing the press at work, expressed the greatest surprise and delight," says Mr. Waddell, "and laughed outright. 'What do you laugh for?' he asked. 'I laugh because I am glad to see what you do.' He ran to the window and called to some of his friends outside to come and see it. 'Now I will tell King Eyamba,' said he, 'that I see what he never see. I see stone make book in one minute.'" Mr. Edgerley had brought out a small printing press also, which did good service.

While occupied thus, our friends sought to convey Divine truth to the natives through interpreters, and in a scanty vocabulary of English to those who could understand so much. Eyamba proved a very inefficient interpreter, and Mr. Young, though he could do pretty well when so minded, could not be trusted to give what the missionary had spoken. On one occasion, the subject of address being the account of the rich man and Lazarus, he expressed his wish that he had been in the position of the rich man; and on another, while the speaker thought Mr. Young was giving to the audience what he had uttered, was improving the opportunity to give them directions respecting some work he wished them to do.

Preaching through an interpreter is at first a necessity for the missionary who enters among a people having an unwritten language, but it is far from satisfactory, even when the interpreter is faithful and otherwise competent. The truth he has to utter is new to him, very imperfectly apprehended, and in which he has yet no interest. This, therefore, is a first duty of the missionary, to acquire the tongue which is to form the instrument of his work.

While our friends were making such efforts as they could to reach the minds of the natives, they found opportunity of preaching on board several of the ships lying in the river. A breach was thus made by the Sabbath service in the terrible monotony of the lives of the poor seamen, confined on board from the time they left Liverpool until they returned, which must have been very pleasant to them; and let us hope that in many cases a permanent spiritual blessing was the result.

King Eyo welcomed the mission to Creek Town. He was a man in advance of his generation, and before the mission was undertaken he threw aside the idolatry of his countrymen, from a persuasion of its folly which he was

accustomed to expose; and while still practising to some extent the cruel customs prevailing, he was wishful to see their abolition. Their injustice and iniquity he but imperfectly apprehended.

When the work was so far advanced at Duke Town, the *Warree* went up to Creek Town with materials and workmen to erect a house there. Mr. Edgerley with his assistants continued his work at the former place, and Mr. Waddell began operations at the latter. It was at first doubted whether a European could reside at Creek Town, lying in a narrow creek uniting the two branches of the river, and almost entirely surrounded by mangrove swamps. This apprehension that it would be peculiarly unhealthy has been removed by experience, which has proved that there is little difference as to salubrity between the stations first occupied.

In King Eyo Mr. Waddell found an interpreter faithful in giving to the native audience what was uttered, even when that was condemnatory of his own opinions and practices. After interpreting he would state his doubts or objections, and discuss them with his friends present. We were glad to hear such objections or inquiries, as they made us acquainted with the native beliefs and modes of thought, and they gave us the greater opportunity of bringing the truth to bear upon them. The king was, moreover, wishful to gather a good congregation to receive the instruction of the missionary, and took various devices to secure this. He would even have inflicted penalties on his own people who declined their attendance, and in his mind this was quite a justifiable and proper mode of dealing with them; but we discouraged compulsion, and he yielded to our wish.

The preaching to a people without a Bible, and so having nothing to appeal to in support of our teaching, was a novel

experience, but we never found any doubt of our truthfulness in claiming that the message we delivered was the word of God, however that word might sometimes be objected to. On first coming up to take charge at Creek Town, when Mr. Waddell left on a visit to Scotland, in my first address I took the first part of the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel in order to define my position and show my responsibility as bound to speak to them the whole word of God. As I proceeded, a kindly old man, one of the chiefs, interrupted me, saying, " Me know you are come to us to speak God's word ; tell us what we are to do."

Until we got a house built for the purpose, our meetings were in the king's outer yard. At first there was a difficulty in securing regular attendance on Sabbath. The people reckoning eight days in their week, it took them some time to recognise the seventh day, Sabbath ; or when they did so, to make any difference between it and the other days of the week ; but by and by they got to know and observe it. In such an open place of general resort, our meetings were occasionally a good deal interrupted. People from a distance or from their farms came to salute the king, and, it may be, to deposit their tribute of yams or other farm produce at the back of the audience. There the goats, walking freely as they do about the houses, would improve the opportunity and make an attack upon the yams, and our auditors near them made a rush to drive them off. Thus the attack and defence went on, but to our native friends in this there was nothing incongruous. When matters got somewhat into order, the king took his seat regularly at the appointed hour in company with the heads of the town, who all attended, no doubt very much through his influence. Mr. Waddell thus narrates the procedure observed on his first Sabbath :—" It was grand Egbo day, and the king thought it would be well to

postpone the meeting for Divine service to a more convenient season, seeing that few of the headmen would attend, being busied with their own matters." Mr. Waddell urged him to defer the Egbo ceremony out of deference to the Christian Sabbath, and an arrangement was made accordingly; a concession of no little value. "The primary truth of all religions I found needed no proof. 'Every man knows,' said Eyo, 'that God lives, and that He made all things.' Some of the commandments took his attention much, and his mode of interpreting attracted mine. On the second commandment he was full and at ease, being no idolater. On the fourth he expatiated freely, and said that for himself he was willing to give up Calabar Sunday and keep God's Sunday instead, but thought that it would be some time before the people were prepared for the change. The fifth commandment he said was very good, and he explained it with freedom and energy. The sixth, on which I had been strong, he explained in a subdued tone and few words. It evidently touched sore places. On the seventh he was clear and decided. I did not at that time go beyond its primary and principal sense of conjugal fidelity. He remarked, 'That be very good law. You should go to every town every day and tell them all that word.' I knew that he had many wives and concubines, but he respected the rights and relationship of others. The eighth obtained the approbation of the whole meeting, but it was in the dubious form of a general burst of laughter. They seemed to say, 'We know that, but no man regards it.' The fact is, that the slaves are all thieves and the free men all cheats but one or two, without much disguise, so far as they can be with impunity. The ninth commandment was admitted in its most obvious sense, but there was some demur about the untruths and deceptions which they judged necessary in carrying on trade, as not

generally regarded in the sense of lies. The tenth was not recognised in its importance. How seldom it is !

"The story of Jesus received great attention, especially His miracles, the raising of Lazarus, the resurrection of Christ, and the doctrine of the final resurrection of all excited the astonishment of my interpreter and audience to the highest pitch. 'All them old people that died long time, will they all live again?' the king exclaimed. 'Them old bones that rot in the ground. How will God raise them up again? Where will they live? The world can't hold them.' The last judgment and doom of the wicked startled him. The congregation was very attentive and solemnized during the latter part of my address, and when I concluded with prayer, the king said, 'This be very good meeting. I like we have this every Sunday.' Adverting to the sixth commandment, he remarked, 'You say man no for kill. True. What use a man take his money go buy slave, and then kill him for nothing? If he have too many men for his work, let him stop buy. But slaves be too bad.' I replied that if the word of God restrained the masters, it would also improve the slaves, and make them both better to each other. 'Well, I hope so,' he answered; and so concluded our first meeting. Having our carpenter and crew with us, we began and ended with praise and prayer, in which the natives took no part."

In the erection of a house at Duke Town, the *Warree* required to go to Fernando Po for materials, and on one occasion, the captain being absent, Mr. Waddell took the vessel across to the island. While waiting for the needed materials, to do Captain Becroft a favour, we went to Bonny to fetch goods for the captain, which a vessel from Liverpool had taken there. We had thus an opportunity of visiting a place famous as a chief slaving port. The town called

Ibani by the natives, which we have converted into Bonny, is situated on low marshy ground at the outlet of one of the branches of the Niger. Several years ago it exported more palm oil than any other place, but the dissensions of the chiefs have reduced it much. At the time Mr. Waddell visited it, King Pepple was in power, but asserting his authority too strongly, he was expelled, and for a while resided in England, a pensioner on the Government. While there he is said to have been admitted into the Church of England, but our rulers, getting tired of supporting him, sent him back to Bonny. The people under pressure of the white man's power permitted him to return, on condition that he would not take any part in the government of the community. Two chiefs, Oko Jumbo and Jaja, who rose to divide the power between them, after a while determined to try which of them was the stronger, and to settle the point waged war with each other. Terrible atrocities were committed by both sides, women and even children being ruthlessly murdered. Oko Jumbo prevailed, and Jaja had to seek for a new settlement. He went up the Opobo river, and there took possession of the principal native oil markets, so that Oko Jumbo was a loser by his victory. Jaja, repeating the error of King Pepple, was removed by the British consul last year, and transported to one of the West India islands.

Some time after our settlement in Calabar, King Pepple and his chiefs sent a request to us and to the Mission Board, that we would commence a mission in Bonny. This we declined, being fully occupied with the work we had in hand, and also seeing no place about Bonny where a European was likely to live. This application was no doubt prompted by a desire to be equal to Calabar, but it presented a favourable opening for the entrance of the Gospel, and Bishop Crowther eventually visited the

locality and received subscriptions from the chiefs to defray the expense of commencing a station, in which the work has been very successfully carried on. When these chiefs found that a power had entered into the country superior to theirs, they naturally began to show their hostility to the mission. The juju men were alarmed for their craft, and incited the chiefs to oppose the instruction of their people, assuring them that their slaves, being instructed in Gospel truth, would not yield to them that submission they formerly did, nor honour them with the wonted heathenish rites on their death. To test this, one of them ordered a young man belonging to him, whom he knew had attended to the instructions of the mission, to perform an idolatrous ceremony. The young man said that he would obey him as his master in doing any work he might order him to do, but in this matter he must obey God, and declined. Not prevailing with Joseph, as the young man was called, to violate the Divine law, he became exasperated, and taking him out in a canoe, ordered him to perform the rite or he would throw him into the river. The young man continued to plead his inability to sin against God, and his owner ordered him to be kept under water for some time to force compliance; but the young man's resolution did not give way, and in exasperation he ordered his head to be split with a paddle, and the body left to feed the sharks. So the Niger Mission had its martyr.

This mission now occupies several stations in the delta of the Niger, and has spread up to the confluence of the Benin, and beyond. It is altogether manned by negro ministers educated at Sierra Leone, and the children of the victims of the slave trade are now returning, with the message of the Gospel, to the lands whence their fathers were taken.

When Mr. Waddell paid this visit to Bonny, though

Britain had carried on commerce with its people for centuries, they still practised cannibalism in war. King Pepple defended the practice, replying to Mr. Waddell, "They (their enemies) eat we, what for we no eat them?" A medical man stated that he had seen seven captives lying on the beach bound, and boys, even girls, beheading them. The juju house was built of the skulls of those they had devoured. Even after the commencement of the mission this horrible practice was for some time carried on, but I was gratified to see on my last visit to the spot that the walls were tumbling down.

In this year, King Eyamba entered into a war, chiefly, it would appear, to win glory to himself, but in which he miserably failed, as greater men than he have done in this quest. The Umon tribe, which occupies the country above Calabar territory, has its principal town built on the end of an island looking up the river, as it pours down from the interior, and so commands the passage. Taking advantage of its position, it bars the way of direct traffic between the interior tribes and those of the coast, demanding that all must pass through it. Eyamba was desirous of gaining a direct intercourse for Calabar with Akunakuna and the people beyond, but Umon frustrated the attempt. A number of canoes, so it is reported, from Akunakuna, were one night lying off the town on their way to Calabar, when the Umon people fell upon them and butchered the crews. Why Eyamba did not attempt to avenge this massacre at the time it occurred does not appear, but he now prepared to do so. His headmen were opposed to the project, knowing that the attempt must fail, but the king was bent upon carrying it out. A great number of animal sacrifices with other juju rites were offered to ensure success, and a human victim was given to the river. "All preparation being made, Eyamba left his town,"

writes Mr. Waddell, "with as much of the pomp and circumstance of war as possible. His great canoe was gaily decked out with several ensigns streaming in the wind, British ensigns with his own name thereon in large letters. The little house amidships was brilliantly painted red and yellow. Astride its roof sat two men beating drums with might and main. Before it stood Eyamba, shaded by his great umbrella, dressed as usual, except in having a gold-laced cocked hat under his arm, and a splendid sword, a present from the Dutch Government, at his side. In the bows a large gun pointed forward, and before it stood a man with a bundle of reeds, which he kept shaking at arm's-length, to exorcise every obstacle and danger out of the way. On each side sat fifteen men with paddles, and between them down the centre stood a row of men armed with cutlasses and guns. The king's body-guard were immediately around him. A train of smaller canoes, ornamented and arranged in the same style, belonging to the lesser gentry, were in his wake. A number had preceded, others would follow him to the rendezvous at Ikorofiong, a Calabar town half-way to Umon. Thus they made a grand show, with colours waving, guns firing, drums beating, and men singing and shouting, while the women, crowding the beach, admired and applauded by their peculiar animating cheers with all their might."

Duke Town was left to the women, the whole of the male population having gone to the war, and they enjoyed their novel power and liberty. Those secluded in harems turned out and had a gala time of it. "A man," says Mr. Waddell, "dared not walk the street. Young Eyo, eldest son of King Eyo, visited us, but after leaving to return to his canoe, he came back running and laughing, for a great company of ladies were coming from the town, meeting him in marching order, two abreast, preceded by sword-

bearers, drums, and colours. Though he had his own armed retinue about him, he feared that if these women caught him, they would flog him. Even after they had passed, he took a private track through the bush down the face of the hill to the river-side. They passed our house singing and dancing, dispersed themselves to gather a twining plant which they wreathed round their persons, then came and formed in lines in front of the house, and with great good-humour saluted the mission family. We could only wave our hands and bow in return, wanting words to express our admiration of the scene. They beat to march again, quickened their pace, got confused, and the trot became a gallop soon. On they rushed with shouts of laughter, down a good road we had made to the town, the light-footed lassie taking the lead, the great ladies bringing up the rear, and all presenting an indescribable scene."

In a week the warlike expedition returned, having accomplished nothing but a trip up the river, until the warriors sighted the foe, and then found their way back. The Umon people had lined the bush on either side of the river where it is narrowed by hills, and saluting Eyamba as an old fool, advised him to return the way he came. Eyamba devolved the honour of leading their troops to force a passage on another, and he transferred it to one who bore the title of King War, but he discredited the boastful appellation he had assumed. He could not screw up his courage to the venture. A council of war was held, and Falstaff's opinion was adopted, though unknown to them, that the better part of valour is discretion, and that they had better go home. This they did, and were received by the women garrisoning the town in their absence as if they had been conquerors.

From the outset, the members of the mission brought

their influence to bear against the cruel customs of the land, and were faithful in making known the denunciation of God's word on the perpetration of such deeds. Week after week were their human victims slaughtered in honour of the dead, and those with whom we had daily intercourse had their hands steeped in blood. At first it was denied that the practice was still continued, and when this falsehood could not avail, it was pled that it was much less frequently observed than formerly, and would soon be given up. Still the murders went on, making a residence amongst them a life of continual excitement and disgust. When prepared to leave for Jamaica, on the stations at the two towns being occupied, and Mr. Edgerley and the other members of the mission ready to go over to Fernando Po during the smoke season, as was then deemed necessary, they all went to King Eyamba's house to hold the wonted Sabbath meeting. They found him alone, and were informed that there could be no meeting that day, as John Duke, a son of Duke Efraim, died during the night, and the chiefs were preparing to bury him. Knowing that if the usual custom were observed, many would be slaughtered for a chief of his rank, Mr. Waddell seized the opportunity of urging them to make good their oft-repeated promises of ceasing from these deeds of blood, and abolishing the custom throughout the country. He was answered by the rejoinder of the king, "But suppose they be killed already, what for do?" "That answer," adds Mr. Waddell, "revealed the dreadful truth that the massacre had already begun. By this time his yard was full of people who with excited feelings were listening to what was being said. Horrified, I took off my hat and addressed them solemnly: 'King Eyamba and gentlemen of Duke Town, you have begun to kill your slaves for a dead man. Now, I declare to you, before the great God of heaven and earth, that you

have done very wickedly, and are guilty of a great crime, and those slaves you have killed will rise up in judgment against you at the last day. What will you say before God when these murdered people witness against you that you killed them for nothing? Your custom breaks all laws, both of God and man. All white gentlemen have told you so; and you know that it is very bad, and have no excuse. Often have you told me that it is not now practised, but we have found that it is still done in secret, and you can deny it no longer; you condemn yourselves, and surely God will bring you into judgment for these crimes. He made the slave a man as well as the master. The life of the one is as precious in His sight as the life of the other, and He will not have you to kill them for nothing. He has said, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and the lives of your slaves should be protected by law, lest the curse of God rest on your country, for if life be not safe, nothing is safe. Now, king and all gentlemen, I speak in the name of the great God who will raise the dead, you and your slaves, and judge you all at last. Remember there is a place for the wicked, where the fire of God's wrath burns for ever. Knock off this horrid fashion of yours, and turn away from all your sins, that He may forgive you. He has sent us here in His love to warn you that you may be saved.'"

With this noble protest from Mr. Waddell, and a few impressive words from the others, they withdrew. It was reported that above a hundred were put to death that day, the mother of the deceased urging on the slaughter, exclaiming, "He has left no children. Kill the half of his slaves; what is the use of leaving them behind?" It would appear that the earnest and solemn words spoken were not without effect. It was reported that Eyamba

had interfered to stay the murders, saying, "God man make too much big palaver about it this morning."

On Monday, 19th October, the mission party sailed in the *Warree*, Mr. Edgerley and the Jamaica helpers to Fernando Po, and Mr. Waddell to Jamaica.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION

THE mission having found a location, the Rev. William Jameson, of those who had devoted themselves to Africa, was chosen to join Mr. Waddell. His parting from the flock which he had gathered around him at Goshen was a severe trial to him and to his people. The sympathetic disposition of the negro responded readily to the warm-hearted missionary who had come amongst them with the great message of the Gospel; and the attachment which bound the teacher and taught was peculiarly strong, so that his separation from them, to fulfil his pledge to Africa, caused him greater pain than his parting from kindred and friends in Scotland to join the Jamaica Mission. The call to leave came somewhat suddenly at last, but he had time to make arrangement for carrying on the work of his congregation, and visited every family connected with it, speaking to each a few earnest words of farewell. He declared that no consideration would induce him to submit again to such a series of mental suffering.[1]

In an address on his arrival in Scotland to the Rose Street congregation, Edinburgh, which had sent him forth to Jamaica, he thus speaks of the result of his work there:—"What good has arisen out of these ten years of prayer and toil? We reply, Much; ten thousand times

[1] Dr. Robb's *Memoir of Rev. William Jameson*, pp. 246, 249.

more than we are able to tell you; nay, inconceivably more than we know. Who but God Himself sees the utmost effect of the rain which waters the earth? So it is with the word of God, which for nearly ten years has been preached at Goshen. It has spread there knowledge of the Saviour, and through it has Jehovah been exalted. At Goshen many sinners have been converted through the Gospel which you sent to them, and maintained among them. Prayerless ones have become children of prayer, and they cease not to remember you, their best earthly benefactors, at their heavenly Father's throne. Some, also, who began their pilgrimage there, and finished their course, have arrived at the Canaan above. Ten years ago in Goshen there was no church; now there is a church of 200 members. Ten years ago there was no house of prayer; now there is a substantial building, which will hold 700 people. Ten years ago none were willing to give of their substance or labour, and hence our temporary place of worship had to be put up at my own expense; but, through the preaching of the Gospel, prejudices vanished, hearts were touched and made willing. Ten years ago I was received at Goshen with suspicion; when I left, they said with tears that they were losing a father and a friend; or, as one old man expressed himself, 'Minister, our back is broken.'"

Mr. Jameson much needed a season of rest among his friends before venturing out to Calabar, but he took no time to recruit. After spending two months in revisiting friends and preparing for his departure, he sailed on the 31st of October 1846. One reason of his haste was the wish to reach Calabar before Mr. Waddell left for Jamaica, in which he was disappointed. At that time there was no public means of intercourse. The merchant loaded his ship with goods for his own traffic, and took none as

freight, nor made any provision for passengers. They, however, very kindly took our goods without freight, and freely gave us a passage to and from the country. The *Magistrate*, the vessel in which Mr. Jameson embarked, after an uncomfortable voyage of fully six weeks, cast anchor off the bar of the river in January 1847, and, as the custom then was, sent up to Duke Town for a pilot, causing a delay of three or four days. The pilot, on his arrival, informed Mr. Jameson that Mr. Waddell had left for Jamaica, and that Mr. Edgerley and the others were over at Fernando Po. This must have saddened Mr. Jameson much. He had, no doubt, been rejoicing in his relief from the confinement of the ship and uncongenial society, and joyfully anticipating a warm welcome from his friends. To find the house empty was no pleasant home-coming to the strange land. He found a passage across to the island in a long boat, and, after visiting Eyamba and Eyo, he joined the mission company there.

A house was kindly given to Mr. Edgerley and his companions when they went across, and they were warmly received by Governor Becroft and Dr. and Mrs. Prince of the Baptist Mission, with whom they had much pleasant intercourse. Before the year closed they had to lament the entrance of death among them, and the loss of a valuable agent in the death of Edward Millar. This high testimony to his character is borne by Dr. Somerville:—"During the three months he was in this country (Scotland) he gained the esteem of Christian friends by his intelligence, shrewdness, cheerful disposition, and unfeigned piety. His heart was obviously in his work, and his one great desire seemed to be, to be made instrumental in any way in bringing his degraded and wretched African kinsmen to the knowledge of Christ. Experience did not disappoint the hopes that were formed of him. He was the first

converted negro that the Jamaica Presbyterian Mission sent to carry the Gospel to Africa, and he has the high honour of having been the first of that noble pioneer band that has laid down his life in helping Ethiopia to stretch out her hands unto God." Of his death Mr. Edgerley gives this touching account :—" Edward Millar is no more. He died, full of faith and hope, on the morning of the 1st inst. (December), as happy in death as he was consistent and amiable in life. Dr. Prince assiduously attended him, although himself suffering from continual attacks of fever. On Monday last, when the doctor entered his room, Edward told him that he was dying, and the doctor saw he was sinking fast. Mrs. Edgerley administered his medicine and nourishment, and quoted many passages of Scripture to him. On one occasion he said, 'Thank God, I am on the Rock.' 'And that Rock is Christ,' added Mrs. Edgerley. 'Yes,' he said, 'Christ.' On another occasion he said, 'I have borne the cross, and now there is laid up for me a crown of life, which no man shall take from me. I am now going into the presence of that God who knows the secrets of all hearts, and what would it profit me now on my dying bed had I not sought the Lord?' Dr. Prince said, 'Well, brother, I am glad you have borne witness to your full acceptance.' 'Ah! when friends in Scotland hear that I am dead,' said Edward, 'they will say, "Poor Edward Millar has fallen in the first year of the mission." I have many, many to weep for me in Jamaica. Ah! my mother! tell her that I am gone to heaven.' The doctor asked, 'Do you repent having left Jamaica to come to Africa?' Edward replied, 'No; I never did, I never did.' Dr. Prince conducted the service, and the governor kindly acted with my wife as chief mourner and preceded the coffin, whilst about a hundred men and women, including the ladies of the Baptist Mission, with all the members, followed in devout

procession." His remains were laid near the grave of the Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, a missionary who preceded Dr. Prince, not far from that of Richard Lander, who died at Fernando Po of a wound received in a second voyage up the Niger.

During this sojourn on the island, Mr. Edgerley, who had carried over so much of his materials as was required, printed the Efik vocabulary which Mr. Waddell had lithographed; at the same time taking part in the Sabbath services in the Baptist church, and preaching in the interval in the house of Mr. Lynslager, a merchant, whose great kindness, and that of his wife, deserve grateful remembrance.

In the beginning of February, a Liverpool vessel on its way to Calabar called at the island, and gave a passage to the mission party. Governor Becroft, deeply interested in our success, accompanied Mr. Jameson, to introduce him to King Eyamba and King Eyo. The latter gave him a kind welcome, and promised to assist in building a schoolhouse. Mr. Edgerley occupying Duke Town, Mr. Jameson took charge of Creek Town, but being at the former on the first Sabbath after removal, he addressed a note to the Europeans in the river, inviting them to Divine service at the mission-house. A few attended. Mr. Jameson took for his first text in Calabar the solemn question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Eyamba had put off a meeting in his yard that day, saying he would be ready next Sabbath; and when the friends went down on that day at the hour appointed, he said that the rain prevented attendance, and they had better return in the afternoon. Mr. Jameson and Mr. Edgerley occupied the forenoon in preaching on board the ships, and, returning on shore, they went to Eyamba, and found him in the midst of his marketing. The floor was covered with yams, goods, etc., and the place was full of people. They went home, and returned at two o'clock, and were told to go upstairs, and

he would be ready in a little. They waited fully an hour, when Mr. Jameson went to him, and told him that time was too precious, and they could wait no longer. He said he was ready, but the headmen had not come. Another hour passed, and the table was covered for dinner. Just before the food was brought in, they were told that the king was ready. "We went downstairs," says Mr. Jameson, "and found four or five gentlemen sitting around him, and a few slaves standing behind. I explained the object of our work, and the religion we had come to teach them. Eyamba interpreted, but in a manner so careless and indifferent, that I much doubt whether he communicated the ideas which I wanted to convey. In the meantime the smoking viands, in large calabashes, were being carried upstairs, and the eyes and hearts of all parties were turned with marked avidity to the meat which perisheth. I stopped; Mr. Edgerley prayed; and we took our leave."

Mr. Jameson keenly felt the depression which every missionary experiences on entering into the Arctic region of heathenism, and unable to communicate the message of Divine mercy which he brings. "I felt," he writes, "that I was in a heathen land, far from the Sabbath-keeping of my own country and of Goshen. The hearts of the people are wholly bent on trade, and most firmly glued to their heathenish and superstitious practices. That they do not wish to have their minds disturbed about the opinions and practices of their forefathers, they declare, and their conduct shows how truly they speak. The want of a knowledge of the language is a great barrier to our doing much among them. Few understand us, and these few understand us imperfectly. The language and the truths of God's word are utterly foreign to them. On our interpreters little reliance can be placed."

In going up to Creek Town, Mr. Jameson had more encouragement and comfort in his work. Eyo regularly summoned a meeting — a usual practice now — on the Christian Sabbath, and Mr. Jameson found in him an interpreter wishful of receiving instruction, and interested in instructing others in the precepts of the second table of the law. He was really anxious for the reformation of the country, and did much to promote it. Mr. Jameson instructed his audience in order on the creation of man, the fall, the plan of salvation by the death of God's Son, and the future world. These topics interested his hearers, but the king wished for something, in his view, more practical, and requested him to "tell them all that God wants them to do, and respecting Calabar fashions"—that is, expose their evil and their opposition to Divine law. On one occasion, when for lack of time Mr. Jameson was not quoting Scripture in support of what he was teaching, the king suggested, "I wish you would read more of God's word, for when you don't read plenty, the people think that you *saby* it out of your own head."

While having opportunity of a regular ministry of the word, Mr. Jameson gave himself also most sedulously to the daily instruction of the school. Though this entailed incessant toil, he did not shrink from it; looking upon the school as the foundation of the church, as every missionary will do who builds on a solid foundation. The king gave his support to the school, and soon the small apartment which served as a schoolhouse was crowded, which, while imposing heavy duty, gave to the devoted missionary much encouragement. This house, moreover, was open to the people, who were constantly coming and going, so that his time from morning to night was given to them. Everything was wonderful about the white man, and strangers coming to the town could not leave without

paying him a visit. On one occasion, during the king's absence from the town, the inmates of the harems improved the time by coming up in bands to have their curiosity gratified, and to welcome the stranger. They were amazingly confounded by a peep through the microscope. They gazed therein, and, lifting their head, peeped at the glass below, but did not know what to make of it. Some of them broke into a loud shout of laughter, others leaped and danced, while some in mute astonishment heaved a long sigh, and, lifting up their clasped hands, exclaimed, Makara! Makara! *White man! White man!* Similar were the effects produced when by means of the telescope they saw the people walking about the mission-house at Duke Town; and as they recognised their friends in the street so near that it seemed they could speak to them, they were filled with perfect ecstasy. With laughter and outpouring of wonder, they made a perfect babel. It was no less amusing to see the children while they were reading the letters of Mr. Edgerley's telegraph at Duke Town through the glass. They were astonished and delighted beyond measure. Mr. Jameson, from entering into this exhibition of the wonderment of the native, showed that he evidently enjoyed it, and was a man of most kindly disposition, which is essential to success in the mission field.

Mr. Jameson's neglect to take time to recruit on his arrival in Scotland from Jamaica, before starting for Africa, and the absorbing work he entered upon so soon as he reached Calabar, soon told on his strength. The small house hastily put up at Creek Town was not favourable to health, the two rooms he occupied being immediately above the schoolroom. This, with the concourse of the people, kept them filled with a bad atmosphere, which no doubt shortened his life.

While he was thus engaged, the *Warree* arrived from Jamaica with Mr. Waddell, and the reinforcement which had been provided there. As the two mission-houses of Duke and Creek Towns are within sight of each other, signals were daily exchanged, and that to intimate the arrival of the *Warree* was anxiously looked for, as the time for its arrival drew near. At last it was shown, and Mr. Jameson thus welcomes it: "Saturday, June 19 (1847), the forenoon school having closed, I took the glass to see what signal was raised at the mission-house, Duke Town. The letter W at last made its appearance, the signal agreed on."

The *Warree*, after landing Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley and the other friends at Fernando Po, spent a few days in trying to get a crew for the voyage to Jamaica, but was not very successful, and had to leave badly manned. It arrived at Port Maria on the 18th of December, having spent a week on the way at Trinidad, Mr. Waddell visiting the mission congregation there under the care of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Brodie.

The return of Mr. Waddell, after the successful discharge of the duty on which his brethren in Jamaica had sent him, was hailed with joy. In a short time after his arrival the presbytery met at Montego Bay, when he gave an account of his procedure, which was received with much satisfaction, and he was appointed to return to Africa and carry on the work he had by the Divine blessing so successfully commenced.

The growing zeal of the Churches, as I have stated, led each denomination to commence mission efforts on its own account, and the Scottish Missionary Society disappeared. As Mr. Waddell well remarks, "It celebrated its Jubilee by handing over its work to the Churches for whom it had been acting so long, as a guardian does when his charge has come of age and can mind his own affairs."

The missionaries of that Society joined those of the United Presbyterian Church, and at this meeting at Montego Bay converted their district committees into presbyteries, and formed a Synod. The Calabar Mission having been adopted by the United Presbyterian Church, Mr. Waddell parted from the Society, and also from the large congregation he had gathered at Mount Zion, his work henceforth lying in Africa.

I had spent upwards of six years in the Jamaica Mission in the west of the island, and having been accepted for the Calabar Mission, I bade farewell to the small flock I had gathered at Negril, feeling, like Mr. Jameson, greater sorrow than I had felt in leaving Scotland, and came round to Lucea to wait the arrival of the *Warree*. Here we were joined by others appointed to reinforce the African Mission, and enjoyed the hospitality of our warm-hearted and energetic friend, the Rev. James Watson, then in charge of the congregation he had gathered around him in that beautiful locality. The *Warree* was delayed for repairs, but at last she made her appearance, and excited great interest among our Jamaica friends. Mr. Watson thus writes:—"Never since the Western wave broke on the reef-bound shore of that island, never since the vessels of Columbus were stranded upon our coast, nor before that, I believe, was there ever seen upon our waters a vessel wholly devoted to missionary enterprise. Our beautiful bay has for the last seven days borne on the surface of its deep green waters this interesting vessel. The fine mould, tall masts, neat rig, with the ensign flying at the mizzen-peak, the handy Krumen bustling about her deck, and numbers of canoes passing to and fro, and sailing round her, have created quite a stir in this otherwise quiet harbour. For some days we had been anxiously looking for the *Warree*, as it had been arranged that she should drop down from Montego Bay to Lucea to take in her

passengers, and thence proceed direct to her destination. Mr. and Mrs. Goldie, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, with several other of the passengers, had been staying with us nearly two weeks, waiting the arrival of the *Warree*, and making the necessary preparations for their long voyage. With these brethren and sisters we spent a very delightful season. The last Sabbath but one before they sailed, having been our communion, we sat down with them at the table of the Lord, and had sweet fellowship together, in all probability for the last time in this world, over the sacramental memorials of the Redeemer's broken body and shed blood. On Monday our little band was increased by the arrival of Mr. Hogg from Manchester, who had been dispensing the ordinance of the supper at Stirling the previous day; and on Tuesday we were still further increased by the arrival of Mr. Niven from Friendship, both of whom we were glad to see, more especially on such an interesting occasion. About three o'clock the same day the long-expected *Warree* hove in sight, coming down with a fine breeze and flowing sheets at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. Our little town was all on the move. The Sabbath school and day school children had heard so much about the *Warree* that her name had become a sort of household word. The wharves and shores were lined with all classes and ages, all anxious to get a peep at the said missionary ship. As soon as she had rounded the point, Messrs. Newhall, Goldie, and Hogg put off in a canoe to meet her. They pulled into the middle of the bay, but the *Warree* soon passed them, and, coming close up to the town, dropped anchor, and had her sails partly furled by the time our friends got up to her. From our window on the hill we could see our brethren getting a hearty welcome from Mr. Waddell on the quarter-deck. Shortly after they came on shore, accompanied by Captain Cumming

and Mr. Waddell, and we sat down to dinner a goodly company. It had been previously arranged that the evening would be devoted to a valedictory meeting in the church. Accordingly, we had a large and interesting meeting. Besides our own ministers, we had on the platform the Rev. Mr. May, Baptist missionary, and the Rev. Mr. Mansie, Wesleyan missionary. Appropriate hymns were sung and addresses delivered, after which we presented the mission party with a copy of the word of God, and concluded a most interesting service by solemnly commending our brethren and their vessel and crew to the care of God. On Thursday evening we had another meeting in the Baptist Chapel, where special prayer was offered to God on behalf of the mission. And on Friday evening, on board the mission ship on the quarter-deck, we had a delightful meeting of the missionaries and their families. Several hymns were sung and prayers offered up to God for a blessing on their voyage. The night was calm, not a ripple on the smooth surface of our beautiful bay; the starry firmament overhead, and here and there the lights twinkling from the cottages all round the bay. The solemn sound of praise carried by the water was reverberated amongst the neighbouring hills, until lost in the distance and darkness of the night. It was a hallowed hour. Our voices were commingled and blended together in happy unison, which will never be mingled again until amid brighter scenes and purer joys they meet in the presence of Jesus in His glorious palace in the skies. Our brother Carlile and his family had joined us during the day. I could not help being struck by the appearance of our family, so many of the dear servants of God met on such an occasion,—Mr. Waddell in the midst of us and his party on the eve of their departure. We were in all five-and-twenty souls, and a group of fine little

healthy boys and girls, eight in number, all about one size, and all the children of missionaries, were not the least interesting portion of the company. They were not able to sail on Sabbath, so we had the happiness of spending another Sabbath with them. On Monday, the 15th of March, the signal was given at an early hour for passengers to come on board. Again we gathered round the family at ten, poured forth our hearts to the throne of Divine Grace for one another, and rose from our knees prepared to take a long and affectionate farewell of one another. I accompanied them to the ship, and remained only a few minutes; soon after which the anchor was lifted, the sail set, and a gentle breeze wafted them slowly and quietly out to sea. On getting fully clear of the land, they were soon out of sight."

Such was the sensation excited on the arrival of the first ship from Africa in Lucea Bay, where in a bypast generation the slave vessel was a regular visitor. But the chief interest was called forth, no doubt, by the fact that it was a missionary ship, come to carry a reinforcement of labourers to build up a mission undertaken from among the people themselves, in the region of the dark tribes to which by kindred they belonged, and from which their fathers had come. The excitement of our native friends was most natural and gratifying; and on our leaving, they sent on board store of provisions for the passage and gifts to the Calabar chiefs.

The company which went forth for the reinforcement of the mission, besides myself and wife, were Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. Hamilton, a young woman who came out to be married to Edward Millar, two carpenters to put up the frame-houses which we carried with us, and female servants. Mr. Newhall soon left and returned to Jamaica, where he found

employment in the mission. The teacher, Samuel Duncan, also after a while returned. The young woman on her arrival found her intended husband dead, and in course of time married the carpenter, Mr. Henry Hamilton, who remained with us till his death. On his decease his widow returned with her children to her friends in Jamaica. One of her sons is a minister of the Jamaica Synod.

Our voyage was tedious and unpleasant, chiefly from disagreement between the captain and his mate, which occasionally broke out into open quarrel. The *Warree* had been delayed several weeks in port, to be overhauled for her voyage, and was supposed to be thoroughly repaired; but shortly after leaving Jamaica we found her leaking, and, on searching, an auger hole, which had been unstopped, was found on the water-line.

We took the usual course of vessels bound for Britain, through the Gulf of Florida, and when we got out of it, we met with a fair wind, which carried us for a time briskly on our way. We steered the course formerly taken by the slave ships towards the African coast. When well on our voyage we met with a strong head-wind, which compelled us to run to the south, and brought us into the latitudes near the equator, where we were becalmed for three weeks, with an occasional tornado and its accompanying deluge of rain. Light winds then sprang up, which in two weeks carried us towards the African coast, and they continued varied by terrible thunderstorms. We made Cape Mount, when we thought to make Cape Palmas, and feared that we might be carried by the current upon St. Ann's shoals. We were protected from the dreaded danger, and making our way with such weather as we had, we cast anchor in Clarence Cove on the 13th of June, proceeding up to Calabar on the 19th, so completed our voyage in about three months.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION—*continued.*

At Fernando Po we received information of Edward Millar's death, painful to us all, but especially so to the young woman who came out to be his wife. On reaching Duke Town, we found the terrible atrocities being perpetrated which custom required at the death of a chief. King Eyamba died in the previous month. Our friends at the station, hearing that he was very sick, paid him a visit. They saw that he was drawing near his end. "In listening to the few words they addressed to him, pointing him to Jesus, he was humble and attentive," says Mr. Edgerley. "His appearance and situation were affecting, and we felt a sincere yearning for his soul's welfare." On the following day Mr. Edgerley repeated his visit, and found him lying in bed on the floor in a small outer room. He sat down beside him. "King," he said, "I hope you no forget these words I been tell you." "Oh no," was the reply; "will you pray for me?" Mr. Edgerley did so, again urging him to seek Christ for pardon. He said he would think of what Mr. Edgerley said, and requested him to visit him every day, but this proved the last. On the day following he was somewhat better, and took his seat at the table at the usual public dinner. On the morrow he summoned strength to go on board a ship and settle his accounts, that he might once more enjoy the honour of a

royal salute. He counted the guns, and had the satisfaction of receiving the full number, but he expired in his carriage before he re-entered his house.

The death of Eyamba happening as it did thus publicly, could not be concealed according to custom. Terror seized the town. Many ran into the bush, and were there hunted down and shot, while the work of death went on night after night on the river.

It may be thought that those who carried on those murderous practices, when acquainted with the word of God, would express contrition for their deeds of blood, but I have never heard from any one of them an acknowledgment of sin before God in the matter. Even King Eyo, while condemning the custom, and using his influence to put a stop to it, would not depart from a promise he had made to an aged relative, to honour her at her death by a human sacrifice. What a terrible power custom has in blinding the mind and hardening the heart, so that the greatest crimes are perpetrated, not only without compunction, but even in some cases as acts of homage to God!

In the midst of these horrors Mr. Edgerley and his wife did what they could to save life, and gave refuge to those who could escape to the mission-house. He sent information to Mr. Jameson of the state of matters, begging him to use his influence with King Eyo to put a stop to the daily murders. Eyo had gone down the river, and Mr. Jameson followed him to Duke Town, where he found him in a company of its chiefs. "I spoke to them," says Mr. Jameson, "on this most distressing subject, and asked them to put a stop to these murders. The king replied, 'You know I have often told you that I cannot put down Calabar fashions at once. The people will have this fashion, and no man can stop them.' I said that these people

whom they were killing would do Eyamba no good, and that God had expressly forbidden the taking away of human life. I left them, having implored the king and the others to make every effort to stop the shedding of blood." Mr. Jameson spent the Sabbath at Duke Town, and returning on Monday, having got information of additional atrocity, he called on Eyo in company with a captain then on the river, and again urged on him the necessity of doing something to save life. Eyo said he had sent off an order that morning, and added, "This cannot be put down at once. I want to put it down, but were I to attempt to force such a matter, the people would put me down, for they would poison me. I will take such measures by and by as will put an end to it. At present I am only chosen king for this country, and were I to act with decision, many would say, 'Eyo is but a boy yet, and what right has he to control us in our country's fashions?'" Mr. Jameson let no opportunity slip of keeping his plea before the king, while Mr. Edgerley, moving among the murderers at Duke Town, was "instant in season and out of season" in dealing with them. Mr. Jameson again writes: "Seeing the king's flag hoisted in his boat, I wrote to him a short note, saying that as he was going to Duke Town, I hoped that he would speak a word against those human sacrifices, which were still continuing to be made. I believe he did so. His son and another young man who attend the school, and who were with him, mentioned to me, that he sent for the chiefs on board one of the ships, and among other things referred them to this. He was met with a decided negative. They told him that they would sacrifice, and that the white man had no right to interfere with their fashions."

In the midst of this condition of the town, which put a stop to work in school and church for a time, the *Warree*

appeared with the reinforcement from Jamaica, to the great joy of our friends, who had long looked for us. A re-arrangement of the work of the mission became necessary. In making a division of it in the field open to us, it was agreed that Mr. Waddell and I should meantime occupy Duke Town station, that Mr. Jameson should continue at Creek Town with Mr. Newhall, to take charge of the school there, and Mr. Edgerley to open a new station at Old Town. So far were we permitted to occupy the land, and we found ample employment amongst the people of these localities, while, as a first duty, we gave ourselves to the acquisition of the language, putting it into written form, so as to provide for the people books necessary for their instruction. Our first public act, however, on arrival was a visit we made in a body to the chiefs, to protest against the murderous work they were still carrying on.

As we were all crowded together upon Mr. Edgerley in the one house of the station, Mr. Waddell accompanied Mr. Jameson, who had hurried down to welcome us, to occupy with him his small room at Creek Town. Being there, he could lend his help in building the house which was brought for that station. He was gladly welcomed by his old friends, and was soon busy amongst them.

We were now able to have a meeting on board all the ships on the river which received us. As an instance of the benefit received from our visit, Mr. Waddell says: "The clerk of one of the ships was a Jew by birth, but called himself a Christian. He heard the Gospel, and believed it. Then it forcibly struck him, 'Why should these Calabar savages receive the Gospel, and Israel be cast out?' Ultimately, as he told me years afterwards, he devoted himself to preach the Gospel to his own people."

The *Warree* came up to Creek Town to deliver the house it had on board, and by beat of drum the king summoned the people to carry the materials to the site selected. All laboured heartily, the king's own sons included, in the midst of rain, and the whole of the beams and planks were carried to the spot before night.

Mr. Waddell brought a magic-lantern from Jamacia, and now for the first time exhibited it. This he did, in order to discredit the tricks of *abiaidong*, and to give the people instruction in the way most of them could best receive it, and that in an entertaining manner. Eating, working, and sleeping fill up the time of their lives day by day; and to such the introduction of an instructive or even a harmless amusement is a great benefit. To collect an audience, the king sent a drum round the town to announce the novel exhibition to be made in his yard, which would pass *abiaidong* far. The king requested Mr. Waddell to show any new thing which would impress the people with the benefit of knowledge, and his desire was fully gratified by the show to which they flocked. The yard was speedily filled, and when darkness permitted, the various slides were produced of animals with which the people were familiar, and others bringing before them foreign scenes. "The astonishment and delight of the assembly," writes Mr. Waddell, "were kept up to the highest pitch the whole time. I never witnessed such a scene. In the midst of the joyous uproar, a few taps on the Egbo drum produced instantly the most complete silence, when the king spoke something to the assembly in a loud, clear voice. I asked him what he said. 'I tell them,' said he, 'that they must come on God's Sunday to hear God's Word, all the same as they come now to see this fine thing, and if they no come, it will be bad for them; I won't let them come to see this thing again.' I

asked him to tell them further, that God made all these things to serve man, and made man for His own service, so they must be glad to know and serve the Lord. 'Yes, on Sunday,' he replied; 'I have plenty things to tell them when they come.' The drum got a few taps more, and the uproarious mirth was renewed like a river breaking forth on the opening of the sluice."

The erection of the house was now taken in hand. It was planted on rising ground overlooking the town, having Duke Town and Old Town in sight, and in the tornado season the huge mass of the Kameroons mountain came into view with the range running from it into the interior, while Fernando Po occasionally showed its peaks. The two brethren occupying the station looked forward with pleasure to the more comfortable accommodation which the new house would afford, but Mr. Jameson did not live to enter it. We held a weekly meeting of the mission families at Duke Town, and on Wednesday, 28th July, Mr. Jameson addressed us from the 14th chapter of John's Gospel. He expatiated on the promises of abundant consolation contained in it, sustaining and cheering in all difficulty and perplexity, in which the Saviour gives His people assurance of His continued presence with them in His substitute the Holy Spirit. We had arranged to meet on the following Sabbath to enjoy the communion of the Lord's Supper, and he spoke of his pleasure in looking forward to the first observance of the ordinance in the land. The anticipated pleasure was not enjoyed by him. He had been ailing lately, but still kept on at his work. On the evening of Friday he and Mr. Waddell took a walk a short distance out of the town. "I hope it will do me good," he remarked, "for I have not felt so well to-day. The fresh air and exercise after the heat and dust and confinement of the school will help to brace me up." On Sabbath he went down to his

usual service in the king's yard, but felt so unwell that he gave up the purpose of meeting with us at Duke Town. Mr. Waddell, who was having Divine service on board the *Majestic*, received a note from him, stating that he felt very unwell, and requested a visit from a medical man. Dr. M'Klosky, well qualified in his profession, immediately accompanied Mr. Waddell to Creek Town, and waited on Mr. Jameson attentively. On Monday he felt better, but fever returned in the evening, and on the following day symptoms of mental derangement began to appear. He listened intelligently to Mr. Waddell, who read and prayed with him, and shutting his eyes murmured, "'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Oh, that is it. That is the good word. That is the truth. 'Never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

On Wednesday he felt much better, so that hope was given us of his speedy recovery. King Eyo visited him, and he spoke cheerfully with us, who had come up from Duke Town, and talked of taking a change with us. On Thursday morning he said he felt quite well, only weak, but soon became insensible, and continued in a comatose state till he died in the evening.

We buried him next day under the shade of a palm tree in the mission ground, in a spot selected for a burying-place, in which a number of our fellow-labourers, and many of the native Christians brought to Christ by their ministry, sleep together with him. The Europeans in the river, King Eyo, and the chiefs of the town, with a large concourse of school children, attended, and paid every mark of respect to the first white man who had been buried amongst them, and who was their missionary. Thus one of our sweet singers sung over the grave when Mr. Edgerley, senior, and Mr. Sutherland found their rest beside him:—

Our lamps have been quenched for thy light, Calabar,
We have sown thee our lives for a harvest in thine;
Buried seeds spring to sheaves, and the night star by star
Hides her train in the dawn that the dayspring may shine.

We have buried our dead, dear to Christ, in thy land,
The redemption of Afric believing to see;
For we bought our Machpelah, a pledge of the land,
When we laid in thy bosom the first of the three.

Mr. Jameson's death perplexed our native friends much. "I am sorry he gone to God and leave we all. That be I no saby, how God take him away so soon after he send him here long way to teach me good," remarked King Eyo. In his Sabbath service Mr. Waddell took as his subject the death of Mr. Jameson,—then filling the thoughts of all,—speaking of death by sin, and eternal life through Christ, in which the king and the people got such information as the Scriptures give respecting the dark problem of the existence of sin and death.

The departure of the first of our number called home, and the circumstance that he had apparently fallen a victim to the climate, excited a great interest among all friends of Africa in the home country, and helped to confirm the opinion respecting the African coast, especially of Calabar and the rivers of the Bight, that it was impossible for Europeans to live in them. He was a man greatly beloved. From the Mission Board, from Rose Street congregation, from the brethren in Jamaica, as well as from individual friends, came tributes to his excellence as a man and as a missionary. Dr. Somerville, Foreign Secretary to the Board, in his discourse in Rose Street, improving his death to his former constituents, represents very truthfully the character of their deceased missionary: "He was a man who, by many attractive excellences, both by natural and acquired endowments, and especially by the abundance of grace bestowed upon him, was admirably qualified for missionary

labour. Possessing a singularly affectionate disposition, and endowed with remarkable humility and disinterestedness, he ever exhibited the Gospel as a religion of love, and attached to himself by the strong cords of affection all who came within his influence. Peculiarly pious and devoted, much given to the exercise of faith and prayer, he lived for his work, and exerted all his energies to glorify his Divine Master in the salvation of perishing men. His amiable temper, combined with his fidelity, single-heartedness, and untiring zeal, made him not merely successful as a missionary, but most useful as a missionary correspondent. His communications breathing such a spirit of piety, affection, and spiritual fervour, very often extremely beautiful, very touching and impressive, and calculated to awaken in those who read them feelings similar to those which glowed in his own fervid bosom." An unfinished letter, intended for the brethren in Jamaica, contains these words, likely the last which he wrote: "The field here is full of interest and full of hope."

The life of a man like Mr. Jameson, so affectionate and devoted, is the fittest introduction to the Gospel among a heathen people, who invariably, and indeed necessarily, judge of the teaching of the missionary by his life. He acquired in his short period of service among them, for himself and his message, great influence with the people of Creek Town, so that Governor Becroft said, "He can do what he likes with them." Dr. Eadie in his *Life of Wilson* thus speaks of him:[1]—"The name of William Jameson is endeared to all our Churches, a name that was the symbol of all that is simple in character, lowly in temper, elevated in aim, unwearied in zeal, and enterprising in action. The sepulchre of this fallen missionary has hallowed the soil of Calabar."

[1] Dr. Robb's *Life of Jameson.*

The death of Mr. Jameson necessitated Mr. Waddell's residence at Creek Town, where he continued till failing health compelled him to withdraw from the mission, so that the purpose I had of opening a new station was left to the future, and Duke Town fell to my charge. The place continued in misrule and confusion in consequence of the death of the king, and no public meeting could be held for Divine service; but one or two of the chiefs permitted us meeting in their yards out of compliment to us, and through their interpretation, even imperfect when honestly given, we endeavoured to convey some instruction to the dark minds of our auditors, they being his own people whom the chief had called together. From the first we have been kindly received in any house we visited, and this so far gave us the opportunity of personal dealing with our native friends, certainly the most effective mode of securing their attention. Our want of the language was a great hindrance to our work in every way, and to be dumb, moving amongst them, while in possession of the message of God's grace for them, was a very painful experience, but unavoidable in those early days. The language being unwritten, we had no help from books, nor the pundit, who is ready to give his aid to the Indian missionary. Such desire for instruction as existed among a few of the people was for a little English for the purpose of trade, and this gave us an attendance at school, and provided for us a pleasant and important duty, before a book existed in their own tongue.

During August we had a visit from French war vessels having on board the commander of the squadron on the station. The ostensible object was to make a treaty pledging the Calabar people to abandon the practice of human sacrifice. King Eyo replied that they, the people of Calabar, were Englishmen, and had treaties with England.

As to abolition of the practice, it had already been done at Creek Town, and he was doing what he could to abolish it throughout the country. The commander and his captain invited Eyo to visit them on board, and offered him a French flag to put in his canoe. He replied that he always sailed under the British flag, but if they sent their boat for him, they could put their own flag in it. This was accordingly done, his own canoe following with the British ensign. It was known that the French had got possession of Gaboon by treachery, and so with this caution and reserve were the advances of the French officials met. They have not again visited the country, but the chiefs were alarmed, and at a meeting with Governor Becroft, they gave him their unanimous request in a written form to transmit to the commander of any British man-of-war on the coast, to come and plant the British flag in their country. The Mission Board also transmitted a document to the Secretaries of State, calling their attention to this visit of the French, and petitioning that protection might be given. Neither the petition of the chiefs nor of the Board was then granted, but that protection has now been thrown over all the coast from Lagos to Rio del Rey.

We found that it would much impede the work of the mission to go over to Fernando Po during the smokes, and this year we resolved to test the supposed necessity of so doing. Mr. Waddell continued in his duty at Creek Town throughout the season, while at Duke Town we were able to visit the island in turns, and so carry on our work uninterruptedly. Dr. Prince was still in charge of the Baptist Mission, and from him and Mrs. Prince we received much kindness, taking part in the Sabbath services, and so getting acquainted with their people. As the result of the experiment, we found that the smoke season was not so

very unhealthy as was supposed, and thenceforth we gave up the plan of an annual migration.

As time permitted, we made short excursions up both branches of the river, that we might know the locality in which we found ourselves placed, and become acquainted with the people. The *Warree* going over to the island in November, to bring back Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley from their tour of sojourn there, Mr. Waddell, Mrs. Goldie, and I went in her to the top of Parrot Island to visit a place called Adon, on the highland which overlooks the confluence of the various branches of the river, which seemed a favourable position to occupy should the population of the locality justify our placing a station there. We found three villages contiguous to each other, the people of which received us in a very friendly manner, and after exchange of presents we left them. We put off from the beach in time to get clear of the islets, which are scattered in the estuary at this place, before sunset; but so soon as we crossed to our branch of the river, a tornado swept down on us. "It rapidly approached," says Mr. Waddell in his account, "and the lightning flashed in our faces. 'Pull, boys! pull for your lives.' 'We pull, massa,' the Krumen replied, and they stretched themselves to their oars with all their might. Their efforts were nearly in vain. The storm rushed on us, black and furious, tossing up the river in its progress, and we fled to the nearest thicket for shelter. Unhappily, we were on the weather side of it, and exposed to the full fury of the tempest—one moment being nearly blown out of the water, another nearly filled by the waves. When we did reach the bush, and thrust the boat into a kind of shelter among the trees growing out of the water, we were driven against them with such violence that it was like to be stove in pieces, despite the best efforts of the Krumen to steady it."

The storm continued to rage for several hours, and we were half the time in utter darkness, except when the lightning dazzled and bewildered us. So incessantly and vividly did the elements play, that it seemed we should have to spend the night in that horrid place, Alligator Island. At length it abated, the clouds broke, the moon rose, and discerning the shade of Parrot Island in one direction, and of James Island in another, we ventured out on the broad face of the river to find our way home. The tide was by this time ebbing, and our poor, wearied boatmen, who had towed the *Warree* down, had now to pull up against the strong current. It increased our difficulty that we had lost our rudder in the squall. By the mercy of God, we got to Duke Town about one o'clock, not much the worse for our adventure, though so completely done up that we were not ourselves again for some days.

Next year (1848), in March, after much preparation, the chiefs of Creek and Duke Towns accompanied King Eyo up the river to meet with the Umon people, and re-establish the intercourse which had been broken off by King Eyamba's ill-advised expedition of 1846. A great display was made, as is usual on such occasions. About sixty canoes formed the squadron, most of them filled with armed men. The flotilla displayed itself before Duke Town and the shipping, and then proceeded on its way. In about ten days Eyo returned, having accomplished the object of his expedition. He bestowed large gifts as a peace-offering, and both sides agreed to say nothing of bypast occurrences; the king also promising to give an annual present in place of the regular kome which the tribe wished all traders to pay.

In the same month H.M.S. *Favourite*, Captain Murray, came up the river, bringing the answer of the British Government to the application which the chiefs made on

the visit of the French war vessels, that Britain should throw its protection over Calabar. Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, assured them of the Queen's desire for their welfare, but did not deem it necessary to grant the request, nor indeed advisable. She required them, if they desired her to continue her favour and protection, to abolish the custom of human sacrifice. The consulate was not yet established; but Governor Becroft, who always accompanied the commanders of war vessels as adviser, and Captain Murray, urged King Eyo to give a pledge to this effect; but he declined, on the plea that it was beyond his power to give it effect, though he was himself very desirous of such a step, but Duke Town did not acknowledge his authority. He, however, gave a pledge, that so far as his power extended, the custom should be put down. A meeting of all the chiefs was held next day on board the *Favourite*, at which the pledge of King Eyo was read, and the others were urged to give the like promise. Those of Creek Town followed the king, but those of Duke Town were with difficulty got to say that they would take steps to abolish the practice as soon as possible. These latter were desirous of bringing forward a complaint against us of carrying off runaway slaves in the *Warree* to Fernando Po. Some had escaped being sacrificed at the death of Eyamba and others, and it is possible that one or two more got over; but, while guarding the right of sanctuary in the mission premises, which was granted when we entered the country, we did not protect criminals, only securing for them a fair trial. King Eyo dissuaded them from bringing the matter up, saying that it could be settled amongst themselves.

In May Mr. Waddell carried out his plan, to which he had been looking forward, of returning to Scotland to bring out his wife with her youngest child. Mrs. Goldie accom-

panied him, her health having been enfeebled by seven years' mission work in Jamaica and two in Calabar. This necessitated a re-arrangement of our agency. Mr. Edgerley, senior, by this time had taken up his abode at Old Town, and Mr. Newhall was left in the meantime at Duke Town, while I went up to Creek Town. The state of his wife's health soon compelled Mr. Newhall to leave the country, and Mr. Edgerley took charge at Duke Town, Samuel Duncan, one of our Jamaica assistants, occupying his place at Old Town. While in Scotland Mr. Waddell gave himself diligently to spread the information so much desired about Calabar and its mission. Meetings were held in the principal towns, and in addressing them he had the assistance of Rev. William Anderson, who in July arrived from Jamaica on his way to Calabar. Mr. Anderson had laboured eight years in our Jamaica Mission, and was chosen to be the next to join us in Africa. On the death of Mr. Jameson, the Mission Board also gave him a call, to which he heartily responded. He thus writes to Dr. Somerville :—"On reaching home, I found a letter lying for me from Mr. Goldie. After mentioning our sore bereavement in Mr. Jameson's death, he asked me, 'Are you ready to come out and fill his place? We surely cannot consent to lose the favourable footing we have gained in this land, and of all the brethren in Jamaica I know of none who can so conveniently come as yourself.' I know that to go to Africa and to fill his place are two very different things, but should the Mission Board wish it, I am ready to do the one and to attempt the other. I look upon myself as not my own, but as the property of God, and in some respects of the Church, and my wish is to do what and when He will. To the difficulties and dangers connected with the mission to Old Calabar, I cannot shut my eyes; but if the Board wish another agent from Jamaica to

proceed thither, 'Here am I, send me.' In view of toil, difficulties, dangers, disease, and early death, I think I can say, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.'"

Having got the call from the Board, he left the attached flock to which he ministered at Rosehill among the mountains of St. Mary's, and sought his way to the African coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had a stormy and tedious passage, arriving in Calabar in February 1849. On his arrival he took charge of the station at Duke Town, and Mr. Edgerley returned to his duties at Old Town. The former still continued in a state of confusion, and became very much dilapidated during the interregnum, consequently the duty of our newly-arrived brother was pursued under much difficulty.

By this time the *Warree*, so kindly granted by Mr. Jamieson, so long as we required the use of the vessel, was returned to him. A small sea-going vessel was however necessary for the service of the mission, and it was suggested that the children of the Church should present such a vessel as a New Year's offering. Eight hundred pounds, it was calculated, would be required; but the mission had created so deep an interest, and the young people took up the scheme so heartily, that the magnificent sum, as Dr. Somerville called it, of £3200 was the fruit of their efforts. "This," writes the doctor, "is the most gratifying movement that has ever occurred in our Church in connection with the mission cause. It has cheered the hearts of ministers, Sabbath school teachers, and parents. It has lifted up the young from the obscurity in which they were formerly kept, and set them before the Church

as a most valuable and efficient agency, and taught us what little children, in imitation of those who in the temple cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' may still do for the honour of the blessed Redeemer. All these young hearts are pledged to the cause of missions; and, if wisely guided and properly employed, the subscribers to the mission ship will ere long become skilful, active, and successful workers in the missionary enterprise." Since then a New Year's offering from the children has become a regular service.

A schooner was purchased, and in June Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, with their youngest child, took passage in it from Liverpool, accompanied by Mr. William C. Thomson, a young man who came out to take charge of the school at Creek Town, and a young woman, Miss Euphemia Miller, as a Zenana agent. Mr. Waddell brought out his daughter to test whether the climate would be unfavourable to the health of young children.

By this time a king had been chosen for Duke Town. Before the choice was made, the proposal had been mooted to recognise Eyo as king of the whole tribe. This would have been the arrangement of most advantage to the country, but in the interests of the European traffic it was judged politic to keep the two chief towns independent of each other. There were three competitors for the crown: and, while the selection must be made from among the members of two or three leading families in Creek Town, always of the Eyo family, he who stands foremost in traffic and wealth, which commonly go together, is preferred to the honour. Our countrymen, the traders, have consequently a considerable influence in the king-making; and when Commander Selwin came with the subsidy which the British Government gave to Calabar for so many years on entering into treaty to abandon the slave trade, he wished to know to

whom he should give the note for Duke Town. A meeting of supercargoes was held in the schoolhouse, the mission agents of the station also being present, at which it was agreed that Archibong Duke should have the crown conferred on him, and Ekpenyong, Mr. Young as he was commonly called, should be Prime Minister, an office created to soothe Mr. Young in his disappointment at not being chosen to succeed his brother, King Eyamba, as he expected to be, and also because he was a man of greater sagacity than Archibong. On his exaltation, Archibong wrote the following note to Commander Selwin:—

OLD CALABAR, 29*th May* 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I thank Queen Victoria for her good present, and hope she and I be good friend, all same as she and King Eyamba. I thank you very much for your kindness to me since you came here. I no will allow any slave trade; it be bad thing. I will keep treaty King Eyamba make with Queen of England and I sign yesterday. I keep head for which you say about the missionaries. They and we be good friends. I give them place to hold meeting, and ring big bell in market-place every God day, to call all man to hear God's word. I wish all good to attend you.—I am, your friend,

ARCHIBONG I., KING OF CALABAR.

On the arrival of the children's ship, *The Jane*, with the mission party, I took the opportunity to visit Scotland, getting a passage as usual in a palm oil ship.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Waddell suggested that the Creek Town people should, on the next *Ndok*, or purification of the town, throw away all their *Ekpenyong*. The king, who had no object of heathen worship within his premises, was amused at the proposal, and on the

appointed day he made proclamation throughout the town that this should be done. It was done accordingly; and had their hearts been weaned from their idolatry when this object of it was rejected, a great advance would have been made towards a Christian life.

In the beginning of 1850, such an advance was made in the abolition of human sacrifice for the dead. As will have been observed, since the entrance of the mission every opportunity was taken to remonstrate with the chiefs in condemnation of this barbarity. In this we had the aid of our countrymen engaged in the trade of the river, and of the commanders of the British war vessels visiting the country, who had it in charge from the Foreign Office to use their influence to get the custom put an end to. As above mentioned, Captain Murray got a pledge from King Eyo to abolish it in his own territory, and from the Duke Town chiefs to take measures towards this end. All these means conjoined by God's blessing to the accomplishment of this great reformation, when He opened to Mr. Anderson the way to it.

In February, Efiong Basi and Edem Kufi, two headmen of Duke Town, died, and it was reported to Mr. Anderson that a number of the people and wives of the first-named were killed and buried with him. He immediately went to Mr. Young and informed him of the report, but Mr. Young, as usual, denied that such a thing had been done. In the evening, however, a slave of the latter fled to the mission-house, and assured Mr. Anderson that nine of his fellow-slaves had been strangled to be buried with their master. He could show him the bodies, the burial not having taken place yet. Mr. Anderson, while full of anxious thought as to what he could do in the case, was called on by a supercargo, who said that he had seen twelve or fourteen slaves chained together in Edem's yard, apparently

secured for the slaughter. This information determined Mr. Anderson. He went immediately to King Archibong, and charged the brother of the deceased with the murders, and offered to take him to the place where the murdered men lay, and where others were in chains, secured for sacrifice, urging him to save those still alive. He had, indeed, no right to interfere, but Mr. Anderson said that being now king, the white men would look to him to secure the lives of those in chains, and he gave the promise that there would be no more killed that night. Mr. Anderson then went to Mr. Young, who professed ignorance; but, to Mr. Anderson's warm remonstrance, replied with energy, "If God spare me, two years don't pass before this bad fashion break off." Mr. Anderson proceeded to the house where the murders were committed, but was denied admission. The brother of the deceased came out, and Mr. Anderson charged him with the murders already perpetrated, and with the purpose of immolating others. In fury he denied all laid to his charge. Next day, Mr. Anderson went round the shipping with the question, "Can we do nothing conjointly to prevent the recurrence of such deeds of blood?" In response, a meeting was arranged for the following day. Though none of the captains would venture, fearing injury to his trade, to put himself forward in such a matter, yet unitedly, under the lead of Mr. Anderson, they were ready to give their powerful influence in support of his action. It was resolved that the chiefs should be requested to meet with the white men in the evening, and on their assembling a united and energetic condemnation of the custom was made. Our native friends seemed to be impressed, not by the atrocity of the deed of which they were guilty, but by the strength of the opposition brought to bear upon them; and how to reply to it they did not see. One of them

ventured the remark that the slaves ran to the mission-house with lies; to which Mr. Anderson rejoined, "Well, gentlemen, send to my house for that slave, and let him take all here, black and white, to Edem Kufi's grave, and let us dig it up. If there be no dead man there but Edem, then the slave be liar." On this Mr. Young confessed that the statement of the refugee slave was true; and seeing no way of escape from the demand unitedly made, that the custom must be given up, they said that if the Creek Town chiefs would meet with them and agree to make an Egbo law to prohibit the custom, they would join in doing so. A note was immediately sent off to King Eyo, who rejoiced to see the accomplishment of his desire, requesting a meeting next day for the purpose of laying the proposal before Creek Town. The Europeans accordingly went up to Creek Town, and stated to Eyo and the headmen what had been done at Duke Town. They cordially agreed to the proposal of Duke Town, and a united meeting was appointed on board one of the ships. As the result, King Eyo and King Archibong there signed a pledge to allow no human being to be killed among their families and dependants from that date, except for crime, and that they would exert all their influence to have an Egbo law passed within a month, prohibiting the practice of human sacrifice throughout the whole country.

Friday, 15th February, Mr. Anderson writes:—"This day will be memorable in the annals of the land. Grand Egbo came down the river in his state canoe, and the usual ceremonies having been gone through in the town palaver house, a most stringent Egbo law was enacted, and forthwith proclaimed in the market-place with the customary formalities, forbidding any sacrifice of human life on the death of any individual of whatever rank or station. Having performed their duties in Duke Town, the Egbo

party, preceded by twelve runners, passed the mission-house to repeat the proclamation in Henshaw Town. The party consisted of about twenty-five or thirty gentlemen, most of them from Creek Town, one of King Eyo's brothers carrying the mace, who moved in a stately manner, as became an occasion of such importance. Flags were hoisted at the mission-house and by the ships, whose guns also spoke the importance of the event, and the gratification of all therein." On the following day, as is the custom in weighty affairs, Duke Town went up to make proclamation of the law at Creek Town.

Thus did the Gospel win its first great triumph, and prepare the way for further success. The benefit to the mission agents also was most gratifying, not only that God had blessed their efforts to stop the effusion of human blood, but by so doing removing the cause of the feeling, most painful in knowing, that the slaughter of human beings was constantly carried on around us. Our intercourse with the people was, moreover, made much more pleasant. The law proved a great boon to the slave population, not only in that its protection was thrown over them, but it advanced them in the esteem and consideration of their masters; and following on the abolition of the slave trade, prepared the way for emancipation yet to come.

To the whole community it was a rising from that barbarism in which it was sunk, and a breach in the defence of the kingdom of darkness, so preparing the way for the reception of the Gospel in all the fulness of its blessings. The youth of the rising generation have not had their heart seared by the perpetration or witnessing of the bypast atrocities, and a taste for such cruelties will not be implanted therein.[1]

[1] King Eyo on one occasion mentioned that several slaves belonging to a person deceased, himself a slave, came to him, and asked why he had not

While these things were being done, Mr. Waddell was on a visit to Bonny. King Pepple and his chiefs had made their application to the Mission Board, requesting the establishment of a mission amongst them, and Mr. Waddell was directed to convey the reply, and to examine the locality and report. The report was altogether unfavourable, but after Pepple had been expelled from Bonny, Bishop Crowther with his negro agents took up the district, and from thence scattered their stations, as formerly stated, in the delta of the Niger and beyond. The news of what had taken place at Calabar met Mr. Waddell on his return. "Glorious news!" he exclaimed; "Dagon has fallen before the ark of God."

honoured their master by killing some one for him. "Very well," the king replied, "which of you am I to kill?" when they slunk off, no one prepared to offer himself for sacrifice.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

THE European traders and missionaries, having succeeded under their presence and the power of God's truth in inducing the native authorities to abandon the custom of honouring the dead with the effusion of human blood, thought that they might prevail with them to give up other barbarous customs, and so formed themselves into a society for "the abolition of inhuman and superstitious customs, and for the civilisation of the people of the country." Shortly after doing so, its members were surprised to find that, notwithstanding the prohibitive law, human sacrifices had been made at Old Town; and, on inquiry, it appeared that the chief of the town, Willie Tom Robins, was not there when the law was enacted, and not being party to it, it did not apply to that community. Mr. Waddell and Mr. Edgerley were deputed to visit Willie at his farm in the hilly region on the Qua river, and get his consent to the law adopted by the rest of the country. They were hospitably entertained by the old man, and got his assurance that he would soon return and settle everything with King Eyo.

Another custom of iniquitous cruelty was substitutionary punishment incurred for capital crime. A case of the kind occurred at Creek Town while the deputies were on their visit to Willie. A free man had stolen and sold one of

the king's slaves. This Eyo had made a capital offence, but it was, according to custom, permitted to the guilty party to provide one to die in his room. A poor lad was bought and executed, and thus expiation was made. In remonstrating with King Ego, Mr. Waddell said, that, notwithstanding the law prohibiting human sacrifice, the land was still defiled with blood, and God would surely visit it. The king pled that he thought the relatives of the offender would contribute to pay a fine instead of exacting the full penalty, but admitted that it was customary to buy a worthless slave to take the death of the guilty party for him.

A scheme was this year laid before the native authorities, for what its promoters called free emigration. The Jamaica planters, since the Act of Emancipation gave the right to the negro to sell his labour as he thought fit, raised now and again a cry that sufficient labour for its cultivation was not to be had in the island, and coolies and others were brought in to supply the alleged want. There was no lack of labour when the emancipadoes were justly dealt with and fairly remunerated, but their employers for the most part did not take kindly to their new relationship; and by securing emigrants bound down to their conditions, such labourers were more under their command, and their labour was perhaps cheaper than that of free men. The African coast, it was thought, would be a field from which any amount of labourers might be got, now that the slave trade was stopped, and a house in Marseilles got a charter from the Emperor Napoleon III., to import free emigrants, as they were called, into the West Indies. Of this wily scheme the treaties made with England for the abolition of the slave trade, it was alleged, did not stand in the way, though its promoters knew that it was a renewal of that traffic. King Eyo got a communication from

parties in Liverpool desirous to ascertain whether ten thousand emigrants, including women and children, could be got from Calabar. It was proposed to hire slaves for seven years, and at the end of this term to return them with the fruit of their toil. "This," said Eyo, in showing the document to Mr. Waddell, "be all same as old slave trade. I no have too many man for myself. I must send and buy people for them in all countries, and must charge them full price, for them man when he go away, no will for come back." He had made a treaty with England, he said, to stop the slave trade, and could not begin again. The British Government negatived the project, but a letter from Eyo afterwards appeared, which stated that he had spoken to King Archibong and other chiefs, and all agreed to enter into it, stating the prices at which they could provide the free emigrants. These were at the time in the service of our own countrymen, who were as ready to carry out the plan as the natives were.

Another advance was made this year—the daily market was prohibited at Creek Town on Sabbath. The people had now learned to reckon the seventh-day Sabbath, and many were being so far brought under the influence of Divine teaching as to recognise the sanctity of God's day. A few among the young men attending Divine service refrained from their usual employments throughout the day, so that it was judged practicable to prohibit the daily market, giving us a quiet Sabbath, which we much enjoyed, while it gave all opportunity to the people to attend on instruction. In course of time Duke and Old Towns followed the example of Creek Town, and thenceforth the day has been as well observed in them as in the towns of our native land.

During the year a beginning was also made in the erection of a place of worship at Creek Town. An iron

church was kindly given by Broughton Place congregation, Edinburgh, and the town's-people provided the posts on which it was raised. King Eyo gave a site in the middle of the town, and superintended the work. As his manner was, he sat with his trade book before him on a table under his huge umbrella, thus carrying on his business, while overlooking all that was going on.

Ibunda is a small village lying on a creek off from the branch of the river going up to Adiabo, and more connected with that district than with Creek Town. After proclamation of the law prohibiting human sacrifice, it was ascertained that the people of Ibunda paid no regard to it. They maintained that they were not Calabar people, so that the law did not apply to them; and when this was not allowed, they pled that the law had not been proclaimed among them. Nor was this excuse sustained, it having been the custom to hold them bound by the laws proclaimed in the two principal towns; and they were subjected to a fine. The Adiabo villages on this got alarmed, and their representatives appeared at Creek Town asking that the law be not imposed on them for a time. They had old people among them, they pled, who expected to be buried in the old way. The king replied that this was the case at Creek Town also, and that if the old people expected to be buried in the old way, they should have died sooner, and not have lived till the world changed. "If you no will for the new fashion, would you like to see a man-o'-war go up your river to make you will?" So he interpreted his answer. As they continued to urge their plea, King Kameroons, who was Eyo's great companion, declared his sentiments, told them that if they were determined to bury their old people in the old fashion, they had better go home and do it at once, for in a week Egbo would be among them to blow (proclaim) the law. Shocked at the suggestion, they

asked how could they propose that they should go and kill their old fathers and mothers? "If you don't like," he replied, "to kill your fathers and mothers, why do you wish to kill those of others?" Seeing they could not gain their plea, they alleged that white men had paid Creek and Duke Towns to make such a law, and as they must accept it, they should have a share of the bribe. "So you shall," said Eyo; "what white people give us for doing this be God's word and missionaries, and you can have as much of that as you like." The Adiabo people, however, determined to keep to their own purpose, and observe the old custom. They were in consequence put under the law of Egbo, thereby shut out from all intercourse with the rest of the community, and they soon begged for release, promising submission to the law. This was granted, but a heavy fine was imposed on them for their contumacy.

When Archibong was made king of Duke Town, Mr. Anderson had some assistance in his work from him. He gave the use of a palaver-house as a place of meeting, and had the big bell in the market-place, according to promise, rung to collect an audience; the town also became more orderly. So far the new king gave countenance to the work of the mission altogether out of compliment to our nationality, not to our office, and never showed much interest in the truth preached. The following extracts from Mr. Anderson's journals show the manner in which he discharged his ministry:—

"June 24, 1849.—Was surprised in going to the palaver-house to-day to see King Archibong and all the chiefs with their armed attendants already assembled. Found that they were deliberating about some of their own matters. Suddenly they got up and went away to one of Eyamba's yards. There they soon finished their business, and in the most orderly manner they returned

and sat down to hear God's word. My subjects were (from Heb. ix. 27) Death and Judgment. Had the largest and most attentive audience I have seen in Calabar. In speaking of God's appointment of death, I mentioned that the time and circumstances of every man's death should be left to Him. Took the opportunity of speaking of the evil of usurping God's place, and killing men, whether free or slave, for nothing, as they do here." (This entry antedates the law prohibiting this practice.) "I said, 'Suppose King Archibong build a beautiful house; suppose he pay for it thousands of coppers, furnish it with chairs, tables, sideboards, mirrors, etc., and put in it to live some person he like very much, too much; and suppose some man come and break down that house, smash all the fine furniture, and drive the king's friend who live in it to the bush, what would the king think? say? do? I think he vexed too much, and be ready to kill the man who do so.' All assented and showed that it would be even so. It was easy to apply the supposition. Each man's body is the house; God builds that house; God likes man's soul very much. He puts it into the finely fitted up and furnished house, the body, to live there. The man who kills man breaks down the house, and drives its tenant into another world. God is angry with every man who spoils His works by killing his brother-man. All seemed struck and impressed by the simile. Alas! alas! I knew there was not a free man in that assembly to whom I might not have pointed and said, 'Thou art the man.' However, as I wished not to provoke but instruct, I avoided personalities. Mr. Young interprets with greater length than usual, and with seemingly greater interest.

"November 1, 1850.—During the rain which fell in the last week of September, our palaver-house, which had for some time given marked symptoms of decay, broke down

altogether. On Sabbath we met in the town palaver-house. For the first time its precincts were profaned by the feet of womankind. When Mr. Goldie and I with the boys entered it, the school girls shrunk back in alarm. They were afraid to enter, till the king sent a messenger to assure them that they should not be killed for going into the *sanctorum* with us to pray to God. We met for a number of Sabbaths in that edifice, but we found it did not answer well to look on it as our chapel. Women will not enter it, if not compelled to do so, and besides, it was so frequently taken up even on Sabbath by the celebration of Egbo ceremonies, that we never knew when we might have the use of it till the hour of public worship arrived. Our meetings now we hold in the yards of different gentlemen. They will not all meet together. We have excellent meetings in Archibong's yard, but the old gentlemen of the town, such as Mr. Young and his party, will not attend any meeting there. They consider it beneath their dignity to go to the yard of any younger men. A chapel of our own would be an immense acquisition to us. It would form, if placed in a neutral site, a place where all might assemble without any dereliction of dignity."

For some time some of the more advanced scholars pressed me to draw out an anti-idolatry pledge which they might sign. On Sabbath the 13th, I drew out a pledge of the kind. It was signed by three individuals—two boys and one girl. The pledge bound the subscriber thenceforth to abandon the making prayer to any image whatever. On Monday the 14th—can you credit it ?—the whole town was in a ferment. A meeting of chiefs was held. The two boys were summoned before them—were condemned—ordered to erase their names immediately, and were fined 1000 coppers and a goat each. The girl being with us in the house was free from annoyance, but she was a good

deal frightened. On the evening and next morning, I went to the different gentlemen, defended the boys to the best of my power, and tried to show them the folly, sin, and danger of fighting against God. My belief is, that up to that time the authorities here had never realized the idea of any change in their religion, or rather, any departure from their superstition; that while they had, perhaps out of compliment to us as white men, permitted and attended Divine worship on the Lord's day, they have either imagined us to be wholly indifferent as to the reception of the truths we teach, or that all we could say would never produce any impression on the minds of the people. I have no doubt now that the persecution of the boys has been rather to the furtherance than the hindrance of our cause. Before that affair, I was not aware that the young people of Calabar are compelled to pray or sacrifice daily to their household or country's gods.

The mission premises stand on a rising ground between Duke and Henshaw Towns, and Mr. Anderson included the latter in his round of duty, and found school children and attendants on Sabbath services therein.

Mr. Edgerley, as stated, on Mr. Anderson's arrival returned to his duty in Old Town. Though the chief, Willie Tom Robins, followed the example of Creek Town, and readily gave a site for a mission station, he was a superstitious old man, and Mr. Edgerley carried on his work with much difficulty there. In the season the people left to attend to the work of their distant farms, and when opposed in any of his cruel practices he frequently withdrew from the town, and with him a considerable part of the town's-people. The account already given of what occurred on the first case of the preservation of twin children shows this. Mr. Edgerley, when Old Town was deserted, found a field of labour in Abakpa, a Qua town

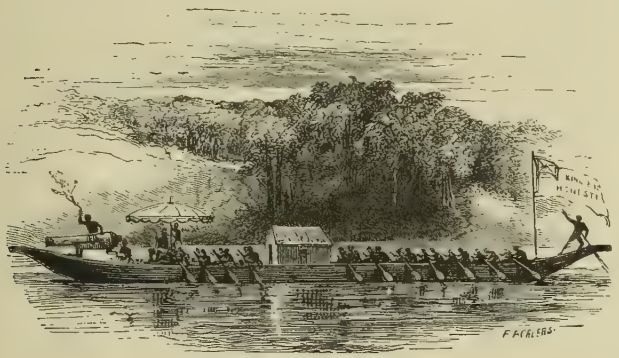
lying between Old and Duke Towns. Its inhabitants are of the Ekoi tribe, to whom the land belonged on which these two Efik towns are built. They were glad to receive the visits of the missionary, and as their farms are in the vicinity of the town they do not require to leave it to attend to them; they thus supplied a population within his reach throughout the year. He thus speaks of his difficulties:—

"The petty chieftains of Calabar are absolute in their several towns; their word and will, however inconsistent with reason, truth, or justice, is perfect law, and none of their dependants dare scrutinze them, if they value their miserable lives of bondage. With one potentate (Willie Tom Robins) I had very much trouble for nearly three years on a former occasion. An *abiaidong*, or sorcerer, had excited his fear that the town was bewitched, and that he would die if he remained in it. This, I believe, was to oppose our instructions. The consequence was that he for that period took refuge in his farms up the Qua river, leaving the town nearly depopulated, so that I could merely obtain a few children at school, and very few adults on Sabbath, for purposes of instruction. Having patiently endured this trying work for so long a period, filling up my time with visits to the Qua towns, and doing something in the printing department, I felt quite sanguine on my return from Britain, of more opportunity, when shortly after Willie came back to the town. On our visiting him on several occasions with the view of our reiterating our objects and desires of co-operation, he made many splendid promises, always declaring that we would see what he would do. With great persuasion I got him to banish the Sabbath markets from the town, to collect a goodly number in his principal yard for religious instruction on that day, and to send the children in tolerable numbers for a few weeks to the day school. But I soon found Willie's expectations

of temporal emolument were far beyond my means, and that I was quite unable to satisfy his cupidity and rapacity. The consequence was that the school very soon fell off, the Sabbath services became more thinly attended, and he became cold, uncivil, and saucy, manifesting annoyance and hostility in thwarting our arrangements. On one Sabbath he would not allow me to hold any service in his town, and kept all the people at work through the day. On another he permitted several young lads to stand up and bluster at me, just before commencing service, because I had not given them shirts for some time although they had been attending school. These people in their miserable poverty-stricken condition imagine all white people to be very rich, and that their wisdom consists in extracting from them as much as possible. To denounce evil customs or preach against the sins of the land is tolerated, because none in the town believe a word spoken, or believe it as anything other than mere babbling; but dare to oppose their customs by anything stronger than words, and you incur all their hostility and malice as innovators of their customs and troublers in the land. We are just now in this position (from having preserved twin children), and I cannot describe the uneasiness, apprehension, and trouble we have undergone lest our premises should be burned, or our house broken into at night, and the mother and children butchered, or ourselves despatched from the bush by the gun of some unseen assassin. However, 'He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.' None of these evils have come upon us." He thus describes Abakpa, where he found a chief part of his duty:—"When we went to Calabar there was an old infirm king living at Qua, but when he died his sister became queen, or 'woman king,' as some of them style her. She is a quick, unassuming, youngish woman, quite simple in her manner, and particularly friendly to

Mrs. Edgerley, whom she used to permit to visit some twenty-four of her deceased brother's wives, who were kept confined for twelve months after his death. She had to feed them also; as for clothes, they did not cost her much. The ladies bore their state of widowhood without any of those external signs of grief which are manifested in Britain, and a mere blackening their foreheads with some black from the bottom of the cooking pots mixed with palm oil, was the only token of sorrow they displayed.

"One day her majesty paid a visit to Mrs. Edgerley at



King Eyo's State Canoe.

Old Town in state, and she brought with her some sixty people,—Egbo gentlemen, ladies, and slaves, armed with guns and cutlasses. She had previously intimated her intention to the surrounding towns, some of which sent ambassadors to do honour to the occasion. The queen and several of the principal men of the company sat down to the tables, and the blessing had not been said for many minutes, when, as if by magic, the whole of the eatables and drinkables vanished. After making two or three little 'dashes' or presents to the queen and others, the

parties returned in equal state, smiling and laughing, and smiting their well-lined, distended sides as if they experienced a comfortable sense of satisfaction, and asseverating as they went down the steps, with something of an elephant's tread, 'Be very fine chop.'

"Amid such it is our lot to labour, and we can only hope and pray that the time will come when they will be led to seek their enjoyments in other and nobler pleasures than those of such a character."

On Mr. Waddell's return from Scotland, I took the opportunity of paying it a visit, returning to Calabar with Mrs. Goldie in August 1850. I then took part with Mr. Anderson in the work at Duke Town, at the same time taking Sabbath duty at Old Town and Abakpa, Mr. Edgerley having gone home on furlough. My experience in the work there was similar to that of Mr. Edgerley. I find the following entries in my journal:—"As I went into Old Town, I found the people busy making *ikpo*. A crowd following a drum, accompanied by a grotesquely-dressed figure, met me. The individual was completely disguised, and his head surmounted by a thing resembling the head of a hippopotamus. He placed himself before me, and a hideous appearance he exhibited. As the palaver-house in which we usually meet was occupied by the celebration of the usual ceremonies on the occasion, we went to old Willie's yard, though he was absent, but had few auditors besides the school children. We were opposed by a drum in the next yard, which proved a greater attraction than the word of God. On going to Qua, I found a great many of the people had gone to join the revelry at Old Town. Held a meeting in the queen's yard, and took occasion to bring their murders for the dead again before them. They did not attempt to deny that they observed the custom, and promised to remember

what I said, but the queen seemed to think it strange that she could do anything to offend God.

"On a following Sabbath, as I was waiting on the assembling of my audience at Old Town, a young man came storming in. He was just sitting down to his breakfast, it would appear, when he was called to the meeting. 'It was always God's word, God's word,' he said, 'but he had not got a shirt yet.' The young man's idea is very common. On urging an individual the other day to attend on the preaching of the Gospel, he asked, what was the use of hearing God's word, it had not procured him even a shirt? I gave no indication that I understood the young man's tirade, and he sat down and listened very attentively, as did all present, with the exception of an individual named Andem,—a quiet little man he usually is,—but he came into the meeting when it was nearly finished, very much the worse of rum, and as we were concluding with prayer he commenced a-whistling on the top of his staff, which he had made into a kind of flute. At Qua, had a very good meeting, and very attentive audience. As the shed in which we met is an agreeable retreat for the cattle about the town during the heat of the day, we have usually as many goats and cows as people in our assembly.

"Wednesday, 20th.—Got an account of a man who died last week and returned to life, bringing a message from Abasi to the effect that white men were quite right in saying that it was wrong for them to kill people for the dead, or to keep human skulls as charms, but their objects of devotion and rites of worship were quite proper. Also that the people who sold yams were charging too much for them, and must return to the old price. The white people were also charging too much for their goods. Unless they returned to their former charges, Abasi would

prevent the growth of the oil-nuts, and would teach the Calabar people to make cloth and all kinds of goods for themselves. Egbo Basi, in whose yard we have a Sabbath-day's meeting, put the question why Abasi did not send His word to them formerly, but permitted their minds to be filled with other things before sending it. We cannot answer for God in the matter, but what have we to say for ourselves?"

In the end of 1850 a remarkable movement began among the people of the Duke Town farms on the Qua river. A large number of these were practically free, some from having been in the country for a generation or two, others claiming to belong to the white man. These latter were the offspring of slaves who, in the bypast times, were too sick to be stowed away with the rest of the live cargo, and were sent, under the care of the native vendor, to his farm, for recovery, and on restoration to health were reported dead to the captain of the slave ship; a report which of course he was never able to disprove, whatever knavery he might suspect. Encouraged by the efforts of the whites on behalf of the slave population, in securing the law prohibiting their slaughter on the death of their masters, and perhaps suspecting that it was sometimes secretly violated, they entered into a covenant of blood, hence called *Mbuniyip*, bloodmen, for mutual protection. A multitude of them came armed into Duke Town in the beginning of the following year, and took complete possession of it, but were guilty of no violence. Numbers of the free people entered into their covenant for protection from their power, which became stronger than Egbo. The ostensible purpose of the invasion was to inquire who was causing the sickness under which King Archibong was then lying on his death-bed. The European traders were alarmed for the safety of their property, and sent off in haste to

Fernando Po, requesting Governor Becroft to come over with a gunboat for their protection; but the armed insurrectionists quietly withdrew, and when the governor came he found Duke Town as quiet as usual. He, however, sent for the leaders of this league, who readily came forward to meet with him, and in their negotiations he confirmed to them the law abolishing human sacrifice, while they on their part pledged themselves not to come armed into the town, to enter into no society for unlawful purposes, and not to harbour runaways.

This display on the part of the serf population and assertion of their power, to which the free people, comparatively few, could offer no resistance, alarmed Creek Town, and proclamation was made prohibiting all and sundry of the people belonging to it from entering into such a league. There was no attempt on their part to do so at that time, but on King Eyo's death the whole of his people made a covenant for mutual protection.

Having succeeded in getting a law passed abolishing human sacrifice for the dead, we next endeavoured to prevail with the chiefs to prohibit the destruction of twin children. The other members of the Society went with us in this measure also, and we anticipated little difficulty in gaining this other step in advance. In this we were disappointed, the latter most unnatural cruelty being, it would seem, more interwoven with their superstitions than the former. The chiefs gave us the meeting with them that we requested (October 1851), and listened to our arguments in support of the measure we proposed they should take; but to our surprise the majority met us with a resolute negative. Strange to say, the sex who suffer most from this custom of infanticide, and their own expulsion, were the most strenuous in support of it; the old women of family being the chief supports of all the old

superstitions of the country. On being requested to consider our object and plea, after a short pause King Eyo addressed his fellow-chiefs, recapitulating our arguments, and favourably representing our purpose. A discussion followed, and then the king gave their reply, that the old custom of the country could not be changed.

Having given this as the answer of the chiefs, the king was asked to give his own view, and in reply said that he agreed with us, and that when a twin-birth occurred among his people the infants should be preserved. To meet the native objections to our proposal, we stated that we did not ask that twin children and their mothers should be admitted to their towns, but that they should not be destroyed, but permitted to live outside in a village of their own, as their mothers were permitted at present, or in the farm districts. But the Duke Town chiefs stood firm in their opposition, King Archibong declaring with some warmth that if any one harboured such he should be expelled the town. This emphatic declaration of authoritative action aroused King Eyo to support his own opinion more resolutely, saying, "I will give these women and children a place to live, and we shall see who will expel me from my town." On this his brother Aye Eyo, eventually Eyo V., declared himself of the same mind.

Though we did not secure at that time what we wished, an important step was gained towards the abolition of this custom of cruelty. King Eyo thenceforth made infanticide a capital crime among his people, and the chiefs found all the Europeans united in condemning it, and requiring them to abolish it.

In February 1852, King Archibong died, and the blood-men again came into the town and took possession of it. They came at the time on the invitation of Obuma, the king's mother, who, according to native custom, wielded

great power in the town during her son's reign, and still wished to hold it. They were brought in to find out who had killed the king, and, by the power of *esere*, they secured a number of victims in his honour, whose death the law prohibited in the former mode. This was no doubt one object which Obuma had in view, and besides this, she, in conjunction with Efium Duke, exacted retribution of the family to which the late King Eyamba belonged. On the death of Duke Ephraim in 1834, Eyamba, to remove those out of his way who were likely to oppose his assumption of the headship, under covert of the plea now made use of, to find who killed him, had, it is said, cut off many, and the family of the late king especially suffered. That family now took revenge, and the brothers of Eyamba being threatened with the poison ordeal, fled from the town. The members of the blood league had also doubtless their own object in dealing death by *esere* among the free people, thus avenging themselves for the cruelties to which they had been subjected, and showing that when united, their power was supreme in the country.

We walked freely amongst them day by day, though I fear our influence was powerless to check in any degree the work of death, which was gone about in a manner as orderly as the execution of a judicial sentence. When human sacrifice was abolished, it was agreed that the ordeal of *esere* should be administered only by the authorities, but now all power rested with the armed serfs. We solicited the interference of King Eyo, but he replied that he could give it only at the request of the heads of the town, and he would send and ask their mind. He sent Egbo, but this dreaded power found itself impotent, and the king himself followed. He appeared without any display of force, having only his usual attendance, and took his seat in the market-place with the chiefs of the

town, and thousands of the armed bloodmen crowded before him. With much courage and calm sagacity he met their leaders, and they with the chiefs took the *mbiam* oath not to seek each other's injury, and then withdrew with their followers.

Shortly after these sad events a great calamity befell King Eyo, in the burning of his dwelling-houses and stores, with all the trade goods he had in stock. His houses, as is the custom, were surrounded by his people's yards, built in the native style, and a lad very foolishly hung his fishing-net over a fire in his hut to dry. The net taking fire kindled the roof, and the fire ran quickly along towards the king's houses. The king bore his calamity in a truly Christian spirit. "Had he minded witch palaver," one of his friends remarked, "half of the town would have been put to the *esere* ordeal, but he hears what God says, and no more appeals to it." When we went to pay him a visit of condolence, we found his most familiar friends sitting mute, as Job's compeers did when they went to comfort him. Mr. Edgerley officiated at the usual Sabbath meeting in the king's yard, Mr. Waddell being absent, and the king took his place as was his wont to act as interpreter. "I tell all my people," he said, "they must come and hear God's word same as before. Suppose I flog any man, and he sorry for his fault, and beg me, I must stop. If he not sorry and beg me, I must flog him more." Some one said to him that some person must have burned the houses by witchcraft, but he told him that it was God who had done it, and not man; for if He had pleased, He could have sent a great rain and extinguished the fire at once. Inyang, one of his daughters, remarked that "God do their father very bad, after he always call people to meet and speak God's word," on which her young brother Esien said that she spoke foolishly like Job's wife; that perhaps God saw

that their father loved his riches too much, and so took part of them away.

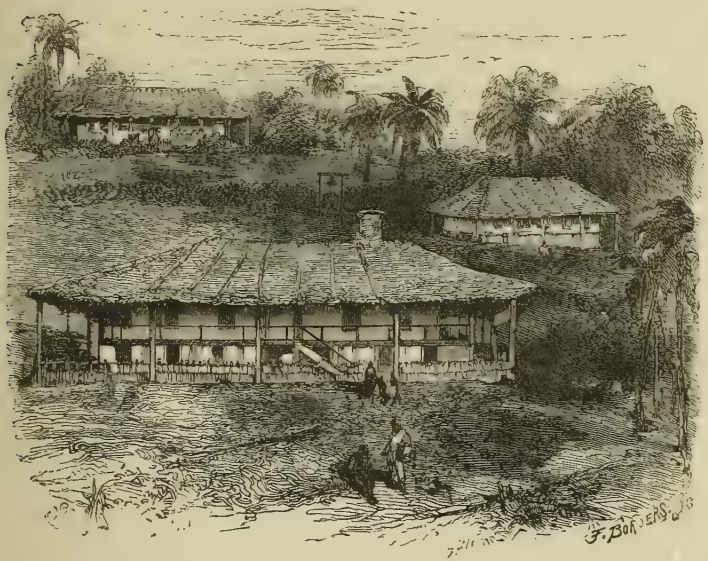
In May the first breach was made in the custom of infanticide, by the preservation of the infants of a twin-birth at Old Town, as formerly narrated. The mother was within Mr. Edgerley's premises when she gave birth to her little ones, otherwise he would have been unable to protect them. Shortly after a twin-birth occurred among King Eyo's people. They and the mother were immediately sent out to a neighbouring farm, the king giving orders that they should be cared for; but when messengers from the mission-house went out with needed supplies for them, they found that the old superstition was more powerful than the king's authority. The women fled screaming when the infants were held up to them that they might have ocular demonstration that they were like other children, though, when they saw those from the mission-house fondling them, the people eventually mustered courage to look at them, and were amazed to find that they were formed as other human beings. These cases gave support to our denunciation of the cruel custom, and were the beginning in this matter of the deliverance of the poor people from the craft and cruelty of the destroyer.

CHAPTER X.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH.

When Mr. Waddell left in the end of the year to seek recovery of health in the home country, in order to keep Creek Town station supplied, Mr. Anderson and I divided our labours. He remained at Duke Town, while I took charge of Creek Town. King Eyo for all these years acted most willingly and faithfully as interpreter, but latterly we were able to dispense with his services. He, however, continued regularly to give his presence in our meeting with his friends the other chiefs, and interposed his word as heretofore when he thought it good to do so. In speaking one day on the mode of Divine worship from John iv. 24, the king enjoyed as usual the condemnation of the idolatrous rites of the country. In speaking of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as distinctive observances of the people of Christ, I remarked that no man in Calabar had yet come forward to observe them, though the word of God had been possessed for several years, and that the reason no doubt was, that no one had yet given himself to Christ with his whole heart. The king here struck in and said that several young men were thus desirous of professing the truth, but they were afraid, not knowing all that was required of them in so doing. I replied that perhaps they were rather afraid that the customs of the country would be too strong for them. "No, no," said the king, "no one

would hinder them." On which I mentioned the case of the lads at Duke Town who had been fined by the chiefs for entering into an agreement to discontinue the rites of idolatry, and commanded to annul it. At a subsequent meeting in reference to the fall of Adam and its consequences, the king remarked that God might have killed Adam on his commission of the fatal trespass. "Perhaps



Church, Mission-house, and School-house.

the new man might also have fallen before temptation," I remarked. Eyo was ready with his question, "Why, then, does not God kill the devil?" a question frequently proposed by him and others. Wiser men than King Eyo have puzzled themselves over the origin of evil, and the fact of its existence in the world of an omnipotent God. At the close of the meeting he had a long talk with his

elder brother, afterwards Eyo IV., a good-humoured, easy sort of man, who does not seem to care much for anything or anybody, so that he can get easily through the world, and who clings to old superstitions because he says he was born to them. This is the great argument of the Calabar people in defence of their observance of their customs, even the most cruel. It is to be feared that such a hereditary faith, a thing of use and wont, calling for no mental effort on the part of its possessor, may be the faith of not a few professed Christians in our own land. The subject of conversation was the unbelief of the people. The king thought that if God sent down such a messenger direct from heaven, they would then believe. Such a messenger has been sent, but instead of being believed, though proving Himself God's own Son, He was denounced as an impostor, and publicly executed as a malefactor. "The carnal mind is enmity against God," and the poor ignorant people of this land have as many, and in their own conceit as wise arguments against the truth of revelation as the learned sceptics of Europe.

On another occasion, the raising of Jairus' daughter being the subject, I took opportunity to advert to the Calabar custom of *ikpo*. The king acknowledged that it was very foolish. Individuals would spend not only all they had, but even borrow and beg, that they might have things to break and expose on the *nqueme*, and provide men to keep up the riot of the funeral. It sometimes happens that a man will sell himself to procure means for the saturnalia. So powerful is custom even when most absurd.

A second case of twin-birth happened at this time. Mrs. Goldie went out to the farm in which the mother and her infants were, and found that the people of the place had driven her off and burned the house in which the birth

had taken place. She took refuge in a watchman's hut, which admitted wind and rain freely, situated in the middle of a field. The king, on being informed of this, sent immediately to have a better house built for the poor outcast.

In February 1853, the *Forerunner*, the first of the line of steamers which came up the river, made her appearance. In the previous year the Royal African Steamship Company commenced to run its vessels, calling at Madeira, and from thence along the coast of the continent. Formerly African merchants sent out their own ships to conduct the traffic, as stated above, and there were none carrying freight or passengers for hire, nor was there any means of intercommunication among the coast tribes. The vessels of this Company revolutionized this state of things, and provided for the natives a means of conducting a coast traffic with each other and with Britain. In thus connecting the various parts of the coast with each other, and the whole with Europe, it proves a vast power for the civilisation of the dark continent. Alas! that in opening up a channel for the ingress of what is promotive of the benefit of its tribes, at the same time a way is provided for the ingress of that which destroys them. The steamers, now increased much in number and size, are found visiting every place from Goree to St. Paul de Loanda, so that it has become a jocular saying that they stop at every place where they see a palm tree on the shore.

While we could have a passage to and from Calabar for ourselves and our goods only in a trading ship by favour of the owner, we have thankfully to acknowledge, as I have already done, that this was always kindly granted. After parting with the *Warree*, we had the schooner, the children's ship, for a short time to do our business; but when the steamers began to run it was sold, all our re-

quirements as to intercourse with the home country being met by them with less trouble and expense.

In May 1853 we were favoured with a visit from the Rev. Mr. Jones, who had been for many years an influential member of the Church of England Mission at Sierra Leone. He had seen Africa only in the colony, and when he came down to our region, the rude naked state of the people was a revelation to him. Two men of the Ibo tribe accompanied him. The purpose of his visit was to ascertain whether they and others of that tribe who wished, could find a way of returning to their native land, as a good number of their fellow-colonists had gone to Abeokuta. Calling on Governor Becroft at Fernando Po, he assured them that they could not safely pass through the coast tribes, and King Eyo confirmed this statement, but said that he would be glad if they came to settle in Calabar, and sent through Mr. Jones a like invitation to the Calabar emancipadoes, a few of whom returned.

In October the first baptized convert was received into the church, Esien Esien Ukpabio, who became our first native teacher and our first native minister. He and Esien King Eyo, a younger son of the king, offered themselves as candidates for baptism, and formed our first catechumen class. The latter, fearing perhaps the opposition of friends, kept back for a time, so that the former was alone received. In my journal I find the following statement respecting him:—"Esien Esien Ukpabio, the first-fruit of the Calabar Mission, is a native of Creek Town. He is what is called half-free, that is to say, a slave born in the country; such being entitled to some privileges not possessed by those bought into the country. His mother belonged to a young man who formerly waited diligently on the means of instruction, and promised fair to be one of the first to give himself to God. He did

many things gladly, and used his influence with others to induce them to follow the truth. While in this state of mind, his child got sick. He prayed earnestly for its recovery, and it was restored to him. The language of his heart then was, 'This God shall be my God.' In process of time this child died; another, his little son, notwithstanding his earnest supplication, followed it to the grave, and he now, looking upon God as his enemy or indifferent to his welfare, forsook the way of life and joined himself as a deserter to a certain *idem* up the country. He is now as strenuous in opposing the truth as he was formerly in advocating it. This young man sold Esien's mother and her little daughter to King Eyamba. At his death she came into the possession of King Archibong's mother, and the child came into Mr. Anderson's household, who redeemed her. Esien remained with his master in Creek Town and attended school, but on his master threatening to deny him that privilege, he took refuge with King Eyo, who, it seems, had some sort of claim to him. He continued to attend school, and for a time resided in the mission-house, but is now employed by the king in assisting him in his business, so that he can now give only an occasional attendance at school. Esien is possessed of a good deal of knowledge, of aptitude in learning; and as he has to all appearance given himself to God with his whole heart, I trust he will not only be enabled to walk worthy of his profession, but will be eventually an instrument of much good among his fellow-countrymen."

The king's eldest son, "Young Eyo," as he was commonly called, wished to come forward to profess the Gospel. Since the entrance of the mission, he has given all attention to instruction in Divine things, and was deeply impressed thereby. When he built a house for himself, he dedicated it to God by a religious service. He was free from all

idolatrous practices, and defended the mission against all its opponents. Mr. Waddell had frequently pressed upon him the duty of decision, and in his intercourse with him, Young Eyo showed a mind under the influence of Christian principle, and earnestly seeking after the things belonging to his peace.

Before the year expired, Mr. Anderson baptized two of the girls of his household, one of them being Sarah, sister of Esien Esien Ukpabio; and Mr. Edgerley baptized a young man at Old Town. Obliged to leave Calabar on account of my impaired eyesight, in my parting address in the king's yard, I took as my subject the words, "But one thing is needful," and endeavoured to impress upon my audience the necessity of coming to a decision, and making choice of "the good part." I said that when I first left Calabar on a visit home, no one had made a profession of Christ. When I returned, I found none; and in leaving a second time, how many have I found doing so? They had now been hearing the Gospel for years, but seemed content with hearing merely, and did not obey the call of the Gospel to give themselves to the Lord. When I had concluded, the king asked whether any but missionaries were baptized, and on my answering that it was a rite which all God's people were required to observe, he said that he had misunderstood the matter; he thought that baptism was received only by missionaries, and that thereby they pledged themselves to a missionary life, but that, now he knew what it was, he and some others around him were quite willing to be baptized. He had already given himself to God in his heart, and he had thought that this was all that was required of him. He and his friends then entered into conversation on the matter; and Young Eyo, judging from what they said, that they thought too lightly of the sacred ordinance, put in his word to assure them that the

individual giving himself to God in baptism, vowed to give up everything not in agreement with God's truth, whatever trouble might come upon him in so doing, and to follow out fully the path of duty appointed by God—a vow which man could not perform in his own strength. The king asked, What man would not be willing to do what God required of him?

Young Eyo then rose up in the meeting, and publicly announced his resolution to receive baptism that day, and invited those who might wish to do so to come and see all that was done, and hear all that was said. This he did, I believe, chiefly to strengthen himself in the step he was taking; and I have no doubt that his firmness in resisting opposing influences led his father to consider his own position, and to speak as he had spoken.

In returning from the usual meeting in Young Eyo's house, held after that in his father's yard, I called on the king, and invited him to our afternoon meeting in the schoolhouse, that he might witness the baptism of his son; but he declined. He said that I was going away now, but he and the other chiefs would talk over the matter, and that ere long, he thought, they would be ready to come forward. I fear the king may be making it too much a town matter, and that he does not yet fully understand the subject; but though none of them may immediately join the Church, I have no doubt great good will result from it being forced on their consideration by Young Eyo's resolution. The hearts of all were deeply moved, and they will be led, by the necessary inquiries and reflections on the subject, to try their state before God. As a proof that the king has a degree of sincerity of heart in his profession of readiness to obey the will of God, I may mention that within the last few weeks the only public act of idolatry which was kept up in Creek Town, as an act of the town

—the making of prayer to Egbo on the killing of the goat to provide the public feast in the palaver-house—has been abolished.

Young Eyo had hesitated long before taking this step, not so much from the strong influence opposing him thereon, as, I suppose, he thought I was making greater demands upon him than Scripture warranted. At length he came boldly forward, and he and Esien Esien Ukpabio sat down with us at the sacramental table, joining with us in the sacred rite which we observed in parting for a season.

By Young Eyo's assuming the profession of the Christian, a barrier was removed out of the way of the advance of the cause of God. Since the commencement of the mission he has been foremost in attaching himself to it, and in his own household, as well as amongst his companions, and wherever he had opportunity, he has openly opposed whatever was contrary to the teaching of God's word, and endeavoured to gain others to obedience thereto. He had a pretty extensive and correct knowledge of the Gospel, and while he kept back from connection with the Church, there was little likelihood of others coming forward. By his public avowal of Christianity he has also done much to break down opposition in the case of all who may hereafter be desirous of doing so. Belonging to the most influential family of the country, and himself the eldest son of his father's house, he has opened the way through which all may enter into the fold of the Redeemer.

An opportunity offering of a passage to Liverpool, I left before Mr. Waddell returned, who was delayed longer in Scotland than he anticipated. On recovering his health, he employed his time in visiting the churches, asking from them £2000 for the extension of the mission, and at his request £3500 were readily contributed.

CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT CREEK TOWN

When a power overruling that of the king began to assert itself, and was manifested by those who had entered or who wished to enter the Church, declining to execute some order given, as being contrary to God's will, he very naturally was greatly annoyed, and at first incensed, and endeavoured to overcome it. He called the young men of his household before him and his chiefs, and avowed his own attachment to the Gospel, and God's favour to him in consequence of what he had done in support of the work of the mission. He reminded them that they were absolutely in his power, and that he could sell them into countries which the word of God had not reached. They should not have gone forward before him and the other chiefs in getting baptized, but waited and followed their course. "Young Eyo," says Mr. Thomson, on whom the charge of the station then devolved, "nobly stood forward in defence of his brethren in the fellowship of the Church. He told his father that if there was a converted man in Calabar, it was not at all due to him, but to God alone. If there was a thought in his heart toward the word of God, God had put it there; and if he were the means of advancing in any degree the spread of the knowledge of God, it was God who had enabled him, and to Him belonged all the praise. He was very sorry to hear his father urging delay in giving themselves to the service of God; it was wrong and dangerous. In reply to Tom Eyo, the king's elder brother, who said that the young men had two gods, their god on earth was King Eyo, and the God above, Young Eyo said that if they entertained such a thought in their hearts, they could not be the children of God. They had but one God, whom they were bound to obey above all, and a master to whom they could render only a subordinate obedience. To others who affirmed that they were lying hypocrites, he replied by avowing his

entire belief of their sincerity. 'And,' continued he, pointing to the little group, 'you can do them no real harm. God is their Father; God is their Protector; and so long as they abide by Him, He will abide by them.'

"The king dismissed them, saying, 'Begone from my yard. No man knows when he may fly into a rage, lest for refusing my will I shoot you, and people begin to say, King Eyo has killed a man, for he obeyed God rather than himself.' Before long the ebullition of his wrath was cooled by sober thought, and he recalled them. Persecution of this kind the young converts had, and still have, to meet, but none have been called to resist 'unto blood.'"

In February 1854, Willie Tom Robins died, and the law prohibiting human sacrifice for the dead was trampled under foot. Willie had a number of his own relatives in chains, among whom was his eldest son, and no doubt he gave orders that the old custom should be followed on his death. Mr. Edgerley gives the following account:—"You will learn from my journal the death of that miserable old man, Willie Tom Robins. He died as he lived, an enemy to God and his own soul. I was very ill in bed at the time, but was perfectly conscious of the awful murders that were taking place in the town. I cannot describe to you the agony and horror of mind these occasioned. They threw a stupor over me, and next day I was delirious. A short time previous to Willie's death, I acquainted King Eyo that he had nearly the whole of his family in chains. I also apprised the shipping. The consul came over here lately, and I acquainted him of the matter; but none would interfere in such a matter as to effect their liberation. Willie died on the 8th, and we have a full knowledge of his two sons being poisoned, four wives strangled, one wife poisoned, besides numbers of slaves butchered. As the screams were heard here, Mr. Thomson, who was attending

on me in my illness, was most indefatigable in running to the rescue, and my wife and the three boys were also on the alert. The relatives of the murdered persons made no attempt to save the poor creatures. They seem to think that it is all as it ought to be, and appear perfectly hardened in blood and wickedness. In the farm a deep hole was dug, and several persons were shot down and thrown into this hole.

"In coming up from Duke Town the other day, a poor emaciated woman rushed out of the bush at the river-side, and hailed the boat. Her tale is an awfully graphic one, and will almost vie with that of Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Mrs. Edgerley saved this woman a year ago when she was to have been presented as an offering to Egbo, and was shockingly cut. She was in the farm when she heard firing of guns and screams. She fled into the bush, and some time after, in reconnoitring, she counted the headless trunks of eighteen persons. The work of destruction was still going on, and she believed the number butchered must be double that at least. Whilst in her hiding she coughed, and was pursued, but she succeeded in making her way through the bush to the bank of the Qua river, where she plunged into the stream, and swam down with the tide. Beginning to feel exhausted, she grasped the branch of a tree, and effected her landing on the Duke Town side. After pushing her way through the woods, and being seven days without food, she reached the Calabar river at the place where she hailed the boat. In her retreat she saw them shoot her husband and behead him."

These dreadful occurrences were reported to the authorities in Duke and Creek Towns, who prohibited the observance of funeral ceremonies for the old chief, till the violators of the law appeared before them to answer for their deeds.

In January of the following year, the European traders, in a conference, to which the missionaries were not invited, resolved that Old Town should be destroyed. The people of that town contributed very little to the trade of the river, and it was said that, in revenge for what he deemed an insult offered to him, one of them prevailed on his fellow-traders to come to this decision, and to request the consul to carry it out. The chiefs said that it was a native law which had been violated, and they were taking steps to bring the guilty parties to justice. This we also urged, and, moreover, in the destruction of the town, the innocent would suffer equally with the guilty.

A boat was sent across to Fernando Po for the acting consul, Mr. James Lynslager, a merchant on the island, who, on the death of our old friend, Governor Becroft, the first consul for the Bights, was then in power. Mr. Lynslager was a man of kindly disposition, but full of his temporary power, and was ready to do some great thing to signalize his term of office. He came up the river with the British gunboat *Antelope*, Commander Young. The traders were prepared with a statement of the atrocities committed, and called on Mr. Edgerley as witness. They insisted that the town should be destroyed; the native authorities proposed that a fine should be imposed; while the missionaries objected to both proposals—to the two first modes of punishment, because punishing the innocent with the guilty, the former, moreover, demanding a punishment too severe, and the latter as not severe enough, and proposed that it should be demanded of the chiefs to vindicate their own law, and outlaw the seven principal culprits, if they could not be secured. To this the chiefs agreed; but the impossible demand was made, that the guilty parties should be delivered up to the consul in twenty-four hours. King Eyo pled that they had fled,

and in their wild country who could find them in that time? But his plea and the protests of the missionaries were alike disregarded, and the town was destroyed. Mr. Edgerley hastily removed his goods lest the mission-house should be set on fire, and a quantity of shot or shells was thrown into the town, but no lives were lost, and the people had removed their goods out of harm's way. After the bombardment, a party of Krumen were sent to destroy every house still standing. They found a poor lame boy, who could not escape with the others, and for whom no one cared, sitting uninjured in the midst of the ruins, who was given over to the care of the mission. Mr. Lynslager, in addition to this high-handed act, forbade the people to rebuild their town, and made Duke Town answerable for any breach of his decree.

This unjustifiable act, carried out by the acting consul against the repeated protest of the missionaries, was, to crown the injustice, attributed to them. To the question which Sir James Anderson put in the House of Commons, in the interests of the mission, respecting the outrage, the answer was given, that it was understood that the town was destroyed at the request of the missionaries; and the witty censor of the manners of the day, in his report of parliamentary procedure, stated that as the natives would not give ear to a discourse from the mouth of the missionaries, they had treated them to a discourse from the mouth of the cannon.

Mr. Edgerley having been under the necessity, as a witness, of revealing the atrocities of Old Town, its destruction was by the natives generally ascribed to him, and his labours were thenceforth confined to Duke Town. I have no doubt that the deed, unjustifiable as it was, had the effect of strengthening the native law, the representative of Britain having by his interference made

it ours. Thus it is that God brings good out of evil, and causes the wrath of man to praise Him.

We were much gratified, amid all the vicissitudes of our work, to see the beginning of home-life among our people. The first native marriage according to Divine rule was celebrated in 1850. The condition of free and slave, as regards sexual connection, I have formerly described,—a condition which in effect blotted out the seventh commandment, rendered the formation of home-life impossible, and filled the lives of the people with wretchedness. By Christian marriage, a foundation was laid for the advancement of the tribe in temporal as in spiritual well-being. The marriage tie, as God has ordained it, was a new thing to our poor people, and its obligations were not always carried out according to Divine precept, so that when parties so united did not get on comfortably together, application was sometimes made to us to undo what we had done. They did not see that it could be any more difficult to untie the knot than to tie it. Being much in the condition of children, each one determines to have his own will, mutual forbearance is forgotten, and a small matter by mutual recrimination becomes of importance enough to destroy the peace of the household.

In laying the foundation of the Church among a population in the condition I formerly described, in which all are slaves or slaveholders, or both, the terms on which the slaveholders would be admitted into its fellowship came up for consideration. The mission had guidance in this matter in the example of Paul and his associates, whose labours were carried on in countries where slavery prevailed, as it did indeed everywhere at that period of the world's progress; but this being a "burning question" of the day, the mission required not only to conform its action to that example, but to demonstrate to the denomination which it represented, and the Christian Church generally, that

it did so. The Churches in the slaveholding States of America, when approached by British Churches, as all forming part of the Christian community, with remonstrance for the toleration of slaveholding amongst them, replied by taking up the position that slavery was an institution sanctioned by Divine authority. This bold claim led the remonstrant Churches to disclaim connection with those in the Southern States, and were therefore watchful, when made aware of the state of Calabar society, that their missionaries should do nothing that could invalidate their testimony against slaveholding. Mr. Anderson brought the question formally before the Mission Board, and it occupied the attention of the denomination till the Synod of 1855, when instructions were issued for the guidance of missionaries. They were required to exact of all slaveholders admitted into the Church the following pledge:—Believing that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that under the Gospel there is in Christ Jesus neither bond nor free, I hereby, as a servant of Christ, bound to obey the commands of God's word, promise in the sight of the Great God, my Divine Master, that I shall regard those persons placed under my care not as property; that I will give them what is just and equal for their work; that I shall encourage them to obtain education for themselves and their children, and to attend to such means of religious instruction as the Church may be able to afford them; that I shall dispose of none for the mere purpose of gain; that I shall do so only in the case of those who, being chargeable with criminal offences, would be liable to be put to death were they to remain in Calabar, and who can be legally banished in no other way; that I shall endeavour as far as I can to secure the making of laws to promote personal freedom; that as soon as it can be done, I shall legally set free all those under my care, and that in

the meantime I shall treat them with kindness and equity, it being my constant aim to act upon the command of the Lord Jesus Christ, to do unto them as I should wish them to do unto me.

It may be doubted whether exacting these promises from the slaveholders by this pledge would make them more binding than when in substance embodied in the baptismal vows of the convert, as had been done by us, and thus solemnly made in the face of the whole congregation. Ignorance of the state of Calabar society, and the term slave and slavery being understood as indicating a state of serfdom such as formerly existed in the British West Indies and in America, as stated in a previous chapter, led some friends feeling keenly on the subject to look with suspicion on the action of the missionaries, and to make it a matter of debate. Hence this pledge was formulated by the Synod.

In July my wife and I left on our return to Calabar, and had the pleasure of taking with us three new agents,—my sister-in-law, Miss Euphemia Johnstone, Miss Marjory Barty, and Dr. Hewan. Miss Johnstone had spent several years in the West Indies, latterly having the superintendence of the industrial school which had been formed by our missionary, the Rev. James Watson, in Kingston, Jamaica. Miss Barty had secured a training as a teacher in the Free Church Normal Seminary. Dr. Hewan was a native of Jamaica, had been brought up in Hampden congregation, and had received a medical education with a view of entering the mission. These all have preceded us into the "better land," but were graciously permitted a long and devoted service in the country.

In the end of the year the church at Creek Town, the completion of which had been so long delayed from want of material, was opened, and the morning service held in

the king's yard, and that of the afternoon in the school-house, were transferred to our place of worship now obtained. On this transference, King Eyo and his friends attended as usual, and between 300 and 400 people filled the chapel. At the conclusion of the morning service, the king stood up and exhorted the people to observe the Sabbath by laying aside their work, and attending public worship, as he himself intended to do. "That day," Mr. Waddell writes, "we counted the best day we had seen in Calabar, one we had not expected to see when we entered the country ten years ago. We refer not to the mere building and opening of a temple for the public worship of God, but to the more important fact that there was a regular congregation ready to fill it, and an organized church of native converts. So adverse at first did the condition and customs of the people of the country appear to our sacred objects, that we ventured not to expect so great a change in our day. That it would come we believed, though probably not before others had entered into our labours, and we rejoiced in the prospect. How much more might we rejoice when permitted to see it attained! To God was the glory due and given for that happy result of our previous labours. He who had done so much already beyond our expectations, would, we believe, do all things else to advance His kingdom of peace, truth, and righteousness in that land of utter darkness and death where we laboured. There are no difficulties with Him."

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXTENSION OF THE MISSION.

WHILE I was taking part with Mr. Anderson in the work at Duke Town, preparation was being made for the commencement of a new station at Ikunetu. Some time ago King Eyo suggested that a missionary should be located at that village, apparently by desire of the chief, and steps were taken to occupy it. While doing so, a request came from Mr. Lynslager, for a time acting consul, a Dutchman by birth, and claiming to be a Presbyterian by church connection, that one of us should go across to Fernando Po and perform the marriage ceremony between his son and a Miss Mathews, according to Presbyterian usage. He sent a small vessel as the means of conveyance. Mr. T. J. Hutchinson, the consul who was appointed as Governor Becroft's successor, came over in it to second Mr. Lynslager's request, as he wished to find a home with the young people on their taking up house. Mr. Hutchinson had been a considerable time in our river as a medical man on board one of the ships, and knew the country. He accompanied Mr. Baikie in the exploratory voyage of the *Pleiad* up the Benué in 1854, and his acquaintance with the coast probably got him the office. As I was the only one who could conveniently leave at the time, I went across, and was hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Diboll, then in charge of the Baptist Mission. During my stay I took the opportunity

of visiting Issopu, one of his out-stations among the natives of the island. Of this visit I find in my journal the following account:—

"January 7th, 1856.—Early this morning I set out for Issopu with two Knu lads as guides. After crossing the stream behind the town, others had to be passed as we climbed the mountain by a very gradual ascent. The track lay through a forest of oil palms, in which few trees of another species were permitted to rear their heads. The walk was cool and pleasant. Far overhead numerous birds uttered their notes of gladness as they sported among the plumed heads of the palms spread out to the morning sun, while below, under their shade on either hand, the cricket and other insects made the forest vocal. Arrived at the village, I met Mr. Diboll at the entrance of the king's yard, and went with him to pay my respects to his majesty. He was sitting on a block of wood enjoying his breakfast. He partook of it out of a dish which the wife who had cooked it held between her knees, sitting on the ground before him. Our entrance did not disturb him at his repast, but when he had finished he wiped his fingers, with which he had been scooping up his food, liberally dressed with palm oil, into his mouth, by drawing them among the dust on the floor, and then rubbing them on a stone at his foot, and so was ready to shake hands. I then told him whence I had come, and spoke to him and to two or three others the great truths of our Divine message, Tom Christian, a Fantee from Cape Coast, interpreting. While I was speaking, the second king came in, and occasionally put in his word. He remarked that our doctrine and that of the Momen (the *Abiaidong* of the Boobies) were alike false, for whichever of them a man followed he was sure to die. If we could make those who followed our teaching live for ever, we would thereby

demonstrate its truth. We replied that God did a far better and a greater thing for those who believed and obeyed Him. It would be far from a blessing should God make His people live for ever in this world of privation and suffering of every kind, but He took them to a better world, where there would be no more suffering, only happiness, and in that world He let them live for ever. 'What kind of food,' he asked, 'would He provide in that world?' He did not see any certain prospect of such a provision, for the ground of heaven, meaning the clouds, was just like smoke, and he could not conceive how yams could grow there. We replied, that we found ourselves provided for in coming into this world, and so we would find all our wants provided for in a future world.

"After the interview, I accompanied Mr. Diboll to see the locality, and was interested to see a pigmy chapel made entirely of bamboo—seats, pulpit, and all. Our friend Tom called together his little school, but as there was to be a merry-making in the village that day, on the occasion of a young man being recognised as fourth chief, most of his scholars were busy with preparation, and but six of the smallest children attended. Tom commenced his examination in English. 'How many day God make?' 'Sebu.' 'Name it?' 'Sunday, Monday,' etc. 'How many day He give a man?' 'Six.' 'What it name?' 'Monday, Tuesday,' etc. 'How many day God have for Himself?' 'One.' 'What it?' 'Sunday.' Then followed an infant-school rhyme. At the conclusion, Tom, who must be upwards of six feet in height, marched round the little room, with his six little children at his heels, chanting a rhyme. He has, however, something of more importance to teach them in their own tongue. He has a small American clock, which is a cause of much wonder to the simple people, though the purpose of it is still beyond their com-

prehension, time being to them of no value. The king sent for one of the school children, and inquired if it kept on talking all time and never went to sleep; and after getting all the information that he could about it, he came to the conclusion that Tom kept it beside him that it might talk to him for his amusement, so that he should not feel lonely of a night.

"The natives of the island derive the name by which they are known to Europeans from their common word of salutation, which sounds like the English word booby. It is not certain from what part of the neighbouring continent they have come. In their habits they show themselves inferior to any other negro tribe which I have seen. Their houses are of one apartment, built of rough slabs and put on end, giving a wall of about four feet in height, so that a house may be taken down and put up in a few hours. On the occurrence of much sickness in a village, they remove the whole of it to another site. It is related that when the Spaniards first took possession of Fernando Po, they shipped off as many of the natives as they could catch to their West Indian possessions. The poor people took the only means of defence they had, by poisoning the waters of the island, and the Spaniards abandoned it till these late years, when a number of officials from Spain came to re-occupy it. With the Government officials came also a company of priests; the Protestant mission was extinguished, and an effort made by the priests to bring the natives into their fold. As they are of the nation of their oppressors, they make no way in their efforts at conversion. A priest visited a native village up the mountain where he wished to take up his abode, thinking that in it he would find a good field of labour. He got a house built, and came up to occupy it. But on the following morning, in looking abroad, he saw no village where there had been one on the

previous evening. Each family had carried off its board during the night, and set up the village in another spot in the forest. They are a well-formed race of men, but the habit they have of smearing themselves, head and all, with palm oil and clay, and their extreme nudity, make them far from pleasant to look at. They also disfigure their faces much by gashing them all over with a knife, so as to leave large scars. To illustrate their simplicity, Mr. Diboll mentioned that he took a chief from the mountain on board a steamer. He was brought into the saloon, and after taking a survey of it, he cast his eyes on the ground, and sat mute with astonishment. At length he nudged a man who had come on board with him, and asked, 'Where am I?' 'In the canoe,' his friend answered. 'I cannot believe you,' said the chief. He was then shown the engine, and looking at the huge mass of iron, turning to Mr. Diboll, he said, 'We say you are devil men (supernatural beings), and say we not truly? What man could make that?' As to religion, they have the idea of a supreme being whom they term Dupe, the word of the Jamaica negro for ghost; but they appear to pay no worship to him. They pay their worship to Mo, which is translated devil, as the Ekpo of the Calabar people is likewise named by Europeans. He is not the Satan of Scripture, but something supernatural. The Mo man, like the *Abiaidong* of Calabar, by his cunning has a large influence amongst them."

The people of Old Town, notwithstanding the prohibition to rebuild it, had not deserted the locality, but made their huts in the neighbouring bush and amongst them and the Qua villages. Mrs. Sutherland, formerly Miss Millar, who on her marriage with Mr. Sutherland, a young man who was teacher at Duke Town, entered with him into the station, found full scope for her labour. Mr. Sutherland's

death soon after they came to Creek Town left her alone, but she gave herself most energetically to her duties in those localities. The Mission Board had memorialized the British Government for the removal of the absurd prohibitory decree, and Lord Clarendon, then in the Foreign Office, readily granted it. Consul Hutchinson was entrusted with the permission, which was accompanied with certain conditions; and on the 21st of January 1856 a meeting of the chiefs of the country, the people of Old Town, and the mission agents, was convened by him at Old Town, when Lord Clarendon's despatch was read. The conditions required were—the abolition of human sacrifice and of twin-murder; that young infants were not to be buried with the dead body of the mother, but delivered to the care of the mission, and that the poison ordeal was to be abandoned. With regard to twin children, the heads of Old Town gave the pledge required, only on condition that they and their mother should not be admitted into the town; but the ordeal they refused to give up, as they required it for protection from witchcraft. They eventually agreed to pledge themselves to administer it in public only, and after informing the kings of Creek and Duke Towns of their intention to have recourse to it.

In May a trial of strength took place between the mission and the supporters of old customs, which after a good deal of trouble ended in the triumph of the former. A youth, son of a man named Oko Odiong of Henshaw Town, died, and several men were suspected of destroying him by *ifot*. Three of them, dreading the *esere* ordeal, fled to the mission-house and remained therein several months unmolested. Mr. Anderson mentioned the case to the consul on his visit in January, and asked his protection for them. This he readily gave, and wrote to King Duke, now the head of the town, that he had done so. At length

Oko Odiong himself died, and the refugees were charged with his death. Numbers of the blood people came into the town, Oko having been a member of the league, to demand them to be put to the ordeal. The king sent for Mr. Anderson, who found him sitting in council with the other chiefs, and to Mr. Anderson's question, what he wished of him? replied, "Them bloodman and all we gentlemen wait for you to bring them man and woman to chop nut (take the ordeal) in the market-place, for they kill Oko Odiong for freemason (by *ifot*)." Mr. Anderson replied, that it was impossible that they could have killed him, for he died at a distant farm; as for *ifot*, it was folly to think that such a power existed, and he refused to give them up. He wrote to the European traders asking their support, as the bloodmen were mustering strong, and that was readily given. He got the refugees conveyed on board one of the ships out of harm's way, and persisting in his refusal to yield to the demand of the king and of the bloodmen, Egbo was blown on the mission. As formerly in the case of Creek Town, proclamation was made by tuck of Egbo drum that no one was to enter the mission premises; that those who had children or people employed about the mission were to recall them; that no child was to attend school, nor was any one to permit a meeting in his yard to hear God's word. Thus the mission and some people who had returned from Sierra Leone, and built their houses on the mission hill, were boycotted.

Mr. Anderson was in the habit of visiting the heads of the town on Saturday, to remind them that the following day was Sabbath, and of the observance which belonged to it. Only one of them, Ene Cobham, permitted a meeting in his yard, and the king, when called on, became furious, questioned the right of the mission to its location, and that

by and by the mission must leave the country. Mr. Anderson replied that we had documents to prove the right of the mission to its occupancy, and that he had broken no law of the country by giving refuge to those whom he demanded to be given up, while he, the king, had broken their own law by blowing Egbo upon the mission.

While matters were in this state, the consul came up the river in a gunboat. A meeting was called on board, and Mr. Anderson was asked for his statement. On hearing it, the procedure of the native authorities was severely censured, the ban was immediately removed, and things reverted to their former condition.

In June, the Rev. Zerub Baillie joined the mission, and in the following month I took possession of our new station at Ikunetu. In commencing work at Ikunetu, our place of meeting on Sabbath was in an outer house of Ofiong Inyankpo, the chief, and another head of the town on this account did not attend, but in August we had a house built of native materials for church and schoolhouse, where all attended.

I have incidentally referred above to some people from Sierra Leone who had built on the mission hill at Duke Town. They were slaves sold from Calabar in bypast times, and hearing that a mission was established in the country, they returned to end their days where they had been in childhood. Mr. Baillie mentions Christian-like conduct of one of them. Mr. Baillie had studied medicine to qualify him for his mission work, and his medical skill was much in request. He thus narrates the incident:—

"Amongst my patients lately was an old woman, brought to me by a Mrs. Macaulay, a member of the church, who had been sold by this same old lady more than thirty years ago. She was then a girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and on being taken away, her master 'cried plenty,'

still he could not resist the temptation of the white man's goods. When off the coast, the slave ship was captured by a British man-of-war, taken to Sierra Leone, and there condemned. The slaves were set free,—the old people set to work, and the children sent to school. By and by she met with her husband, a person who had been stolen from Duke Town and liberated in the same way. After they heard that the mission had been established here, they were anxious to spend their old age in the land of their fathers, and emigrated here. On coming to Duke Town, she went to the house from which she had been sold nearly thirty years before. The old lady who sold her was still alive, but in reduced circumstances. She did not at first recognise her former domestic. On Mrs. Macaulay recounting some things familiar to them both, the old lady recollected all about her, and as Mrs. Macaulay told me when relating the meeting, 'My old missus put her arms round my neck and cry plenty, plenty.' It was pleasant to see the old Christian woman treating so kindly the individual who had sold her from her home and country. Like Joseph, however, she acknowledged that 'it be good thing she be sent so, for then she hear the big thing that Jesus do for poor sinner.'"

On May 28th, Mr. Edgerley, senior, entered into his rest, after eleven years' service in Calabar. He was brought to Christ in Jamaica, and was latterly associated with Mr. Waddell as teacher of his congregational school at Mount Zion,—afterwards in charge of Mount Horeb station. When the mission to Africa was projected, he offered himself for it, and he and his wife accompanied Mr. Waddell on its entrance into Calabar. After several years' service at Duke and Old Towns, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow, while on a visit to Scotland. Besides acting as teacher and minister, he did essential service

to the mission as a printer, he being such by profession. He had been ailing for a month, and seemed at one time to be recovering, but suffered a relapse, under which he gradually sank. "I visited Mr. Edgerley daily," writes Mr. Anderson, "sometimes twice or thrice a day, during his illness. During his latter days his mind frequently wandered, and he was to a great degree in a state of unconsciousness. At such seasons a text of Scripture, or a verse of a favourite hymn, generally recalled him. Not long before his departure I repeated a portion of a hymn to him. When I stopped, he repeated the first verse of the hymn. If I remember rightly, it was the last time I heard him speak. Articulation was very indistinct, but he managed to falter out these four lines :—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Mr. Edgerley was a man of ardent temperament, and partook of the excellences and failings of those thus constitutionally moulded. Where conscience demanded, everything was forgotten but the principle to be asserted or the duty to be discharged. In the mission from its commencement he has not failed to endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ. No man was more susceptible of kindness, or more ready to confer a favour.

He expressed a wish that his remains should be interred at Creek Town beside the graves of the two brethren, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Sutherland, which suggested to Dr. Edmond his beautiful ode to "The First Three."

Under date February 1st, 1857, Mr. Edgerley mentions a case in which the bloodmen showed that they would stand by each other. The eldest son of a headman, lately deceased, had been guilty of several murders, but the

authorities of the town took no cognizance of his crimes, those who suffered being slaves. His worst act of atrocity was to kill one of his wives at a blow. Mr. Anderson represented the matter to his uncle, Ene Cobham, who merely remarked, "It only be wife he kill, no palaver live for that." The poor woman was not a member of a family able to bring her murderer to account for his deed, but she had some connection with one of the leaders of the blood league, and when he heard of the murder, he with some of his fellow-members demanded that the Cobham family, to whom the criminal belonged, should deliver him up to them. This demand was not complied with, on which the farms belonging to that family were plundered, and no communication with them was permitted. On Saturday a deputation of the league came into the town to enforce the demand, the culprit was given up and immediately executed.

In the following year (1858), Dr. and Mrs. Robb and Mr. and Mrs. Timson joined our company. The former, while minister of Goshen congregation, Jamaica, was called by the Board to enter the Calabar Mission as translator of the Scriptures, and to form a class for educating a native ministry. He was eminent as a student in Aberdeen University, and being distinguished as a Hebrew scholar he was well qualified for such duty. The latter, when he offered his services, was employed as seamen's missionary on the west coast of Scotland. Mr. Thomson returned after furlough, during which he was ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow, so that our mission staff was fully recruited.

Mr. and Mrs. Waddell found it necessary to withdraw from the mission this year. His strength had become very much exhausted, and having seen a church established in the dark land, and young and zealous brethren

coming forth to take up the work, he felt that he had accomplished the mission he had undertaken, when sent forth to the African coast by his brethren in Jamaica. Respecting the departure of our friends, I find the following entry in my journal:—"Mr. and Mrs. Waddell leave by this steamer. Our father, in that he was the founder of the mission, and from his superiority in age, occupied a place in the eyes of the natives to which none of us can succeed, and so had an influence greater than that which any one of us can hope to exercise. He and his worthy helpmate have spent themselves most freely and zealously in the cause of Christ, and with unwearied industry given themselves for the great work on which they were sent by the Jamaica churches. The impress of their labours will long be felt by this country, and from amongst the poor heathen of Calabar there will be many as a cause of rejoicing to them 'in that day.' The following minute was adopted by his brethren:—'On receiving with deep regret Mr. Waddell's resignation of the chair of the committee, preparatory to his leaving the mission, the committee would express their warm esteem for, and high opinion of him as a fellow-labourer, and of his services in the Old Calabar Mission. As the founder of the mission, his name will be ever permanently associated with it; and as his services on its behalf, from its commencement, have been unwearied, and at the same time successful, his work will, by the Divine blessing, live in the land, and future generations will be blessed in it.'"

As a parting gift, the members of Creek Town church made a contribution of £71 to the mission treasury, the first contribution which had been made for Calabar. Mr. Waddell had a solemn and affecting parting with King Eyo, and all the members of the church came in from their farms and markets, that they might bid good-bye

to their friends and teachers, from whom they parted with much sorrow. In the morning the young men followed them to the steamer that they might have a last sight and word with them, and with a swelling heart did Mr. and Mrs. Waddell thus bid good-bye to the people and the land to which the chief labour of their life had been given:—"Now we are off. Farewell, Calabar! We leave you without shame for the past, and without fear for the future. We thank God that He counted us worthy to send us with His Gospel here, and that He sent us not in vain. To His name be the glory. 'The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light; and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death, a heavenly light has sprung up.' The work of God begun in Calabar will go on increasing, widening, deepening, and strengthening from year to year, and from age to age, till the consummation of all things, when the Redeemer shall thence have gathered thousands and millions of gems into His mediatorial crown."

Our much respected friends still live and labour in bringing souls to Christ. On recovering health in the home country, they continued diligent in the service to which they had given their lives. A special benefit Mr. Waddell conferred on the Church, in the publication of a narrative of his life's labour in Jamaica and Calabar.

On Mr. Waddell's departure I left Ikunetu, and took charge of Creek Town congregation, in which I have continued, Mr. Thomson taking charge of the former.

Shortly after removal to Creek Town, a young woman named Ehru, the first of our converts who passed from our fellowship into the great company before the throne, met death with full understanding of her condition, and in peace. Hers was the first Christian burial amongst

the natives. Her husband dug a grave in the small yard behind his house, and calling the members of the church together, with a short address and prayer we placed her remains in the narrow house, in "the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

There being now the two regularly constituted congregations of Duke and Creek Towns, it was judged expedient to merge the committee, which had hitherto superintended the mission, into a presbytery. The presbytery was formed on the 1st of September under the designation of the Presbytery of Biafra, constituted on the basis of the Westminster Confession and Larger and Shorter Catechisms, as these are received and held by the parent Church. The members were, Rev. William Anderson, Hugh Goldie, Alexander Robb, Zerub Baillie, William Thomson, Archibald Hewan, elder from Duke Town, and Henry Hamilton (absent from sickness) from Creek Town. Mr. Anderson was elected moderator, and Mr. Robb, clerk. Of the original members four have departed this life; one, Dr. Robb, is in Jamacia, and the two first-named are still in the field.

In September three of our mission band were called home,—Mrs. Timson, Mrs. Thomson, and Henry Hamilton. These two ladies, who had given themselves to the work of the mission, and hoped to spend their lives therein, were permitted merely to enter; but they did not regret their sacrifice, and with all submission accepted the disposal of their heavenly Father in disappointing their hopes. Mr. Hamilton came with us in the *Warree* from Jamaica, and was spared to give his labour to the mission for eleven years. He waited his change in humble confidence in his Redeemer, possessing his soul in peace, and longing for the only termination of his sickness which was possible, that he might be with Christ.

In the following month another was laid in our little graveyard at Creek Town, Eyo Basi, one of our native members. He asked the king to allow him to accompany me when I went to Ikunetu, which request was heartily granted, and he remained in the family till his death. I was pleased to see the attention paid to him in his sickness by the young men, his fellow-members, and the care with which they provided the decencies of burial, which but for his connection with the church would not likely have been bestowed, they being his only friends in the country.

On the 3rd of December, King Eyo died suddenly. He had been attacked occasionally with an affection like cramp in the stomach, but was otherwise in good health until a few days before his death. On the Sabbath, not being able to attend church, Dr. Robb visited him, and found him in bed with Brown's Self-interpreting Bible before him, open at the first chapter of Genesis. "He was more than willing," says the doctor, "that I should read to him. He did not understand some words which he met with in reading the English Bible, though he understood the subject when expressed in such English as he had been accustomed to use. We turned to the eleventh chapter of Matthew, in which our Saviour teaches the awful guilt of rejecting Him, and I especially dwelt on what he (the king) must do to be saved, and how he must do it; that he must come to Christ, and how he must come. He listened with all his usual attention."

On the previous Sabbath, the king was at Uwet, clearing the ground for new farms. He stopped his work as usual on the sacred day, and Esien Esien Ukpabio, our first convert, one of his young men, at his call addressed him and his people. The verse Mr. Ukpabio took for his

subject was as appropriate as if he had known what was to happen. "Watch, therefore, for you know not at what hour your Lord doth come."

On the evening in which he was struck down, he entertained some friends at dinner, and sat in wonted converse with them, but did not partake of food with them. He wished to take medicine, he said, and had a dish prepared for himself. When his friends were gone, he was about to help himself to his food, when he was seized with the spasmodic affection, and in a few minutes expired.

The death of the king, and its sudden occurrence, struck the people with a panic. They could not believe that so great a man should descend to the grave unhonoured with a great sacrifice of human victims. Most of his people fled from the town. Throughout the night numbers took refuge at the mission-house, so that by morning we had quite a crowd in the yard. When assembled in morning worship, I endeavoured to quiet their fears, assuring them that no one would injure them, and urged upon them the instant need of attending to the word of life which God had sent to them, but which few of them cared for, though now they fled to the mission-house for protection, and though that word now threw over them its shield of safety.

A company of men armed themselves, and took possession of the twin-mothers' village, which commands the road to the farms, and took the blood oath to stand by each other. They stopped all entrance to the town, and announced their resolution to hold the place till they exacted terms which would secure their safety. They were under no apprehension from Young Eyo, who now succeeded his father, but they suspected that now the king was dead, under whose influence the old custom was

abolished, one or two of his brothers, who had censured him for so doing, might seize the opportunity to signalize his death by reviving it. It seems the king himself was not without such apprehension, for he had enjoined his friends not to kill any one for him at his death, occur when it might. The insurgents also freely stated their suspicion that the king had met with foul play; and indeed, in such a case in bypast times, the whole town would have been subjected to the poison ordeal.

Dr. Robb and Mr. Timson were associated with me at the time in the work of the station, and we went into the town to see Young Eyo and the other chiefs. A solemn silence reigned in the deserted streets, every door was closed. We found all the headmen had gone to the king's yard to assist in the preparations for the funeral, and when we went thither we were not admitted, according to the custom observed with regard to us. We could only convey to Young Eyo a note of condolence and encouragement. This secrecy no doubt tended to increase the distrust and terror of the people. Most terrible stories circulated amongst them of so many graves being dug, ready to entomb as many victims as could be caught, and the desertion of the people was so complete, that of all the crowds usually employed about him only a few young men connected with the church remained to perform the rites of sepulture.

In the evening we again went into the town, but saw no one. Going out to the twin-mothers' village, we found the number of armed men considerably increased by accessions from the farms. They had a small quantity of blood in a plate which they had drawn, a drop or two from those who came forward to take the oath, by tasting which, and pronouncing the oath, they entered into the covenant. Young Eyo had an interview afterwards, giving

them all the assurance that he could, taking oath on the Bible—as being a Christian, he could not take an idolatrous oath—that no harm should befall them, and that if any one should put hand on any of his father's people, he would call them to support in resisting or punishing such an attempt. They did not doubt him, but they demanded that the king's elder brother and some others should take oath by *mbiam*. He replied that he could not ask any to do that which he judged wrong, but they were so far reassured, that a number returned with him into the town, and others went to bring back their women they had sent out into the farms.

On the Sabbath following we enjoyed our usual services with a very small audience, Young Eyo and his younger brother Esien violating Calabar custom to give attendance. After the service in the town, we went out to meet with those who encamped at the twin-mothers' village. It seems they had again become distrustful, and returned to their camping-ground. While engaged in household worship in the evening, a message came from Young Eyo requesting me to go over to the place and bring a Bible. He had gone thither again to try and prevail with them to disperse, as he feared if they kept congregating with arms they might be led by evil, designing men into mischief. Once and again it had been suggested that they should break open the king's powder magazine, beside which they were encamped, and possess themselves of its contents. I went out and found their leaders assembled round a torch, and Ekpenyong Oku, a headman of the town, proceeded to administer the oath to those uninitiated. He pulled up the skin of the wrist and cut it, drawing a drop or two of blood, which was mixed with that in the plate, and the individual took out of the blood one of the seeds, which has a symbolical signification with them, eat

it, and then dipping the tips of his fingers in the blood, put them in his mouth. I thought the ceremony would end here, but the administrator made a formal address to the blood, charging it to look and avenge the violation of any breach of the covenant. Young Eyo repeated his oath, and they declared that they were satisfied, on which the greater part returned to the town.

Throughout the farm population great disquiet prevailed, and reports of terrible doings in the town were spread among them. Mr. Thomson took a journey to and from Ikunetu, passing through them, and succeeded in pacifying them. Not a hair fell from the head of any one.

Distrust and disquiet was again excited by the rash action of Inyang, one of the king's daughters, who complained that her father's friends had forsaken him, for they had killed no one for him; and determined to honour him in the old way, she shut up two women for slaughter. The people on hearing this at once flew to arms, and again encamped at the twin-mothers' village. Young Eyo went to his sister and said, that though she had no regard for God's word, she might have a regard for his life, as he had by his oath given himself in pledge, so that if one of his father's people died his life would be sacrificed. The women were rescued, but further demands for security were made by the insurgents; and as there was every desire on the part of the town's-people to satisfy them, a conference was held in the market-place. I was unable to be present, but Dr. Robb, who attended, thus narrates the proceedings:—"The king's elder brother was seated at his own gate, and near him all the gentlemen of the town with their armed followings. Young Eyo with his father's people were grouped about the town's palaver-house, and all round the market-place. The number could not have been much under a thousand, every one armed after war

fashion. Father Tom, the king's elder brother, opened the palaver by a request to know the origin of this matter. He was answered by a headman, who stated the cause of this new complication. Young Eyo and several others spoke. The utmost coolness and self-possession were manifested by all parties. There were parties accused of plotting against the lives of some parties in the market-place; any of them might have become the victims. What would an armed mob, having all in their power, have done in our own country in similar circumstances?

"There were no demonstrations of hatred, no threats; and, to the credit of the other parties, there seemed to be only a desire to know what would satisfy the people, in order that assurance of their safety might be given them. They required that the other free men of the town connected with the Eyo family should take *mbiam*. This was at once done. They then demanded that the female members of the family should take the blood oath. Esien, the king's second son, being a Christian, took oath on the Bible. This satisfied them.

"Young Eyo has acted nobly all along. The Lord has evidently sustained him in trying circumstances, and will, we trust, spare him and bless him more and more, that through his instrumentality this region of Africa may reap substantial benefit."

King Eyo was truly an eminent man. He was much in advance of his countrymen, and was constantly striving to drag them on after him, in forsaking the old heathenish customs, so destructive of the well-being of the land, and in adopting those changes which he saw necessary to its advancement. He stood alone. No one entered heartily into his views, and every step they took in advance was taken reluctantly; but for this he would have gone much further than he did, and completely changed the state of

Calabar. As to the great matters of religion, there was no more regular attendant on the preaching of the word than he, and for a long time he acted as interpreter. He knew the Gospel, and did many things gladly. So far he felt the power of the truth; but there were entanglements which kept him from following the Lord with a perfect heart. He did not learn to count all things but loss that he might be found in Christ.

Another calamity speedily followed on the death of the king. His new house, which had been recently built to replace those formerly burned with the adjoining yards, shared the same fate. The cause of this conflagration, in the opinion of many of the people, was the neglect of the town to honour him in the wonted way, and the king had come to claim his own. The loss fell severely on his son, who felt bound to make good his father's engagements to the European traders; but he bore it with all submission, recognising the calamity as from God.

He was recognised as successor to his father, under the title of Eyo III.

Mr. Z. Baillie, on joining the mission, remained for a time at Duke Town, occupying the station during Mr. Anderson's absence on furlough. In looking out for a location in which to commence a new station for himself, he selected Ikorofiong, about two and a half hours above Ikunetu on the opposite side of the river. To facilitate the work of preparation, he resided with Mr. Thomson at Ikunetu. On selecting a site, the people readily assisted him in clearing the ground and providing materials for a temporary house. To push on the work, he went up in November, and one of the chiefs willingly accommodated him with lodgings, and Mr. Baillie took him and his people as his first scholars. "The first night," he writes, "I tried to tell them about God, who made the world, who made us and watched

over us, who sent rain from heaven, making the earth fruitful, and thus supplied our wants. I told them of His greatness and goodness, and then asked if it was not becoming at the close of the day to thank Him for His kindness, and to ask forgiveness for the evil we had done against Him? The old man said it was good to do so, and that I must do it. When about to engage in prayer, I told them what we were about to do; that many might think it strange, as there was no idol or visible thing to speak to. It was not, however, strange, if they called to mind that the great God was present, and although we could not see Him, yet He saw us, and heard every word we spoke. The first day or two we occasionally had interruptions. As for example, during prayer one calling across to another what he thought of the proceedings, and perhaps the old chief crying to some one else, why did he not shut his eyes as he saw me doing. They are now beginning to conduct themselves with some more decorum."

On the termination of the funeral rites for King Duke John Archibong, the brother of Archibong I. was advanced, 9th August, to the headship of Duke Town, under the title of Archibong II. At the request of Mr. Anderson, he inaugurated his reign by prohibiting the daily town market on Sabbath, thus securing quiet and greater opportunity for instruction. He also put a stop to the visits paid by bloodmen to the town to exact "black-mail."

Mr. Robb, on entering the mission, resided at Creek Town, and gave himself diligently to the acquisition of the language. He afterwards removed to Old Town and co-operated with Mr. Sutherland in the work of the station. The following account shows that the people had not profited much by the instruction of Mr. Edgerley. He writes in 1859:—"On Sabbath went out in the morning to the Qua towns, Abakpa and Akim. The Qua people are

making *ikpo* for their queen, who died some time ago. The *ikpo* revels are carried on daily during the period of its continuance; and though it was the Lord's day, and the people knew that the God of heaven forbade such things, they abated nothing of their excess of riot. About thirty full-grown men were capering in the market-place at the sound of drums and tinkling instruments, shouting and brandishing naked swords, and firing muskets at intervals. One big man, who seems really a decent man, was conspicuous in the group, from his corpulent figure, his air of supreme enjoyment and self-complacency, and the white and black flaps of cow's skin with the hair on it with which his legs and arms were adorned. The crowd was looking on with great delight, and the missionary had less chance of a hearing among these revellers than one would have in the streets of Edinburgh when the Queen is passing in state.

"Went to Akim, about two miles farther, and had a small meeting in the headman's house. Went back to the big town and called at several yards. In one was a young man with his wife and several children, who showed more than usual interest in what was said. The young woman was busy at her needle, better than gazing on what was going on in the market-place. The young man had an Efik book, and to show what he knew began to spell, but it disturbed one's gravity a little to see the seriousness with which he went to work with the book upside down. However, it was somewhat refreshing to see even one listen with a little attention. Another party, bent on something very different, seemed to be much annoyed at having his attention called to the fact that this was the day of God, and that God had something to say to him.

"In the middle of the village stands a small shed, and this was crammed with votaries of strong drink, as merry

Ikorofiong School

as people in their cups can be. They were obviously singing in praise of *Min Makara*, or rum, which several of them were holding in their hands. One jolly person stood in the centre, a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. He was chanting in the Qua tongue, and the chorus was rung out with great spirit by all the rest sitting or standing around. How like all men white and black are to each other! Really one's conceit of our civilisation is somewhat lowered when one sees all its vices so closely acted out in the dark places of the earth. These poor men, thus loud in the praise of the white man's rum, care less than nothing for the Bible which the white man has to give to the world, and the God whom it reveals as the Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all."

While Mr. Baillie was busy building his house at Ikorofiong, Mr. Anderson was employed in erecting a church at Duke Town. It was built of native materials, in the middle of the town. The house and fence cost about £40, which sum was contributed by the native members, aided by several of the European traders. It was opened in June, and Mr. Anderson reported the attendance as very encouraging except during the funeral rites of the late King Duke, who died some months previous. An English service has been kept up at Duke Town since the commencement of the mission, for the benefit of our countrymen engaged in the traffic of the river. This confers a great benefit on young men, who, away from home influence, and the abundant means of grace there enjoyed, are apt to forget that the securing of the happiness of the future is the great purpose of the present life, and frequently fall into a companionship which drags them down.

While I was in Scotland, King Archibong at this time resenting what he deemed an overstepping of our bounds,

made a strong effort to expel the mission. The following is from an account of the attempt, and its results, by Mr. James Irvine of Liverpool, who was then in the Calabar river:—

"From the establishment of the mission in 1846 there seemed to be a kind of tacit understanding that no missionaries were to penetrate landward beyond a certain border, fixed at the inland station of Ikorofiong. The time had, however, come when such a condition of residence in Calabar, if it really existed, which one of our noble band of missionaries, the Rev. W. C. Thomson, always disputed, should be revoked; and after vainly endeavouring to obtain permission from the chiefs to undertake an evangelistic tour in the interior districts, he resolved to brave their resentment, and accordingly proceeded inland in obedience to his distinct call of duty. His return was a general upheaval of the country to eject the mission.

"The poor natives are not to be hardly judged in this matter, for they are only middlemen or traders, whose occupation might be gone were Europeans allowed direct intercourse with the interior markets.

"That wicked old savage, King John Archibong of Duke Town, supported by all his chiefs, led the attack, and a day was set apart for a grand palaver, when the whole mission was to appear before the assembled chiefs, and be there and then ordered to leave the country for ever.

"The site chosen for the meeting was a small elevated green spot of neutral ground on the opposite bank of the river from Duke Town, and nearly abreast of the hulk in which I then lived and traded. In this place first came King Archibong with a grand array of bannered canoes and armed attendants; then followed good-natured but timid Esien Ofiong, chief of Old Town; and lastly came King Eyo III. of Creek Town, a man not then so powerful as King Archibong, but not to be trifled with, without

whose cordial co-operation King Archibong knew full well he could not accomplish his object.

"These all having assembled, our missionaries were seen crossing over in their boats, and then William Thomson, who had called on me for rest and food after his long pull down from his station at Ikunetu, put off alone—yet not alone. It was an eventful hour, big with great issues to that distant corner of the vineyard; and this feeling was fully shared by my true-hearted partner, John Inglis, long since gone home to his rest, and accordingly while the meeting progressed we read together the Second Psalm as an encouragement to our faith.

"'Faith is the substance of things hoped for,' and this we quickly realized with a fulness we were not prepared for. The day was one so common at certain seasons of the year, bright and clear and enjoyable in the morning, then gradually falling away into subdued stillness, as if nature had sent a rebuke,—the oppression of all the senses; but nothing of this had we noticed in the excitement of watching through our glasses the visible unrest of the angry assembly.

"As related to us afterwards, King Archibong had made his charge at great length, and full of determined hostility to the mission. King Eyo replied gently, quietly, but with much firmness in defence, telling the chiefs around him that they might as well try to stop the rain in its descent as to stay the extension of God's message even if the missionaries were sent away. Mr. Thomson was about to speak, when the 'lightning came out of the east and shone even unto the west.' The gathering tornado which we had not noticed had burst. The river was foam; the tall mangrove trees bent like willows; and in an incredibly brief space the assembly was broken up, and never for that object did it meet again.

"A leading chief, Iron Bar, so called because of his great strength, said to me the next time he called, 'For true, your God was there that day.'"

In January 1861 another step of advancement was gained in the abolition of substitutionary punishment by Creek Town. Mr. John Laughland of Glasgow was acting consul at the time, and at his instance the pledge was given to abandon this unjust and barbarous custom, but the king and chiefs of Duke Town refused to accede. Mr. Anderson notes the following occurrence three months after: "Heard this morning that there was to be a substitutionary killing to-day. Mr. Edgerley and I set off to the king about the matter. He told us that there would be such an execution, but not for a long time. He as usual began to defend the custom, and as usual we protested against it. I know not whether our visit hastened the butchery, but in the evening a poor fellow was beheaded in the market-place because his master had broken some Egbo law."

In May this year (1861) Eyo III., better known as Young Eyo, died. The preceding narrative shows that from the entrance of the Gospel he gave all attention to its message, and allied himself with the missionaries, and stood by them in all opposition which they encountered in their teaching. Though he had gained an extensive knowledge of Divine truth, he hesitated long before he assumed the profession of it, but eventually decided for Christ, and manfully broke through the opposition of relatives to receive baptism. Much was expected of him as a Christian ruler, nor was such expectation altogether disappointed; but on taking his father's place, he was surrounded with temptation addressed to the carnality still within him, and he fell. His sin brought its punishment. Dr. Hewan attended him during his last sickness, and ministered to the soul as well as to the body. He was

greatly distressed on account of his sins, and was himself earnest in prayer, while soliciting the prayers of his fellow-Christians. The doctor reminded him that he had gone back from Christ. He replied that it was true, but Christ had received him in his sickness. When his end drew near, the doctor asked him if he was willing to die. His life was in God's hands, he replied, but he was anxious about his children. He wished that they should be with Mr. Robb, that they (two boys) might be guided in the right way, and be brought up in the mission.

I was on furlough at the time, and the station was in charge of Mr. Robb and Mr. Timson. The former was laid up with sickness at the time, and the above particulars are gathered from Mr. Ukpabio's statement, who was frequently with him. Mr. Robb thus concludes:—"Such is the substance of all I know of the experience of one who gave promise of a brighter course and a happier end. Death-bed repentance is proverbially suspicious; but it is not for us to judge. All we know is, that he was humble and penitent. Before I left (on furlough), Ibok Eyo, the king's father-in-law (afterwards Eyo VI.), called at the mission-house, and repeated Eyo's charge respecting his children, and expressed his own concurrence in the arrangement."

The death of Eyo III. was followed by much disturbance in the Eyo clan. Four people were killed on the charge of compassing the king's death by *ifot*, two of them being members of the Eyo family. On Egbo Eyo, uncle of the king, and two of his slaves, the bloodmen, who again filled the market-place and called the accused before them under cover of the accusation of *ifot*, took vengeance for the cruelties which he and they at his bidding had perpetrated, and Inyang, sister of the king, was a victim to the malice of her elder sister Ansa. She it was who laid hold of the

two women to kill at her father's death, resolved that he should be honoured in the old way. The following is Mr. Timson's narrative:—

"On the morning of the 14th (the king died on the 12th), I had just rung the bell for prayers, when George Waddell came up from the town and told me that the bloodmen had broken into Egbo Eyo's house, had brought him out, and that he was then in the market-place, and likely to be killed. I asked Mrs. Timson to read with the children, and asked George to pray, and snatching up my hat I ran down to the town. I found the market-place filled with people armed with weapons of various kinds; the majority had muskets and swords. I pushed through the crowd, and found Egbo Eyo in the midst of the group of angry bloodmen. He had a terrible gash just below the elbow of his left arm, from which the blood was pouring, and in his excitement he swung his arm about and spread the blood all over his body in such a way that he seemed as if cut all over. The tumult was so great that in vain I tried to learn what the bloodmen wished. At this stage a number of white gentlemen in the river, who had come up on business, arrived among us, and availing myself of the lull caused by their arrival, I asked the bloodmen to fall back and send one of their number to tell us the cause of this outbreak. They sent forth a person named Etim Eno, who marched forward in a hideous war-dress, grasping a large horse-pistol, and told me he was ready to talk. I took hold of Egbo Eyo, and pointing to his wounded arm, asked Etim what they meant by acting thus, instead of having a regular trial. He was just beginning to reply when the white gentlemen, who did not know what I was saying in the native tongue, and thinking that they could be of no use unarmed, began to move off. On seeing this, the people closed in upon their

victim, whom I still held by the arm. Dr. Adams, a ship surgeon, was the last to leave. He wished to bind up Egbo's arm, but a cutlass was immediately held over his head, and the way off the ground shown him. With fearful clamour they pushed forward, and laying hold of Egbo, pulled him from me. Up went a large black stick, and down it came on Egbo's head, felling him to the earth. The hatchets were freely used also, and I thought all was over with Egbo. I came up to the house, and drinking a cup of tea, I ran down again. Not a sound in the market-place. The bloodmen were seated all round with their guns resting on their legs and arms, and Egbo with one of his slaves seated in the midst. The latter was terribly cut across one of his arms and one of his feet. I spoke to several of the bloodmen, and one informed me that Egbo was accused of making *ibok* (a charm) to cause King Eyo's death. They said that Egbo must die to-day; that he knew it, and had shot one of his wives to await his arrival in the other world. Afterwards they confessed that they had shot the woman when they broke into the house. I went and spoke to Egbo and his unfortunate companion. He thanked me for my efforts on his behalf, and bade me good-bye quite cheerfully. Not wishing to leave, I kept moving about, talking to those whom I knew well, and trying to turn them from their bloody purpose. A new stir soon began, and a young man came and begged me to go away, for they were now going to begin to kill. Seeing that I did not move, some came up, and taking hold, pulled me gently away, saying that I stopped them, and if I did not go they would kill both in my presence. At length it was agreed that all the chiefs of the town should be called upon to appear in the market-place and hear what the bloodmen had to say against Egbo and his slave. It was some time before all the preliminaries were got

over, but the palaver began about mid-day, and they talked away till far on in the afternoon. About three o'clock, a large force of stout, well-armed men came from Duke Town and claimed Egbo as an Egbo man, to take him under their protection, but this was refused. After their departure, to cut matters short, the bloodmen sent away the slave to be hanged at the bush market. In a short time some came back to say that he had made a confession, and that they were bringing him into the town to speak in the ears of the people. Back accordingly the poor mangled creature came, and said that he and his master had put a spear into a kind of pot, and after some ceremonies had called on the soul of King Eyo to enter said pot. That, of course, was proof conclusive that they were guilty and deserved to die. For some time they hung about Egbo as if they did not know in what way they would finish him. By and by we saw Egbo hanging from a branch of the tree before the palaver-house. He showed wonderful courage and power of endurance; for though he lay all day under a burning sun, without food or water, and with a ghastly wound, he answered every taunt and remained unbroken in spirit. Another of Egbo's wives was hanged at the bush market.

"Next morning Inyang, the king's sister, was brought forward to stand her trial for having sought his death by *idiong* (charms). Her sister Ansa was her accuser, and ah, how keenly she hunted for her sister's life! Inyang pleaded well, and showed with what relentless hate her sister pursued her. She said she was willing to take *esere* if Ansa was made to take it too. She pleaded in vain. After some had attempted to shoot her, and been prevented by the more moderate among them, she at last agreed to take the ordeal, only stipulating that if she died they would,

under the most solemn of Calabar oaths, agree to bury her share of her father's property with her. A few hours after she was a corpse."

In July the Rev. John Baillie, brother of Zerub, arrived to take part in the work of the mission, along with Mrs. Sutherland, returned from furlough.

September of the following year, 1862, saw the end of Mrs. Zerub Baillie's life and labour with us. A daughter of the late Rev. John Cowan, Jamaica, she had given her heart to the work of the foreign field, and under the care of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Edinburgh, had become fully accomplished for it. God soon took her to Himself. A service of two and a half years she devotedly gave to Christ in Calabar, and the hopes we entertained from her qualification and devotion were thus speedily blighted. "Her death-bed," wrote her husband, "was a very happy one. A few hours before she died, I asked her what was her ground of hope before God. She said,—

> 'I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
> But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'

After a little she said, 'I feel so weak that I cannot see the Saviour as I would like. Would you bring the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and read me the end of the first part about Christian passing through the river?' I did so, and began to read where it is said, 'Christian began to sink, and crying to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters."' I read on till we are told that Christian broke out with a loud voice, 'Oh, I see Him again, and He tells me, When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' When I had finished the verse, she said, 'That will do. That is it.' After a little she began and went over that beautiful hymn of Newton's, 'In evil long I

took delight,' etc., but laid particular emphasis on the verse,—

> A second look He gave, which said,
> I freely all forgive;
> This blood is for thy ransom paid,
> I die that thou mayest live.

After this she asked me to read a few verses at the beginning of Isaiah xliii. I began to do so, when she said, 'Oh, just a sentence at a time, please; I wish to think about every word as I go along.' At her desire I read the verse again, and then Rev. vii. 9–17. She committed our dear little boy to the keeping of Jesus in a prayer of such tenderness and pathos as I never before heard, and then in language which seemed more of heaven than of earth poured out her soul in prayer for the success of the Lord's work here. She then sent messages to various friends, and begged me to tell them that she never for a moment regretted coming here. Addressing herself to me, she said, 'Look forward and come on. Be sure and bring Willie with you, and as many of the people as you can.'"

Thus the bright, devoted life speedily passed away from us, and little Willie soon followed. "I was looking forward," writes Mr. Baillie, "to have our dear little boy to cheer me in my loneliness. The Lord Jesus, however, seems to wish my whole heart, and Willie was beginning to occupy it very much after his mamma's death. The Lord has been pleased to take him away also, and he is now with his mamma in glory. He was carried to his grave by four little African boys," and sleeps beside a little infant of the race, whom Mrs. Baillie nursed along with her own fair boy.

Dr. Hewan, who gave her his skill and care, thus writes: "She said that the two years she spent there were the

happiest of her life. The nearer she came to the heavenly world, just so much the more vividly did the Divine will seem to her the wisest and the best and the most loving. She passed away amid the radiant light of the Divine countenance shed down on her departing spirit, and the voice from above said with its added Amen, 'Blessed are

Creek Town School-house, Cemetery, and Church, from the Mission-house Door.

the dead who die in the Lord.' There is neither gloom nor pain there. It is life triumphing, or rather we should say, reigning through the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life, and the result endless praise and glory. And the little child drooped, and with the gentlest touch of disease fell asleep and went after her."

Those who gave regular attendance at church, especially the female members, as instructed, began to assume a decent covering for their nakedness, which departure from old custom excited the displeasure of the authorities. At first a few of the women left their gowns at the mission-house, and came up to put them on on Sabbath morning, returning them in the evening. Whilst I was absent on furlough, a law was passed prohibiting women from putting on a gown, except those whose husbands were free of all the grades of Egbo. The brethren in charge of the station did what they could to get the law repealed, but without avail, and on returning I advised the female members to put on a covering as required by decency and God's word, and risk the consequence. Two or three ventured to do so, but Father Tom, so we called him, eldest brother of Eyo II., who was now in power as Eyo IV., immediately called them to account, and reported the matter to the heads of the town. A deputation of them came up, seeking to prevail with me to withdraw from my position. This I could not do. They stated their determination to enforce the law, and immediately on leaving the mission-house, by Egbo proclamation, they shut up all those who had violated it in their houses until they should make their peace with the king and submit to the penalty they had incurred. I endeavoured to prevail on the king to withdraw from his position, but my remonstrance so irritated him, that he added on his own account a decree enforcing the prohibition on all of the Eyo clan. The imprisoned women consulted together, and resolved that they would obey God's word and abide the penalty of the violation of Egbo law. This they did, and the old men found that the public sentiment of the town would not support them in proceeding further in the matter. So the women conquered. Thenceforth there has been freedom for women of all grades

to "adorn themselves with modest apparel." Those who can afford display go rather far in this way, and overstep the precept of the Apostle.

When Mr. Robb and I were together at Creek Town, we divided the work of the station. He went out to the farm district accompanied by Mr. Ukpabio, and held meetings in the various farm hamlets visited, where eventually sub-stations under the care of native agents were established. One of these hamlets had also got a bell to summon the congregation. This other step beyond use and want offended and alarmed the king. It had not occurred to me to consult him in the matter and get his permission, and this he considered contempt of his authority, or a putting of him aside. To check this presumption of the serf population who were going ahead so, he called three of the principal men into the town, that he might give them his mind on their conduct. They came in, and finding him busy at the time, they withdrew to a neighbouring house to wait his leisure. While there, one of the king's sons came to call the master of the house, and seeing them there, he drew his cutlass and wounded them. It seems he was a representative of a certain Egbo peculiar to the Eyo family, the messengers of which are armed with a cutlass instead of a whip, but which it is unlawful to use except out of doors. The three men, who were leaders in the blood league, rose and withdrew from the town in high indignation, and communicated their resentment to their neighbours in the farms, who flocked in armed and occupied the approach to the town, as they had done on the death of Eyo II. They resolved to secure immunity from such an outrage as their leaders had been subjected to, and from other oppressive practices of the Egbo runners. We visited the people and the king, and endeavoured to prevail with him to meet with them and get matters quietly settled, as they

were asking nothing but what was just and reasonable. To this he would not listen, and indignant that he should be called to negotiate with slaves, at the same time terrified by their action, he fled to Duke Town. The town's-people on this got alarmed, fearing that Duke Town might attack them, and carried off or concealed such household goods as they could hastily snatch up, the mission-house being largely supplied therewith. In this state of disquiet the usual visits to the farms were made, and our intercourse with all parties was as friendly as ever.

King Archibong, to whom King Eyo had appealed his case, or rather made his complaint, came up with great display to hear and decide, glad of the opportunity of displaying his power over Creek Town. The discussions were conducted in the market-place for the greater part of the day, and at length King Archibong gave his decision that King Eyo was in the wrong. When the verdict was thus given in their favour, the people demanded that the young man who had been guilty of the outrage should be stripped of the property which fell to him on the death of Eyo II.; but Archibong asked them to overlook the offence on account of his youth, promising to give them a solatium himself. To this they agreed, and quietly dispersed. The cause of all this disquiet was not once mentioned in the discussions, and no hindrance has since been put in our way of visiting or labouring in any part of the country.

In May 1864, John Baillie died at Edinburgh. His health failed in Calabar after a short service, and he and Dr. Hewan returned to Scotland in the beginning of the year, invalided. Mr. Baillie was cheered and revived in meeting with his friends, but his recovery was soon seen to be beyond hope. He went home, "looking to Jesus," and acquiescing in the Divine will in removing him so soon from the service to which he had devoted his life, and for

which he had so thoroughly prepared himself. The Synod of our denomination was sitting at the time, and a large number of its members accompanied his remains to their resting-place in the Grange Cemetery.

In the following year we had to mourn over the death of his brother Zerub. He left for Scotland in the middle of the year to seek recovery of health and strength, and was so far improved on the voyage that he landed at several places on the coast, but on reaching Liverpool he was unable to proceed farther, and died on the 4th of August. He was one highly qualified by geniality of disposition and acquired accomplishments for the work of the mission, and gained great acceptance among the people, so that Duke Town and Ikorofiong contended for his services. Those of the latter place learning that Duke Town had presented a petition to the committee for his continuance there while filling Mr. Anderson's place, took the alarm and put in their protest. They say, "We have heard that Duke Town gentlemen beg you to take Mr. Baillie from Ikorofiong and send him to Duke Town. We beg you no do so. Duke Town have missionary already. Suppose you take Mr. Baillie from us, we no want other missionary. Mr. Baillie no come for doctor, he come to teach man God's word. We hear Duke Town want him for doctor, then they no want him for God's word. So we beg you very strong, let him stand with us all time." He was very happy among the people, looking always at the bright side of things; and where another would see, and have all scope for seeing, what was dark and discouraging in the field of his duty, Mr. Baillie dwelt on the hopeful and encouraging.

In addition to his ministerial and medical duties, he set himself to brick-making, and by the help of two lads whom he instructed, he built the neat little chapel and the large dwelling-house which now adorn Ikorofiong.

In this work he found pleasure. "There are generally," he writes, "a number of the natives about me, seeing how the work is getting on, and, trowel in hand, I have often long conversations with them. There is none of the formality of a meeting, and the people speak out more freely than they would probably otherwise do."

Hopeful and buoyant, he did not realize till a day or two before his departure, that death was in this cup. Dr. Hewan, who was at home, and other medical friends, attended him, and when the great change approached, Dr. Hewan writes: "Although apparently understanding what was said to him, some of his answers showed that his mind was disposed to wander. But all in a moment, as if awaking from a dream, he seemed fully to regain his faculties, and said that he was now convinced that what I was saying was true; and that he felt he was going to die. This was the first time I heard from him such an admission, for whatever reference he had previously made to his death was done with a large admixture of hope that he would yet get better. Throwing his arms around my neck, he affectionately alluded to our long and uninterrupted fellowship and harmony, to scenes of joy and sorrow through which we had passed in that distant land, concluding thus, 'Oh, doctor, the last scene is now to be finished between you and me. Oh, Africa! Africa! I have wished to spend and be spent for thee. It is a big work there. You know my plans. Could you not go and carry them out?' Yes, I replied, it is a big work, and we should have rejoiced rather that you were spared to return and work together with us, but God seems to have ordered it otherwise, and He is calling you home. 'Yes,' he said. 'Oh the reward! Jesus! Oh yes, to be with Jesus!'" "His frame of mind was peculiarly happy," writes another friend. "The Lord was evidently with him,

sustaining him by His grace, and surrounding him with the light of His countenance. No doubt seems ever to have arisen in his mind, or interrupted his communion with the Divine Saviour. Those who were with him felt it good to be there, and speak of his sick-chamber as being like an outer court of heaven."

And so he passed away from us and from his work on earth. In 1862, he was called to weep over the graves of his wife and child; in 1864, to lament the death of his brother, and now he followed them. In three short years the mission family of Ikorofiong were reunited in heaven.

Preceding Mr. Baillie's death, King Eyo IV. departed this life in the beginning of the year. He did not make his influence felt in the country as from his family connection and position he might have done. Good-natured and indolent, he slipped through life as easily as he could, though his attachment to old customs, when his position, as he thought, required him to come forward in their support, led him once and again into collision with the mission, in which cases his aversion to trouble and lack of courage made his opposition unavailing. He heard the Gospel regularly since its entrance, but he attended, drawn by his brother's example, not from a love of or desire to know the truth, and he failed to see that the change which it was making in the community was inevitable. A few of his people about him fled on his death, but there was no cause of fear. Everything went on quietly as if nothing of importance had happened.

Eyo IV. died in March, and, to our surprise, we got a new king in June. Though Calabar people do not go the length of asserting that the king never dies, yet until his *ikpo* is made, he is only sick, and so there is no place yet for a successor. The exigencies of trade, however, it seems, would not permit delay in this instance. One

morning a number of boats appeared in the creek, and as the flotilla drew near the town, those who were indebted to the European traders thought it would be well for them to get out of the way. It turned out, however, that these traders had not come to take any of their debtors on board ship, and hold them as prisoners until the debt be paid, a common practice formerly; they had come for no less a purpose than to make Aye Eyo, another brother of Eyo II., or, as they called him, John Eyo, king. The British consul is commonly at the king-making, giving the authority of his office to the transaction, but the supercargoes themselves performed the ceremony, though he whom they chose for the honour was, I believe, as ignorant of their purpose as the rest of the town's-people. So they crowned Aye with a gold-laced hat, and made him Eyo V. He entertained the donors of his dignity at dinner, and afterwards sent up a note to inform Mr. Robb and myself of his exaltation.

The European traders give their influence to the individual whom they suppose to have most power over the native traders, and that of the Eyo family preponderating greatly in this quarter, of necessity the selection is made from among its members. The king is the medium of communication between foreigners and natives, though this gives him something of the power which follows the title. The new king was possessed of a good mind, and being the best authority in the native language, I read over my translation of the New Testament with him. He has always been on friendly terms with us and our work, and seconded his brother Eyo II. in his efforts to get the customs of blood abolished.

In the end of the year died one of our warmest personal friends, Ene Uyi, known to Europeans as Henry Cobham. Mr. Anderson thus speaks of him:—"Shortly after my

arrival I began to hold a meeting in his yard, which is still kept up. He had a sort of rugged honesty about him. If one asked a favour from Ene, or interceded for any of his people, he would generally say at once bluntly whether he would comply with the request, and if prevailed on to make the promise, its fulfilment could be depended on. He was tyrannical in his dealings with his wives and slaves, and Mrs. Anderson appeared to have more influence over him than any one else. He used to say that she was 'the best man for mission;' but even she sometimes failed to prevail on him to let some poor victim be unchained and forgiven.

"To the missionaries personally Ene always acted a friendly part. Time after time he would assure me that his store-rooms and whatever was in them was at my disposal. On the occasion of the great palaver with King Duke, when Egbo was blown on the mission premises, and the people were forbidden to attend on the means of instruction, Ene invited me to hold my meetings in his house as usual, and was exceedingly anxious that his children should attend school.

"I scarcely know what to say of him in regard to the most important of all matters. For fifteen or sixteen years the name of God has been preached in his house each Sabbath morning. He was attentive to what was said, and frequently put questions regarding the theme of discourse. Frequently he seemed deeply impressed with the truths of the Gospel, and sometimes spoke of them with a good deal of fervour. Sometimes I thought, surely he has grasped the grand truth now, but alas! I was soon constrained to feel—he is the old man still."

In the end of 1867, an atrocious outrage was perpetrated by King Archibong. The son of an influential woman in one of the Adiabo villages died from the effects of wounds

received in a fray, and she demanded the life of the person who had inflicted them. The matter came before King Archibong, and he decided that as there was no intent to murder, her demand could not be granted. Not satisfied with this decision, she hired a man to shoot a brother of the one whose life she demanded. Hearing of this, the king was infuriated, and sent to the village requiring that the woman be given up. This was not done, possibly from lack of power on the part of the villagers, and Duke Town, in concert with the old time party in Creek Town, doomed the village to destruction. They attacked it and killed all they found, except a few brought down to be slaughtered at Duke Town. Mr. Anderson, when he heard of the work of death going on, pleaded with the king to stay his hand, but in vain; whereupon he asked our countrymen in the river to join him in the endeavour to rescue the prisoners still alive. They readily responded to his request, and went in a body to the king and remonstrated with him. He became quite excited, saying he would kill them all, and would demand that those of the villagers who had escaped the massacre and fled to other places should be given up, and make war on those who did not comply with his demand. "Then when I catch them all, suppose it be man, I kill him; suppose it be little child, I kill him." They then made a search for the prisoners to deliver them by force, and a number were rescued and taken on board the ships. One old woman was chained so that it was only by cutting the post to which her chain was attached that she could be delivered; and she was taken off, chain and all. "The blood of our friends being fairly up," says Mr. Anderson, "they resolved on going to the king and having another talk with him. They roused him up at midnight, and, I am informed, gave him such a lecture as he never heard in all his life before. They did not leave

him till he promised that there should be no more killing of women and children. The king was forced to deliver over six of his prisoners, who were sent over to Fernando Po; and Consul Livingstone, brother of the great traveller, having come at the requisition of the Europeans, inflicted a fine on the king." So far the king had promised, and perhaps kept his promise, but the murder of his prisoners still went on, for we find in Mr. Anderson's journal three entries:—"Monday. Hear that nine prisoners have been butchered to-day, and that fifteen are to be killed to-night. Tuesday. Hear certain information of the killing of only two last night. Wednesday. More killing during the night." Such revenge was taken by the bloodthirsty king for slighting his authority.

In this year King Eyo V. died at his farm near Ikunetu. He had a good knowledge of Scripture, and attended regularly on Sabbath service, but never made a profession of the truth. His death caused no excitement; everything in the town moved on as usual,—a great change from former times.

In September a war broke out with the Okoyong tribe. A quarrel took place at Ikunetu market between Ikunetu people and others from Okoyong, in which recourse was had to firearms, and three men were killed. Since this occurrence, Ikunetu and this tribe carried on their war in the usual savage manner, seizing and beheading people of the opposite party who fell in their way. Duke Town interfered and burned an Okoyong farm, and Creek Town was eventually involved in the quarrel,—the Creek Town territory lining with Okoyong. Causes of quarrel have been accumulating between the two tribes. The present outbreak seems to have arisen from an act of aggression at the market by a bold, bad man of Ikunetu, who got his death at the first onset of the belligerents. At

a meeting held at King Archibong's instance, of Duke and Creek Towns, it was resolved to reduce Okoyong to a dependency of Calabar, and so get rid of the continual annoyance arising from the proximity of this fierce, untamed people.

In the field a number of Creek Town people, when an attack of the enemy's position was arranged for Sabbath, refused to join in it; others, encouraged by a juju man, who made medicine to secure victory, went forward. They were repulsed, with the loss of the juju man and a small cannon. Hearing that Ibok Eyo, who will no doubt succeed to the vacant throne, was going to the seat of war to head the Creek Town contingent, I called on him to urge him to depart from the old custom of killing prisoners to secure heads, and he consented to do so.

Having gradually beat back the Okoyong people to an eminence where they encamped, it was resolved to make a united attack on their stronghold. Before they set out, the headmen observed their wonted rites to secure victory. Ensa Okoho, now King Eyo VII., who was the only member of the church present who could speak to them as an equal, remonstrated with them. They replied it was a custom of old observance; to which he answered that now they knew better, and God would not wink at such things. On their declining to lay aside their superstitious rites, he said he could not go forward with them. He then addressed himself to those in the ranks busy preparing for the attack by anointing themselves with war medicine to make themselves invulnerable, and endeavoured to make them see their folly. He asked why the juju man did not go to the fight himself. He would remain in the camp, they replied, to make juju to give them victory. So they went forward, but ere long returned in hot flight, broken and discomfited.

Having met with this reverse, a council of war was held to determine on what was next to be done. It was agreed to proceed cautiously and orderly, so as not to be surprised by an attack in the rear as they had been; to clear the bush as they advanced to the Okoyong position, and possibly they might submit when they found themselves exposed. If not, they must renew the assault. The two small adjacent tribes, Odut and Uwet, were invited to act as auxiliaries, and Duke Town, with Ikorofiong, was to advance from Ikunetu, while Creek Town was to make approach from the other side.

Mr. Anderson writes: "The Eyamba family with their retainers, and Henshaw Duke with his, all in full war equipment, came up in the evening to hold a meeting for special prayer ere they should embark in their canoes for the seat of war. All seemed solemnized. Upwards of one hundred musketeers were present."

The scheme agreed on was successful. The Okoyong people surrendered at discretion to the Duke Town warriors, who had not fired a shot, but gave only three days' labour in cutting bush, while they devoured everything eatable which the friends of Ikunetu possessed, that village being their base of operation. Duke Town then withdrew, leaving Creek Town and the other to carry on the war. They cut their way up to the Okoyong position, skirmishing each day to make good their advance, and Okoyong surrendered to Creek Town also. That peace might be properly secured, the Okoyong people wished to bury a man alive, invoking his spirit to visit with all evil the party who should violate the treaty,—a practice with which Creek Town would have nothing to do; and so the peace is not properly secured till now.

In their mode of warfare there is not so much loss of

life which the preparation for and prolongation of the contest might lead one to suppose. It is calculated that Creek Town, which bore the brunt of the fight, lost a hundred men, some of whom were connected with the church. Several prisoners were beheaded by Calabar, but those in any degree under the power of the Gospel protected their prisoners. The Okoyong people carried on the contest in their usual savage way, and to secure that Calabar did not get any of the heads of those who fell in the field, their women followed the combatants, and with a lasso secured the dead or wounded and drew them off. In surrendering at discretion, the deputy of the defeated party presents himself with a string of *imfang* round his neck, the fruit of a species of amomum, like that known in trade as Guinea grains; and by so doing he confesses that those whom he represents are reduced to subsist on such, that is, are at the point of starvation, or can hold out no longer.

Mr. Anderson thus notes the return of the Duke Town forces:—"Our Duke Town warriors returned this morning, after a campaign of three weeks' duration, from the seat of war. In so far as I have been able to learn, the expedition has been bloodless, except among fowls and goats. Most of the young men are utterly ashamed of the whole affair, and beg me to be silent when I begin to congratulate them on their prowess in war, and on their safe return from the scene of conflict. There were weeks of preparation of arms and ammunition; weeks of sponging the European traders for the commissariat department; weeks of apprehension on the part of many that their skulls might ere long ornament the juju place in Okoyong; prayers for protection offered both to the Lord and to Baalim; the grand muster of army and navy; the sad farewell,—and all for what? for the clearance of a few acres of bush. And

yet the question will present itself, Could the war have had a more satisfactory termination? I feel it a matter of great thankfulness that the result is just as it is. From the manifest feeling of the young men, there is no danger as yet of Archibong being worshipped as a hero."

In June 1870 we were called to lament the death of the Rev. W. Timson at Ikunetu, which station he entered when Mr. Thomson, on account of failure of health, retired from the mission. We had not heard of his sickness. He took to bed on Wednesday, and on Friday he died; his wife being alone with him. His disease prevented a death-bed testimony, but none was needed. He had just entered a new house which he had got erected, when he was called to occupy the "house not made by hands."

August saw the departure of another of our fellow-labourers, Mr. David Lewis. He joined the mission in 1865 as printer and teacher, giving his labour chiefly to Duke Town, and latterly removed to Old Town. He busied himself much to get the house there in order, expecting his wife and child to join him in his Calabar life, and very likely overwrought himself. He came up to be a few days with Mr. Edgerley at Creek Town to recruit, feeling very unwell, and one day he came up and laid himself down on a sofa in my study, from which he never rose. He did not anticipate death, but, looking at it as the alternative issue of his sickness, he contemplated it without fear or doubt. He was of a disposition lively and energetic, and having pursued studies for the ministry for some time under the presbytery, it was contemplated to ordain him to seek a new station up the Qua river.

Mrs. Lewis arrived to find her husband in his grave,—a sad reversion of her joyful anticipation of welcome and a life with him in Calabar.

The mission lost this year another warm-hearted and

helpful friend in Dr. W. Fergusson of Liverpool. From the time that the mission was projected he took a lively and active interest in getting it planted on the African coast, and when it was located in Calabar his time and strength were given to promote its success. No ships then coming to the river took passengers or goods for freight, as formerly stated; the doctor kept himself informed of the ships sent out by merchants, to solicit room for our goods and passages for the missionaries. In this labour he made the affairs of the Calabar Mission his own, and all the agents he treated as personal friends. The first friendly face we saw when returning on furlough was that of Dr. Fergusson, and the last as we left on our return. When unable any longer in his advancing age to take the toil and trouble of these arrangements, he got an able assistant and successor in the late Mr. William Christie. Both are gone to receive the welcome of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The year did not close without further loss to the mission, in the death of the Rev. John Granger. He was given to the heathen from his mother's womb, and on completing his studies for the ministry and receiving ordination, he chose Calabar as the field of his duty. The few months he was spared to labour at Duke Town he did so with much acceptance, and on Mr. Timson's death he succeeded him in charge of Ikunetu. His death was unexpected by his brethren, and though not permitted length of service, his consecration of himself crowned him before the throne.

In 1871 we had another contest against old custom, similar to that we had formerly in Eyo IV.'s time, in defence of the right of the female population to assume a covering when coming to the church. Now it was to secure the liberty of the town to twin-mothers. The entrance of twin-children into the town had been con-

nived at by his predecessor, but the twin-mothers were still excluded; and when one of this despised class was received into church-fellowship, we advised her to take the liberty denied by custom, and attend on Divine service with us. Immediately opposition was excited, and a proclamation made, forbidding twins and twin-mothers to enter the town. Another of the Eyo brothers had become Eyo VI., and we urged him to withdraw this decree. He yielded with regard to the children, but refused to permit their mothers equal privilege, and to get rid of our importunity said that he could not of himself withdraw the prohibition. The headmen of Creek Town, he said, wished to put themselves under Ndem Efik, the tutelary deity of the country, and that Ndem Efik would not permit their old usages to be put aside. The king had expressed his willingness to yield so far as to permit the women to attend Divine service, but when Duke Town heard of this it threatened to break off connection with Creek Town if such a thing were permitted. The twin-mother who had been baptized took courage and came into the town to take her place at the Lord's table, on which the king intimated to her that she had incurred the penalty of breach of Egbo law. It was said that he had sent a message to the bloodmen of the Eyo clan and to King Archibong, informing them of the crime committed; but neither moved in the matter. Shortly after, a meeting of the Eyo clan was held to settle a palaver about another question, and the king took the opportunity of bringing up the case of the twin-mother, stating that she had incurred the penalty of death, if unable to pay a ransom price, and that this ransom was now due from them, she being one of them. They received this intimation in silence, as if they heard it not, thus showing their disapproval of his procedure. Thus the matter ended, and

the freedom of the town was secured for those banished women, and the twin-mothers' village began to disappear.

On the 9th of August this year we deposited the remains of George Ashworth beside those of Mr. Lewis, for whom we performed the like sad duty on the 9th of August last year. Mr. Ashworth discharged the duty of teacher of Creek Town school for three years very acceptably. His death took us by surprise. He was not confined to bed, and was absent from school only one day. When feeling the hand of death upon him, his last words were, "We have a great Saviour—Blessed Jesus!"

Continual watchfulness was required to prevent relapse into the old custom of blood-shedding. King Archibong fell sick, and a proclamation was made, that whoever was causing the sickness must desist. To make sure that the proclamation would be attended to, on the following day, Mr. Anderson says, the king sent portions of his clothes to his brother Edem for distribution among the various families of the town, that the juju men connected with these families might, by their art, discover the guilty party. This was done, and incriminated one of the king's female domestics. On the king being informed of this, he became furious; declared it could be none of his own people, and named several of the leading people of the town whom he suspected of the crime. The bloodmen connected with him poured into the town, whose ingress indicated a renewal of the atrocities committed at the death of the late king, and Mr. Anderson wrote to the chiefs reminding them of the treaty made with Consul Becroft, in which they pledged themselves that the bloodmen should not be called into the town. He received the reply that they had come of their own accord, and would be prevented doing any harm. He, however, thought it well to appeal again for help to the Europeans, who at once intimated to the

king that they would stop trade until the bloodmen left the town. The king was indignant, but had to yield, and public intimation was forthwith made, that no bloodmen were to come from their farms, that those in the town were to withdraw, and the individual who is inflicting sickness on the king must desist.

At the same time Eyo VI. of Creek Town was suffering at his farm from a sickness which proved fatal. Being as fully in the belief of all the superstitions of the country as King Archibong, the juju man, on being consulted, pointed out one Basi, a companion of the king, as causing the sickness by *ifot*. Last week a hen's egg was found in Basi's nightcap, which occurrence alarmed the king, and he sent the egg into the town with the message that the heads of the town were to find out whether this was not the charm which was killing him. They met to determine this grave question, and one of them, to banter the king out of his folly, suggested the answer that there could be nothing in the egg but a chicken, if it was hatched. These dark superstitions keep those who have faith in them in a terrible bondage, rob life of its enjoyment, and deepen the gloom beclouding the days of languishing disease and waning life.

Two weeks after, when preparing to go to the Sabbath afternoon service, a young man ran up to inform me that some people were going to hang a woman for causing the king's sickness. No one had been put to death amongst us for *ifot* for a good many years, and if such a thing were attempted now, I concluded that the town was not aware of it, nor possibly the king; but some might take it upon them to execute the woman, thinking thereby to please him by showing zeal on his behalf. I hurried out, and on reaching the bush market, where executions take place, found that they with their victim had passed through it on

the road to the farms. I followed, and soon reached the party, but the lads who were with me had already rescued the intended victim. I took her into the mission premises, and asked those in power in the town to see to the case.

On Monday afternoon a messenger came to inform me that the heads of the town, and the king's people, who had come in from the farm, were met to judge of the accusation against Basi, and wished his attendance. Basi had taken refuge in the mission-house, and refused to appear before them unless I accompanied him. I accordingly went with him, Mr. George Thomson,[1] who happened to be with me at the time, accompanying us. When we entered the king's yard, where we were informed Basi was to be judged, to our surprise we found it filled by a troop of armed men, indicating on the part of the king something different from a fair trial. I stated what I had done. The king's reply was, that though they had pledged themselves to abandon human sacrifice, they had come under no pledge to give up the use of *esere* in order to detect *ifot*, so the town must demand Basi from me and send him to the farm to undergo the ordeal there. I replied that the king was correct in saying that Calabar had come under no pledge to abandon the ordeal, but that from the first, as the king knew, we had endeavoured to prevail with them to do so, knowing that *ifot* did not exist, and that we could not give up any

[1] Mr. Thomson, a Glasgow architect, with a devoted benevolence of which we have few examples, withdrew from business that he might give himself to aid the missions on the West African coast. The sickness so frequently prevailing amongst them led him to attempt the erection of a sanatorium on the Kameroons mountain, where, at a genial temperature, the sick might recover strength for duty, a voyage to Europe avoided, and life preserved. He found the attempt beyond his unaided effort, and died at Victoria, as truly a martyr in the cause of Africa as the missionaries whose deaths I have recorded. An interesting memoir of his life we have from his nephew, Mr. John Thomson of Stirling.

one to be subjected to it. Basi himself had all faith in the *esere*, and was quite willing to appeal to it, but his belief was that the king was resolved on his death, and had no intention of abiding by the result of the ordeal. The trial was deferred till the arrival of some people of Udu, Basi's tribe, and I promised to bring Basi before them, when the case should again be taken up. Mr. Thomson and I then withdrew with Basi, but the troop of armed men opposed us, showing that they had come to secure Basi, and make him a victim to the king's suspicions. On seeing their purpose, Mr. Thomson and I laid hold on Basi, and endeavoured to push our way with him on to the mission premises, but they would have got him out of our hands had not our friends from the mission-houses come to our help. Failing to secure Basi, the king put one of his wives to death.

In the beginning of 1872, the mission took another step in advance, in the ordination of Esien Esien Ukpabio to the ministry. He was the first convert baptized, and the first native teacher, and on the 9th of April we had the pleasure of ordaining him as the first native minister. The interesting ceremony was performed on the day kept as the anniversary of the entrance of the mission, and drew a good number of friends from Duke Town. Mr. Ukpabio, by his long-tried and consistent conduct as a Christian, secured the respect of those without as well as those within the church, by his ability in discharging his duties as native agent. The educational training he got placed him as far in advance of those whom he will instruct in the word of life, as a minister in Scotland is in advance of his hearers.

In August died Archibong II. In reference to this, Mr. Anderson states: "From all I hear, I conclude that he died without God and without hope. I visited him Saturday after Saturday for many years, but he avoided as much as

possible anything like attention to the truths of the Gospel. Four Saturdays bygone I have not been permitted to see him. His brother Edem, now blind, will probably be his successor, but I do not anticipate that the change will affect the operations of the mission."

Another death occurred at that time, that of David King, chief of Ikorofiong. He was the first man baptized at Duke Town, and appeared "to run well" for a few years, but fell away, alas! how sadly. In company with the Rev. Dugald Campbell, who with his wife had joined the mission in August, Mr. Anderson visited David when his end was near, and endeavoured to awaken his conscience to make renewed application to the blood which cleanseth from all sin, but found no response.

From a severe and prolonged sickness I was raised up, and in 1873 sought restoration to health in a visit to Scotland. While there I received from Mr. Edgerley the following account of the death of Miss Euphemia Johnstone:—

"On Wednesday, 21st May, she said she did not feel well, and on Friday she sent for me, as she felt worse. 'I had once an attack of bronchitis,' she said, 'and this is a return of the disease, but it is not so much bronchitis as a call.' 'Where are you going?' 'A call home, of course. My work is done.' The day before, finding her lying dressed on her bed, she remarked, 'I am only taking a rest, but I have been thinking that it is time for me to go home. I can be of little use now, and besides, this is a good time for me to go, because the new friends are coming, and one of them can take my place without any trouble.' Thinking she referred to a former conversation about retiring, I said, 'Let the new ones come, and others after them. Take a trip to Gaboon, but don't think of forsaking us.' She replied, 'Indeed, I'll not go to Gaboon or anywhere else, I'll just go home.' The school and other matters taking up

my time, and hearing that she was so far recovered as to be able to sit up in her room for an hour or two, I did not go up till after school on Thursday, 29th. I found her sitting up in bed, free from pain, and looking much better. I expressed my pleasure at finding that she was not to go home yet; to which she replied that she was in the Lord's hands, and willing either to go or stay."

On Friday, erysipelas of the face appeared, and ran on to a fatal issue. "On Tuesday," adds Mr. Edgerley, "when sitting alone with her, she suddenly said, 'You must stop any more working with me; I am not able for any more.' I replied, 'Strong evils require strong measures. All this is done to save you.' She replied, 'If it pleases you, go on, but you may as well stop, for I am going home; I know it. Don't try to stop me.' 'But,' I said, 'we don't know that you are going home yet, and as long as we have you we shall try to keep you.'" On Wednesday, the 4th, she was worse, and kept repeating, "The Lord, long-suffering and gracious. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

Eyo Okun, a companion of Eyo III., whom the Eyo clan had recognised as head, rather than the several kings who succeeded, was at this time very sick, and had on Monday been taken on board one of the ships for convenience of medical attendance, where he died. Mr. Edgerley was called to use his influence to preserve peace in the town, for some of Eyo's people were "threatening death right and left." "I was forced to leave the room," writes Mr. Edgerley, "where now they saw Miss Johnstone was really going home. Half an hour afterwards word was brought to me that she had ceased to breathe. I went into the room at once, and found 'the spirit had gone home.' We buried her, after the usual service in the schoolroom. In spite of the bad weather, and the disturbance in the town, there was a large turn-out of Europeans and natives. Her

day closed in perfect peace, but around her were social and elemental disturbances. The mission has met with a very heavy loss. I fear many days will pass before we find the like of Miss Johnstone amongst us."

Our sister whose departure is thus related was a native of Glasgow, and joined Duke Street congregation while it was under the joint ministry of Drs. Muter and M'Gill. She spent several years in the West Indies in connection with the Mico schools, and latterly took charge of the industrial school which Mr. Watson instituted on accepting the ministry of our Kingston congregation. In 1855 she joined the Calabar Mission, and has thus been permitted a long period of service. For two or three years bypast, from failing health, she has not been able to attend to her duties in a manner satisfactory to herself, and she thought of resigning. Now she got her dismissal in the way of her own choice, from the hand of the Master, in the field, and in the midst of her work. "We find our numbers reduced," writes Dr. Robb, "by the removal of our sister, Miss Johnstone. Mrs. Fuller (her nurse), who came with me from Jamaica, told me that during her painful illness our sister was kept in perfect peace, her mind dwelling with joy on the 103rd Psalm. Had she not been there to see, Mrs. Fuller says, she could not have believed that the people could show so much grief on her loss. It reminded her of the day when the news of Father Jameson's death reached Goshen. It was not Rachel weeping for the children, but the children weeping for Rachel. Miss Johnstone's devotion and zeal and self-forgetfulness were beyond praise, and worthy of our imitation. She is sure of her full share of the harvest joy, when the kingdom of God conquers here."

While a weary labourer was thus called to her rest, a company of seven arrived in the mission on the 9th of

August. They were Dr. Robb, Mrs. Sutherland, and Mrs. Timson, returned from furlough, with Mr. and Mrs. Beedie, Mr. Thomas Campbell, and Mr. Alexander Morton, who now entered the service.

Of this company, one, Mrs. Timson, was not permitted to resume duty. Mr. Anderson, with whom she was associated the greater part of her time of service, thus speaks of her in a discourse improving her death :—" I have been led to the selection of this text (1 Cor. xv. 26) on account of the departure of our gentle and amiable sister, Mrs. Timson. Upwards of eighteen years have passed since her first arrival here. She devoted to the service of the Redeemer the bloom of her youth. Her unassuming piety, her prayerfulness, and her attachment to her Bible, with her simplicity of character—for she was 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile'—secured our highest admiration. Only six weeks have passed since her last arrival here. Owing to circumstances over which she had no control, she had not yet fully entered on her work. After an illness of eight days, she was sent for by the Master. The nature of her fever prevented her from giving anything like a death-bed testimony, but no such testimony was needed. The last time I saw her in a state of consciousness, she grasped my hand warmly, and uttered only one word, 'Pray.' When next I saw her, she was in the swellings of Jordan, and to all appearances beyond the reach of human aid. Doubtless One was there speaking peace to her soul, and saying to her, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.'"

While I was absent in 1874, and Mr. Edgerley in charge of Creek Town congregation, the present king, Eyo Honesty VII., was elected to the headship. Mr. Edgerley thus narrates the event :—" On the death of Eyo VI., the people looked to Ensa Okoho as his successor, but there were three

influential chiefs, forming a triumvirate, who held the power of the town, to which they had no right, resolved that Ensa should not be king, lest 'he sell the country to God's white men.' Ensa took the matter very quietly, following the advice, 'Do not trouble yourself. If God wants you to be king, He will clear the way for you.' Not long after, two of the chiefs were laid in the grave, and the other showed himself so incapable that the people insisted on Ensa becoming king. An incident happened at the time that much favoured him. A dispute sprang up between Duke and Henshaw Towns on one side and Creek Town on the other. Some difficulty was felt in selecting a judge, and at length Ensa was chosen. His conduct in the matter gained him great praise, and won him many friends. When invited to become king, he laid two conditions before the chiefs. First, that the king govern and the people submit to be governed by the will of God, so far as that will is made known in the Bible, and that there shall be no religious intolerance. Second, that he be not king of a party, but that all connected with Creek Town submit to him undividedly. These conditions, after being well discussed, were accepted, written out in English and Efik, and signed in the church, where the king-making took place, by king and chiefs. The British consul, who was present, put the crown on the king's head. Prayer was offered for king and people, and the king then addressed his subjects, inviting them to aid him in doing good. Lastly, the mission, hoping that God's blessing would continue on its labours, and urging that each member of it cease not day nor night to win sinners from sin to Christ." "A unique address, I should think," adds Mr. Edgerley, "from a new-made king." Unique truly it is, and the ceremony was altogether a remarkable king-making.

In July I returned from Scotland to resume duty at

Creek Town. A new agent accompanied me, Miss Mary Johnstone, who was associated with her sister, whose death is recorded above, in the school in Kingston. She returned to Scotland, and passed through the curriculum of the Free Church Normal School, Glasgow; after which qualification she taught a school in Kilmaurs and Kilmarnock, and on the death of her sister was accepted to fill her place in the mission.

In the middle of the following year, Dr. Robb, after a long period of devoted service, retired from the mission. His strength was so much debilitated by repeated attacks of fever that his brethren urged this step upon him, painful as it was; but his books in the Efik language, especially his translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, remain to carry on his work in the mission. Jamaica now enjoys the service of the latter part of his life as it did of the first; and having quite recovered health in charge of the Kingston Academy, he labours now in training a ministry for the Jamaica churches and also for Calabar.

At this time (June 1875) our community at Creek Town was thrown into commotion by the sudden departure of the king. A large party of those who had urged him to accept the headship, and pledged themselves to submit to his rule, had not proved faithful to their engagement, but acted without regard to him, so that he found himself unable to discharge the duties of his office, and he came to the resolution to form a new town on the side of the river opposite to Duke Town, to which all inclined to follow him might migrate. This movement scattered the people; and as it would prove very injurious to the work of the mission, the members of the church, and also those who had not proved true to him, renewed their pledge of allegiance, and eventually prevailed on him to return.

In September war broke out between Duke and Henshaw

Towns. The king of the former, Archibong III., an old blind man, had little influence in the affairs of the country; and the heads of Henshaw Town, on the other side of the mission hill, judged that this would be an opportune time for claiming an equal standing with Duke Town and making a king of their own. The attempt was folly, so long as Duke Town was not consenting, and it soon crushed the pride which led to this step. The mission station lies between the two towns, and so was in the midst of the fight; but Henshaw Town soon saw that its contention was hopeless; and James Henshaw, who had taken the kingly title, sought refuge on board a ship in the river. Our countrymen then negotiated terms of peace with the victorious party, and six hours were given to the people of Henshaw Town to remove what property they could in that time. The town was then to be given to the flames. This was accordingly carried out, and the town, as before, was to remain a suburb of Duke Town, its population of both towns in all respects having equal privileges.

Shortly after the termination of this civil war, which originated, as most wars do, in pride and folly, we had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Edgerley returning from Scotland, and with them the Rev. A. Ross and his wife, additions to our mission staff. Mr. Ross, who was formerly minister of the United Presbyterian congregation in the island of Lismore, resigned his duty there and joined the mission.

The arrival of Mr. Ross enabled Mr. Anderson to pay a visit home, and while there, at the request of the Mission Board, he took a voyage to Jamaica, and visited the churches of that mission in the closing months of 1876 and beginning of 1877. He was received with all gladness; those among whom his personal ministry had been formerly spent especially rejoicing to see him once more. Through-

out the various congregations of the mission, and beyond these, crowds gathered to hear his account of the wondrous things in Calabar, and his eloquent pleading in the cause of Christ's work among the dark tribes of Africa. This made his visit very gratifying to himself, and did much to revive a missionary spirit throughout the island.

Mr. Anderson thus concludes the account of his tour:— "I cannot speak in too high terms of the kindness and hospitality of all our mission families. I have formed many new and valuable friendships; have left praying friends at, I believe, every place I have visited; and I trust it will be found that my visits have done some little good. But I dare not speak of results. It will indeed cheer me in yon distant land, over by the way of the rising sun, if I learn there that my labours here have not been in vain in the Lord. In a short time I must again bid adieu to this lovely and beloved land. For a while, during life's early prime, I was privileged to enjoy its beauties; and now again, when in the sear and yellow leaf, I meet with the same indulgence of our bountiful Father. In this I think I can almost say that my last earthly wish has been gratified. It only remains that I prepare for the fairer scenes of Immanuel's land, and do what I can to lead others to join me in pilgrimage to the bright city."

Consul Hopkins, who was appointed to his office on the death of Consul Livingstone, visited Calabar in 1878; and, following the instructions of Lord Salisbury, to do what he could to put an end to the murderous customs of the country, he drew up a treaty which he prevailed upon the king and chiefs of Duke Town to accept, pledging themselves to prohibit the practice of twin-murder, of the use of *esere* as an ordeal, and to give twin mothers and children the freedom of the town equally with others. The stipulation had been long acted on by the Creek Town com-

munity, but resisted by Duke Town until now, when the demand of the consul secured compliance.

Towards the end of the year, Mr. Morton returned from furlough, bringing a wife with him, a daughter of the late Mr. Timson, born in Calabar. We hoped for them a long period of successful duty, but death parted them in the beginning of the following year. Mr. Morton then fell asleep in Jesus, and Mrs. Morton returned to Scotland. He took charge latterly at Old Town, and soon felt the pressure of his labours; but though seeming to feel a presentiment of his approaching end, he did not slacken them. It was their purpose to begin the new year by devotional exercises, but he was unable to join in the hymn. Mr. Morton repeated the Second Paraphrase and the Twenty-third Psalm. At the fourth verse, he said, "Do you know, my dear, I feel strangely still and peaceful to-night. I feel I am just in the Lord's hands; but let us pray." Having done so, he said to his wife, "I trust, my love, that you can say with regard to everything, 'Thy will be done.'" Assured of this, he felt much comforted. "On New Year's Day," says Mr. Anderson, "when allusion was made to the short period of married life which he had enjoyed, he remarked, 'I see that our Saviour is wishing to draw us nearer to heaven.' As the dread change appeared, Mrs. Morton repeated to him Psalm xlvi. 1. 'Yes, my beloved, there lies the secret. We are in the Lord's hands.' These were the last words she heard from him. In death, as in life, he was calm and peaceful."

In May, Archibong III. died. Mr. Anderson remarks: "He and I got on very comfortably together. I found him always ready to listen to reason, and anxious to oblige. He has been long ailing, but so long as he was able he attended the Sabbath service conducted in his yard. He attended to all that was preached in his hearing, but never

seemed to awake to its importance. I shall ever gratefully remember him as the abolisher of Sabbath markets in the territory of Duke Town. Everything is quiet. Trade and work are being carried on as usual."

The iron church at Creek Town had become too small for the accommodation of the audiences, and it was resolved to build a new one. The people contributed six hundred pounds, and the Mission Board lent four hundred, at the same time kindly giving in addition the same amount as a gift. The debt was soon paid off, and the congregation assumed the donation as a debt, so that the whole expenditure might be borne by themselves. It was erected with a small belfry and public clock, and was opened in July 1879. Mr. Edgerley thus describes the ceremony:—"Saturday last was a day of great rejoicing here; flags were flying and guns were fired in the early morning by the king, to intimate to all that it was a day of glad tidings. At ten o'clock the new church bell rang out calling all to enter. The rain poured in torrents; but notwithstanding the church was filled, even crowded, and many were obliged to go away. It was a pleasant sight to see. There were hearers from all the other towns, almost all dressed in European garments. Indeed, the tendency at present is to err on the side of display;—hats with ever so much gathered on them of feathers and flowers of every hue. True, it is still the day of small things; but to those who remember the former days of darkness, and witness the happy faces of these people, their joy over and pleasure in the new church, their determination that they will yet pay back to their friends in the 'white man's country' the money so kindly lent them, one cannot help saying, 'What hath God wrought!'"

The afternoon of this gala day was occupied by the ordination service of the Rev. Asuqua Ekanem, who has

proved an efficient minister in Ikunetu, where he has been in charge for several years. This added a second native minister to our list. The service was presided over by the first, the Rev. E. E. Ukpabio.

In 1881 the mission lost one of its most active agents in the death of Mrs. Sutherland, who entered into her rest on the 19th of October. She joined the mission in 1853, and the long period of service granted her was faithfully occupied at various stations. "She has ever been earnest and energetic," says Mr. Anderson, speaking of her work at Duke Town, "in discharge of her duties, whether in school or zenana work, among the females around us. She aided nobly in fighting the battle for the native women, when they were prohibited from wearing clothing, and for the twin-mothers, when they were not only shut out from social intercourse with others, but debarred access to sanctuary privileges. The last part of her life was given to Duke Town. She had there an opportunity of cultivating intercourse with young men, who came out to the country as traders, inviting them to her tea-table and to the English service kept up for their benefit, and ever ready to speak a word to them of their higher interests, so apt to be forgot away from home influences and privileges. She made them feel less strangers in a strange land, and engaged their respect and affection, which they showed by erecting to her memory a beautiful pyramidal granite column."[1]

[1] Miss Waddell, Crofthouse, Whitburn, produced an interesting memoir of Mrs. Sutherland, written with much affectionate appreciation of her character and work. I have heard it stated that the late Dr. Creighton of Liverpool, when on a visit to the Continent, was asked to see a fellow-countryman, apparently a-dying, lying in the hotel in which he lodged. The doctor placed before him the way of life in Christ. He remarked that this truth he had learned from a lady in the Old Calabar Mission. The doctor could tell him his connection with that mission. "Strange," the

In December the Rev. David Williamson and Rev. David Marshall arrived as a deputation from the denomination on a visit to the mission. It had been resolved that a deputation should visit each of its mission fields, for the encouragement of the agents, and for the information of their constituents. The friends forming the deputation readily agreed to fulfil the behest of the Church, though a visit to the coast of Guinea was accompanied with risk to health as commonly imagined, and as proved fatally true in the case of Mr. Williamson.

That the visit to the Calabar Mission was paid at this time was owing to an unhappy disagreement of Mr. Anderson and Mr. Ross in the conduct of Duke Town congregation, a dispute which the presbytery had to take up, but unhappily failed to settle. Most of the time of the deputies was taken up in examining into this disagreeable matter, and as the result of their investigation they recalled Mr. Ross. He, however, refused to withdraw from the field, and severing himself from connection with the denomination, commenced work on his own account. He built his church a few yards from that of our mission, and the party which followed him had as a purpose to annihilate the congregation from which he had seceded. Mr. Ross' action was supported as a political movement by the leading men, who drew off a large portion of Mr. Anderson's congregation, over whom they had influence. The breach was very much to be lamented. It utterly confused the natives, who inquired if there were two Gods, and, no doubt, greatly retarded the cause of the Gospel in Duke

dying man remarked, "my only knowledge of the way of salvation has been got from members of a denomination of which I had never heard in Britain." This person was a medical man connected with a ship in our river, and he lay suffering from rheumatism, under Mrs. Sutherland's care at Old Town, who embraced the opportunity to teach him the Gospel.

Town. Mr. Ross was a man diligent in duty, and resolute in denouncing any custom or deed of cruelty or oppression, but quite unsuited by temperament for dealing with a rude heathen people. The outcome of his life's work would have been greater had he withdrawn from the mission, and sought a field of duty at home. He failed to get himself recognised by any body carrying on work on the African coast, but after his death a successor was obtained from among the young men attending Dr. Guiness' institution. The division is thus unhappily perpetuated amid a limited population, while vast tracks of the dark continent are without a mission.

The deputies having paid a hurried visit to the principal stations of the mission, left by the steamer in which they came out, on its return from St. Paul de Loanda in January. They left apparently in perfect health, and paid a three-hours' visit to Bonny on their way. All continued well with them till the 25th day of the month, when Mr. Williamson complained of feeling sore all over, and vomited a little bile. He continued ailing, and on Sabbath was not able to take his turn in conducting Divine service on board. From that time he gradually sank, and expired in a comatose state on the morning of Monday the 30th. Mr. Williamson was a man much in the esteem and affection of his brethren, and ready to undertake any duty beyond his own congregational work which he could do for the benefit of the cause of Christ. The missions of the Church claimed his special interest, and he efficiently discharged the duties of Foreign Secretary for a time. A wave of sorrow and disappointment passed over the Churches that their representative had been called away while on the work on which they had sent him, and sorrow for his aged father, who felt the blow deeply. "From our departure from Old Calabar," writes Mr. Marshall, "we

had fine weather and a pleasant voyage. We had completed our general report on the mission, and agreed with each other perfectly on matters which required a special report. We were looking forward to our home-coming, and anticipating the joy of rejoining our friends. We spoke of what we should do to quicken the interest of the Church in the Calabar Mission, and we promised ourselves many a talk in after days about what we had seen and done during our visit. But death came in between and parted us. He went to a better future than we had been picturing, and his comrade was left to pursue his way alone, laden with the tidings which were to bring heaviness of heart to the aged father, to the Queensferry congregation, and to the United Presbyterian Church."

Mrs. Anderson lay on her death-bed when the deputies took their farewell. Her whole life had been spent in mission work, first in Jamaica, of which island she was a native, and afterwards in Calabar. She was possessed of great energy and strength of character, features not often found in the Creole constitution, and has left her mark on Duke Town.

When Mr. Anderson entered the Jamaica Mission, he found her teaching in Carron Hall school under the late Mr. Cowan, and being associated with her in duty, they became mutually attached. In 1848 she accompanied her husband to Calabar, and so has been long spared to spend herself in the Master's work. "I feel strange," Mr. Edgerley writes, "in saying to myself Mrs. Anderson is no more. She has so long been a prominent personage in connection with the field, that I can hardly believe she is no longer one of us. With all her energy, she suffered much for many years from internal ailment, and her continued activity, with pain and disease sapping her strength, shows the vigour of her mind. She has with

indignation made men quail under her reproof for wrong-doing, and she has also robbed herself of rest night after night, tending motherless native infants. A woman said truly of her the other day, 'she has saved many a head being cut off, and many an ear also.' Our countrymen trading in the river affixed a memorial brass to the wall of the church. Many of them had experienced her kindness, and more than one owed their lives to her kind nursing in the mission-houses."

In September 1882 the Rev. Hope G. Clerk joined the mission, and in the following month the Rev. E. Jarrett was added to our staff; they and their wives are natives of Jamaica, and the first offerings of the native Church there of recruits for Africa. At the commencement of the mission it had been hoped that the island would supply the agents for the African Mission, but it has not yet been able to supply a native ministry for itself, and the interest of those among whom the African Mission originated seemed dying out. The arrival of these two brethren gave token of its revival, which has lately manifested itself still more, in the assumption by the Jamaica churches of the support of both. They were trained for the ministry in Dr. Robb's seminary in Kingston. "Having been driven from service in West Africa," writes Dr. Robb, "where my heart still is, by fever, I rejoice that so soon I shall, in a manner, there be represented by, and working through, young and faithful brethren."

In the beginning of 1883 death again entered among us. The Rev. S. H. Edgerley entered on his rest on the 24th of February of that year. He was a native of Jamaica, and when his father went out with Mr. Waddell, he left his son in Scotland to be trained for the mission. Having acquired the ordinary branches of education, he learned the art of printing, and joined the mission in 1856.

Rev. Hugh Goldie

From a Photograph by Messrs T. & R. Annan, Glasgow

Rev. S. H. Edgerley

From a Photograph by Mr J. Gilchrist, Edinburgh

While employed as a teacher, he entered himself as a student for the ministry, completing his studies at the United Presbyterian Divinity Hall, during a residence in Scotland. He gave himself most devotedly to the duties of the mission, and took the foremost part in visiting the surrounding tribes. His kindly manner gave him a ready access to and influence amongst them, and prepared the way for further efforts on their behalf.

During a period of recruiting after a severe sickness, being debarred from public speaking, he acquired a knowledge of medicine, which he turned to good account when able to resume duty in Calabar. For several years, in addition to other engagements, he directed the studies of the native agents in their annual class. His lectures delivered to them on the two Epistles to the Thessalonians are printed, and prove his qualification for this important duty. In everything he was ready, in all self-denial, to serve others and promote the work of the mission, and in this he no doubt shortened his days. He was long closely associated with me, and most cordially, with all brotherly affection, he gave himself to our joint work. With much satisfaction I looked forward to leaving the whole charge to him when I should be called away. The call came first to him.

He had removed to Duke Town at the call of the deputies, to aid in the work of that station in its disquieted state, and died there. Mrs. Edgerley, in communicating tidings of his death, says:—"He had fever on him when he returned in January from his journey to Atam, but he could not be persuaded to take rest. There seemed so much to be done. He had frequent recurrence of fever during the next three weeks, but on the 19th of February, after a comparatively easy day, he was seized with a severe rigor, after which he was entirely confined to bed. The symptoms were all

unfavourable from the first, but having seen him pass through such an illness before, I hoped on. Everything was against him. He was quite worn out. He did not seem to suffer much pain. He just lay like a tired child, and made no complaint. On Friday he had a very easy night, and looked brighter in the morning. About mid-day he became restless. I tried to believe it was the heat, and that as the evening set in he would be better, but about nine o'clock I saw the shadow pass over his face. There was no struggle, no evidence of pain; he just drew one or two deep breaths, and was at rest. It was indeed a falling asleep." His last word was in the native tongue, *Okure*, "it is finished"—no doubt in reference to his life and his life's labour.

Next day, Sabbath the 27th, the exercises of the morning school being finished with us at Creek Town, the boats containing the remains of our departed brother and the funeral company from Duke Town, came into view. We all went down to receive them, and the native teachers, taking charge of the coffin, carried it into the church. After our funeral service, we deposited it beside that of his father, near the grave of Mr. Jameson. The members of the church in Creek Town and Adiabo have affixed a memorial brass to the wall of Creek Town church.

The children's New Year's gift (1884) to the missions of the Church was again given to Calabar, and provided a small steamer, named the *David Williamson*, in memory of our deceased friend, whose death on his return was so much lamented.

There had been "a scramble" for the African continent for a year or two, Germany, France, and Portugal appropriating various portions of it, by extending a protectorate over their spoil, which meant merely that the places and tribes so protected were held by the appropriating power against

the intrusion of any other. After France had laid hold of Gaboon, a visit was paid to Calabar, as related above, by war vessels of that nation, which alarmed the chiefs, who requested the British protectorate, but it was not then granted. The people of Kameroons had again and again requested annexation to Britain, but neither were their earnest petitions successful. Now that various portions of African territory were being seized by the above-named powers, our Government thought it time to grant what was formerly withheld. The British consul, however, found himself an hour or two too late in regard to Kameroons. The late Dr. Nachtigal, the German commissioner, knowing that our consul was on his way to Kameroons, arrived first in the river and secured it for Germany.

Having been thus behindhand in Kameroons, it was resolved to lose no time in securing the other oil rivers, the traffic of which was almost entirely British. In August, two gunboats came up the river, bringing Consul Hewett with treaties ready for the signature of the chiefs, pledging them to accept the British protectorate. The signatures of those of Creek Town were at once given, the principal of whom would have preferred annexation. The heads of Duke Town also gave their names, with the petty tribes in the neighbourhood, on being assured that their social relations would not be disturbed.

A sanction such as power can give to its acts of spoliation was, by the treaty of Berlin, and by mutual agreement, the territories which each nation had seized were to be recognised as belonging to it. In this arrangement, the coast from Lagos to the Rio del Rey, as far inland as the confluence of the Benué and Niger, and the rapids of the Cross river, were secured to Britain.

The protection meant merely the protection of European traffic, and had no reference to the native populations. In

our quarter, up in the interior, the various tribes are altogether uninfluenced by their change of position, if indeed they are aware of it, and carry on their wars amongst themselves as they were wont to do. In the immediate seat of the consulate at Duke and Creek Towns an attempt is made to induce the chief men to enter upon the beginning of a regular form of government, which, of course, checks the absolute power of each chief over his own people; and as an appeal to the consul is permitted in every case, native rule is being gradually undermined, and until the better system, which it is attempted to establish, is got into good working order, the population of these towns continues in a state of transition.

One great benefit attained by the establishment of the British protectorate, though it did not enter into the design of our Government, is the security of the mission occupying its territory. Spain extinguished the first Protestant Mission established in Fernando Po, and greatly hinders the work of the present one, while France impedes the work of the American Mission in Gaboon. However liberal these Governments may be in tolerating Protestantism at home in the face of Europe, in their foreign possessions they uniformly obey the behests of the Romish priesthood, which serves as a political as well as a religious propaganda.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXTENSION OF THE MISSION—*continued.*

Ikunetu.

When we were able to extend our work beyond the three towns first occupied, Ikunetu, as narrated, was selected as a first step towards the interior. In their descent of the river, as formerly narrated, part of the Efik people got a location on land belonging to the Okoyong tribe, lying on the western branch, about twenty-five miles above Creek Town. The towns nearest the shipping shut out Mbiabo and Adiabo from direct trade with Europeans, so that their traffic was very limited, and they more an agricultural population than those of the larger towns.

Ofiong Inyang, a mild old man, chief of the town, paid frequent visits to Creek Town, and through King Eyo we made arrangements for commencing a station there. A spot selected for a site was cleared. An attack of sickness which I had at the time was attributed by the natives to the displeasure of the sylvan idems which inhabited the bush, on being despoiled of their retreat. A small frame-house was erected, and I took possession in 1856.

When the people gathered into the town during the rains, we had almost the entire population at church and school, and during the dry season we visited them in their farms. It was not a desire for the Gospel which led them to welcome us among them, but the honour of having a

white man resident in their village, and also from a hope that they would benefit in the way of trade. When they found that all our traffic consisted in buying food for our household, and that we sold and bought at the usual market price amongst themselves, they expressed their irritation by "blowing Egbo" on the mission-house; in the now common phrase, they boycotted us to compel us to come to their terms. Our friends down the river, learning of our position, largely supplied us with what we required, and seeing their scheme thus frustrated, the headmen came to the mission-house to make terms for the removal of the ban. They seemed ashamed at the step they had taken, but I did nothing to help them out of it. I left them to get out the best way they could. The Egbo prohibition was immediately withdrawn, and we continued in friendly intercourse as formerly.

On Mr. Waddell's retirement from the mission in 1858, I removed to Duke Town, and Mr. Thomson, formerly teacher at Creek Town, having completed his studies and received ordination, succeeded in charge of the station. In describing what he saw amongst the farms during the dry season, he thus writes:—"All is mirth and activity at the plantations, where the labours of the dry season are now far advanced. The ground to be under cultivation has been cleared and burned. Planting is nearly over, and now their chief business is to pick up their yam vines as they show themselves above ground, lead them to their several supports, and keep them clear of weeds. The prevailing activity is telling most beneficially on the free people, and abundance of food on the slaves. It is no time for sloth. No time for the free people to seek a refuge from *ennui* in the drunkard's dreams. They have plenty now to occupy their minds and to sharpen their appetite for their ordinary fares. Our senior chief, Ofiong,

never looked so well, within my recollection, as he does now. He is not now the shabby, drowsy old man he used to be—shabby in reference to his congenital black suit. His plump, black face literally glitters, and his eyes are clear and bright now, and he walks as a chieftain should. So it is too with the slaves. They have sufficient work, by no means hard, though sometimes hot; and whether they be clearing the ground or digging yam holes, mirth prevails. In the midst of their work they are perfectly free to jabber and laugh to their hearts' content. The master walks to and fro amongst them, bawls out to one, hears a laugh and sees increased motion in reply, gives a word of direction to this one, and must have a 'bit crack' with that other, who deliberately hangs upon his long dibble in the more pleasant occupation of holding his sides at his master's jokes. They pause to rest more frequently than they need do; they pause to listen to the marvellous or ludicrous in each other's stories. They are ever finding cause for short intermissions, and rarely does the penalty pass beyond an explosive reprimand, as sure to be laughed at as it is sure to be stimulating. No slave-driver grinds them here. And then, when evening puts an end to work, and each hand gets his or her two or three yams for to-night and to-morrow morning, what a gathering of sticks for blazing fires! what a glad and noisy exodus! Short time do they take to cook, shorter still to 'chop,' and when sleep, their idol, comes, how deep, how sweet! It reminds me of the little I have seen, and the much I have heard, of harvest-time at home."

On Mr. Thomson leaving on a visit to Scotland, Mr. Timson, teacher at Creek Town, who had also completed his studies when on furlough, and received ordination from the Presbytery of Edinburgh, occupied the station.

The war which broke out in 1868 between Calabar and

Okoyong arose from the strong-handed proceedings of Eniang, the eldest son of Ofiong, a man in disposition the opposite of his father, and was very disastrous to Ikunetu. The town removed to the opposite side of the river, from which the old chief did not return on the re-establishment of peace. He deeply felt his position, and remained in his hut by the river's brink till his death. A coffin was buried with the usual rites in his house in the town, but it was reported that the body was buried in the middle of the river. Ikunetu stills stands in dread of the lawless tribe which occasionally makes inroads into the farms.

Mr. Thomson eventually retired from the mission on account of failure of health, and studied medicine, which he practised at home. Mr. Timson returned to occupy the station till his death. As stated before, Mr. Granger succeeded him, but scarcely had he put his hand to the work, when he was called to lay it down. Ikunetu is now under the charge of the Rev. Asuqua Ekanem, who has attained to influence in the locality, and whose ministry meets with respect from the natives.

Ikorofiong.

This other Mbiabo village was the next place taken up. It stands on Ibibio soil, and the people of that tribe have a large oil market at the place where the Calabar people come to buy, so that, as formerly stated, we had to sign an engagement to the chiefs not to take any part in marketing, before we got their consent to our planting a station there.

I have already related the commencement by Mr. Z. Baillie of the work there, in which he was joined for a short time by his brother John. The latter thus describes his first impressions at the beginning of the work:—"My

work here is yet rather of a desultory character. Not being able to speak the language, I am obliged to put my hand to whatever I can manage. I spend a portion of every day endeavouring to lead the people who come about me through the mysteries of A B C. My classes are sometimes of rather a heterogeneous character, consisting of

Ikorofiong Mission-house.

men and women, boys and girls, which has its disadvantages in rather a peculiar way; for I have several times found that when the young began to beat the old, the old having both legal and executive power, forbade the young, on penalty of a severe thrashing, from coming near us. There are some, however, both old and young, getting on wonderfully. I occasionally also go down to the town with my brother, picking up a word here and there, and using it

whenever I have an opportunity to impress it on my memory. On Saturday afternoon we went down as usual to inform the people that to-morrow is God's day. On passing the native smithy, we went and sat down to observe the proceedings. A number of people collected about it, and while we were talking to them, in an instant every one, smith and bellowsman among the rest, took to their heels, and we were left sole possessors of the establishment. I could not at first understand what was up, but on looking along at the end of the street I observed the Egbo runners making for us as fast as they could. The people, however, were too nimble for them, and they caught nobody. It was the first time I had seen Egbo in Calabar, and it certainly holds a powerful sway over the people. My brother tells me that he has sometimes seen the market-place crowded with people fighting with cutlasses and all sorts of weapons, when Egbo would appear, and in a minute or two not an individual would have been seen.

"On Sabbath forenoon we heard that Egbo was still out, so we feared that we would have a small congregation; but on going round the various yards to collect the people to church, we found in one of them two Ibibio chiefs with their retainers, along with several of the town gentlemen, met to settle some palaver. My brother advised them to leave the palaver in the meantime, and come with him to the church. They good-naturedly did so, so we marched away through the street with an excellent congregation in the rear. When we were met, we presented rather a strange appearance. On my brother's right hand was situated the principal lady of the town in her native dress, that is, with almost no dress at all,—a person weighing at any rate not less than twenty stone. On his right hand were the Ibibio chiefs, with several of the town gentlemen,

and round about were seated their retainers,—earnest, active-looking, and armed to the teeth. In the centre was a fire, beside which sat two prisoners in chains, and in evident expectation of some crumbs falling from such a collection of people, were moving about a number of chickens and a goat. The whole congregation numbered about sixty. It was very pleasing to see the earnestness with which every one seemed to listen to what was said. It was the first time that many of them had heard the Gospel, and they seemed to wonder at the strange things that greeted their ears. We have strangers in our meetings, and often from far distant tribes. Oh that the handful of corn thus scattered on the tops of the mountains may yet bring forth fruit and shake like Lebanon !

"When we were returning from the afternoon service, the rain, which for some time had been very much needed, was pouring very heavily. We saw a little peculiar man coming along evidently in great glee. He informed us that he was the rain doctor, and had just been bringing rain, and that he intended giving us ten days of it. He seemed, however, either to have forgot his promise or to be unable to fulfil it, for we have not had another shower since."

The labour of the Ikorofiong station lies chiefly among the Ibibio villages, in which Mr. Z. Baillie's medical skill made him ever welcome, as the following account shows: —"One morning," says Mr. Baillie, "the Ibibio chief, Ekpenyong, came in with some of his followers, and begged me as a great favour to go and see the son of another chief, a friend of his. My brother accompanied me, and on reaching the town, in the person of Akpan, the chief, I at once recognised an old patient. He told me that his son was very sick, and begged me to see if I could do anything for him. We found him in the last stage of

inflammation of the lungs. After administering some medicine, I came out to the yard where the people were assembled, and, referring to the sick man, spoke to them of that better world where there is no sickness, and no suffering, and no death, and of the way to it through Jesus.

"Next forenoon, seven or eight of Akpan's followers, armed with guns, etc., came to the mission-house, and as I almost expected, reported the death of the lad. They stated that they wished a private audience with me; on acceding to which, addressing me almost in a whisper, they said that when their master was here he had seen some very wonderful glasses (the stereoscope), in which were houses, bullocks, men, etc.; would I just look into them and try and see the person who had caused his son's death? Had it been a native practitioner, he most probably would have named some one who had *ifot* for the deceased, and this would have been a case of trial by *esere*, involving perhaps several lives. I told them that no one had caused the sickness but God, and it would be good for us to fear and serve Him, and to leave off all such delusions about witchcraft, lest He be angry with us, not only in this world, but in the next also.

"I may state that both my brother and myself were greatly pleased with what we saw of the Ibibio country during that day's journey. After passing Ekpenyong's place, the land was almost quite cleared, and we found numbers of large fields of yam, Indian corn, etc., many of them more than twenty acres in extent, and all subdivided by ridges of earth marking out the portions of the different cultivators. When about half-way to our destination we met about a dozen men with a wild boar slung on a stick. They had killed it in the act of digging up their yams, and were bringing it to Ekpenyong as their chief. A consider-

able time ere we saw them we heard them coming nimbly along singing, their song being extemporized for the occasion, and the burden of it being the killing of the boar, and their bravery in doing it.

"At all the places as we came along we endeavoured as we had opportunity to drop some of the seed of Divine truth. May the Great Husbandman water it with the dew of His Spirit! The Lord seems to be opening up a field of usefulness for me amongst these people, and I trust nothing will come in the way to close it."

Mr. Baillie got out a small steamer, which he could manage himself, and by means of it extended his operations. "Besides the ordinary duties of the station," he writes, "I have visited some of the towns lying at some distance from us, and in doing this I have found the little steamer of great use. I spend the night in it very comfortably. A few weeks ago I was away a little missionary tour in it. On the first day I sailed to Itu, a town of considerable importance up the river. I there called the people together and explained to them, as I had done on previous occasions, some of the great truths connected with God and judgment and eternity. They listened attentively, and were very civil to me. After leaving, and while steaming along the river, we met a large canoe containing about thirty people. They hailed us. We stopped, and the canoe came alongside. It turned out to be an Itu gentleman on his way home. I told them where I had been, and what I had been saying to the people, and urged them also to attend to the things of salvation. When I had finished, the gentleman expressed a desire to see the steamer working. He remained on board, and made his people tie the canoe to the stern. I then turned on the steam, and then off went both steamer and canoe, greatly to his astonishment and that of his people. After they left, we called at several

other places on the bank of the river, and in the evening anchored close to one of the Mbiabo villages. Having addressed the people, we went on board for the night. After tea, our little sable crew of two boys were called to worship. I read with them the Twenty-third Psalm, and never did I feel more comfort from its blessed words. I was alone on that African river, but I truly felt that the Lord was my Shepherd, and that goodness and mercy He had been making to pass before me. The lights from numerous villages were seen along the banks of the river, and I could not but earnestly pray for the time when the inhabitants of these scattered villages should be brought to the feet of the Saviour, and when the glad news of salvation shall spread from tribe to tribe, until it fills the whole of this benighted Africa.

"Early next morning we left the steamer and went away inland. After a long walk we came to a cluster of farm villages on the borders of the Ekoi country. Here I found a number of old patients who had been to see me at Ikorofiong, by whom, as well as by the headmen of the place, I was kindly received. Breakfast was cooked for me in the best native style; after partaking of which I asked the headmen to call the people together. We soon had a large congregation, who listened very attentively while I told them of our state before God, and of the way of salvation through a Redeemer. In the afternoon we got back to the steamer, and finding the boy had steam up, at once set sail down the river."

On Mr. Baillie's departure in hope of regaining strength to return to Ikorofiong, which hope was not realized, Mr. Timson entered on the duties of the station, having oversight at the same time of Ikunetu, till relieved of the latter by Mr. Thomson's return. He effected the first rescue of twin-children among the Ibibio people.

Dr. Robb, accompanied by Mr. James Lawson as teacher, now minister at Edenshead, next entered on charge. A native teacher, Esien King Eyo, who was adopted by Hampden congregation, Jamaica, carried on the work very diligently in the absence of principals. Dr. Robb thus speaks of his field of labour in the outlying districts when first visited:—"Do not suppose that the Gospel ravishes those people, or meets a welcome in their heart. Those who see the worst part of the home population sometimes speak of them as worse than the heathen. And so they are in as far as abused privileges make men worse than those who, with the same evil nature, have never had the same light. To preach the Gospel to such a people is a most difficult thing. True, it is not difficult to pour out sentences—European thinking clothed in negro words, but it may be to a great extent an unknown speech. Mr. Spurgeon, after an outburst of fervour which would go to the hearts of hundreds, would be baffled if he saw the negro listener here turning to some of his native assistants and asking, 'What is he saying?' After scattering some little presents, I returned home another way, coming by Ikot Esine and the large village in our own neighbourhood. This day I passed fourteen villages strung on a bush path about twenty-two miles long, and saw more signs of population than I have seen elsewhere. What I hear of Ibibio with what I see, convinces me that it forms a compact field for the extension of the mission. Had we Christian men of the tribe, or even of Efik, to place in the larger villages, they would find plenty of home-born children growing up to manhood, a population living on the spot the whole year round from year to year, speaking a language which, being no more different from Efik than Scotch is from English, they could as easily learn to read our books as children in Scotland learn to read the English Bible.

No new translation is needed for Ibibio. A wider sphere exists for our translation than I before knew.

"It is impossible to form a correct notion of the extent of Ibibio or of the amount of population. But I know there are districts of Ibibio whose produce goes to Bonny. If only God in His providence would show us a suitable new centre, so situated that it would command further Ibibio and Ibo, the occupation of it would be that advance which at present I most desire to see."

Dr. Robb had again to seek a renewal of health by a visit to Scotland, and on his return in the end of August 1873, with Mr. and Mrs. Beedie, who then joined the mission, he found the station in a good and favourable condition. "For a year," he says, "no European lived in the station. Those who had been under our care were left to themselves and to God. I was happy to find that none of those who professed the Gospel, six in number, had committed any scandal, and those who had been taught to read had not gone back. One of the acknowledged native agents was left at the station, and one whom we had baptized before we left. They did as well in the school department as such do when left to themselves. The small-pox, which has been prevalent through this whole region, and which has been exceedingly fatal, has carried off a few of those who were under our care here. When the disease broke out, Miss Johnstone came and stayed among them, and taught them how to vaccinate. When the Ibibios awoke to the virtues of this treatment, demands came for it from many different and distant villages. One of the members of the church exerted himself zealously and vaccinated the villagers in Itam, Uman, Oku, and Oku Obio. He thus visited as a benefactor places whose inhabitants have little intercourse with this district. Many opportunities of well-doing offered

themselves to him. He aided the sick and forsaken, sometimes buried the dead, and fortified the living against the attacks of a disease which is terribly fatal to a people such as those, and he on all occasions spoke the word of God and taught them to pray. Good impressions have thus been made, and a friendly feeling fostered towards our mission, of which I should like us to take every advantage. There is evidence of a growing desire for instruction in Ibibio. The native teacher gives lessons in five villages on the western road. He goes and stays amongst them for a day and night or two. Some of the villages are making places of meeting in which they are assembling with them. He and the others fitted for the work also visit eight villages on the Lord's day to preach the Gospel among them."

In 1875, failure of health obliged Dr. Robb to withdraw from the mission. He found, with renewed health, an important sphere of usefulness in Jamaica, in training a native ministry for that island and for Calabar. On his departure Mr. Beedie succeeded to the sole charge of the station, over which he was ordained in 1878. Among his native assistants was Etim Ofiong, a lad whom Dr. Robb took to Scotland on his last visit. He was kindly taken in hand and instructed by a lady, a member of Broughton Place congregation, Edinburgh, and was baptized by Dr. Thomson, the pastor. He returned to act as a native agent in the mission, and though not in this capacity now, he continues to give his help to the work of evangelizing his fellow-countrymen.

On Mr. Beedie transferring his labours to Duke Town, the charge of Ikorofiong was taken up by Mr. Alexander Cruickshank, who joined the mission in 1881, and was ordained in 1884.

Uwet, a small tribe so called by Calabar people, occupies

a territory above Okoyong, stretching from the one branch of the river where it lessens to a mountain stream, to Umon on the Cross river, which was occupied several years as a mission station. The tribe has nearly annihilated itself, as formerly narrated, by frequent use of *esere*, and the remnant has been scattered by the high-handed dealing of Calabar traders towards them, and partly by the last agent employed in the mission, so that the station has been abandoned. An attempt was made to form a station at Uyanga, in the mountain region above Uwet, but this was frustrated by the failure of the native agent employed there, and we have found no one to succeed him.

Ikotmbo, an Adiabo village, was occupied by the mission for several years, but no fruit appearing, it retired from the place. In the Ekoi tribe Mr. Ukpabio commenced work, but in a short time abandoned it, and withdrew to Adiabo, where his labour is confined almost entirely to people connected with Creek Town.

Ikotana.

A town of the Umon tribe. The founder of the town, Ana by name, was a great friend of Eyo II., and followed him in throwing aside some of the barbarous customs of the country. This led to dispeace and strife with the leading men of the island town, where he then resided, the fetish priesthood resenting any disuse of the old customs. As the result of this Ana withdrew with his people, and built a new town on the borders of Akuna-kuna. *Ikot Ana*, that is, *the people of Ana.*

The station is occupied by the Rev. E. Jarrett, from Dr. Robb's institution, Jamaica. The contest is begun here which we experienced on entering Calabar, and stoutly maintained by Mr. Jarrett with the aid of a native helper,

—a contest that must be encountered whenever the light breaks in upon the darkness. It began by the rescue of the infants of a twin-birth, when Egbo was blown on the mission. Mr. Jarrett, finding all prohibited from attending school and Sabbath service, went into the street of the village and preached, so that all the inmates of the houses, though they dared not show face, could very well hear.

Ungwana.

A station at this place is being now founded by the Rev. J. Gartshore. By this, our next step from Ikotana towards the interior, we make an entrance into a people of Ibo lineage, kindred of those of Afikpo, whom we formerly visited. It is situated in a hill region on the right bank of the river, and will afford a base of operations for occupying the country towards the Benué.

Emumuma or Emooramoora.

This place, which is chosen as our next position, is about to be taken up by the Rev. J. Luke. It is formed of three or four villages joined together lying along the bank of the river, and giving a large population.

A wide continent stretches beyond, open to our occupation. When is it to be occupied? Is it the lack of men at home, or the lack of faith and courage, which allows generation after generation of those dark tribes to perish in their darkness? No lack of courage is shown by those who come to Calabar on mercantile pursuits. Alas! that it should be frequently shown by those who profess to seek a higher object.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPLORATION.

FINDING our time fully occupied with the work of the mission, and restrained on our entrance by the opposition of the Calabar chiefs to our proceeding beyond their territory, our first journeys were taken within that territory, so that we might get acquainted with the locality in which we had found a home. We considered also that our time should be given to the duty on which the Church had sent us, leaving to scientific societies their special work. Thus it is that our exploration has not been extensive; but as this part of Africa is still a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world, I give a brief account of the visits paid to neighbouring tribes.

The Umon tribe on the Cross river and Uwet on the smaller stream were early visited. Into the hill country beyond the latter, Mr. Edgerley, junior, accompanied by friends, made several journeys. He found the people divided into petty tribes, all gradually finding their way to the river, that they might have communication with the world beyond them. All these little communities fail not as often as they can to make known their desire for teachers. Would that the Christian world put forth its strength to gratify such desires of those who wish to emerge from the darkness in which they feel themselves left! Oban is the most considerable town which Mr.

Edgerley found in his journeys in this quarter, in one of which excursions Mrs. Edgerley courageously accompanied him. Mr. Ukpabio then occupied a station in the Ekoi country, and Mr. Edgerley wished to reach Oban by this route. They rested for a night with Mr. Ukpabio, but were assured that they could not reach Oban by that road. Mr. Edgerley, however, went on, and gives this account of his journey:—"We remained over Sabbath with Ukpabio, and on Monday morning we started from Mbarakom (the town where Ukpabio had fixed his station) to go to Oban, all the more determined to make an honest effort to reach it, because we were told that we would not succeed. The guide that had been secured for us did not show face, but a lad offered himself and was accepted. After we had travelled about an hour, we were suddenly brought to an unpleasant halt. A number of people, some with an Egbo drum, came out of a village and wanted to know where we were going. They said something to the guide which frightened him, so he immediately let go the bag he was carrying and disappeared. I told the people that I was not pleased with their interference, and would lay the matter before their chief, from whom I had got the guide. Immediately our interrupters disappeared, and had the guide been present we would have gone on, but the figure he cut in running off showed that there was little hope of seeing him again. I sent off two men to Ukpabio and Eta Okpo, the chief, to let them know what had happened, we waiting by the road-side. By and by a man from a neighbouring house came and begged us to come under the shelter of his roof. I was displeased, and preferred the shade of a tree. But he got Mrs. Edgerley on his side, by convincing her that he had nothing to do with the cause of our halt, and, of course, carried the day. I allowed two hours until a message should reach us from the town, but

long before the time was up the chief himself and Ukpabio appeared. Eta Okpo was angry, and soon had the headmen of the village before him. The tale he got out of the people was, that some young men who had come to the village that morning on Egbo business had stopped us to try and extort money from us, trusting that we would be frightened and pay down at once. On being satisfied that none in the village was to blame, he gave us another guide, and charged him to take his friends to Oban, and if any one asks you questions, say I sent you. Some months afterwards I heard that on reaching town he called up the young men and laid on them a fine that would teach them not to be meddlesome in future.

"Late in the afternoon we reached the Awi district, the chief of which is called Iba. They once had a town near Nsan, but left it two or three years ago, and mean to build anew about five miles from Mbarakom. With Iba there are eight chiefs, all of whom are living at present at their farms. We took up our quarters at Iba's farm as it was the largest. Although only a farm, it looked like a town, with streets and even an Egbo house. About sixty people were at the meetings; the people of the other eight farms were not present. In answer to the question why they did not make one long march forward and then settle permanently, instead of every few years breaking up their towns and building afresh only a day's journey or so in advance, Iba said, 'We cannot take our farms with us, and food is heavy to carry a long journey. So we go forward a little, eat all we can there, and go forward a little more.' A mode of life full of wasted labour, and sure to keep its adopters poor.

"Next morning he did all he could to detain us, but we got away from him at nine o'clock, an hour behind time. Seeing he could not keep us, he forced his son on us, as

he said to help to guide us, but I suspect to be a spy on what we did, gave, and got. Rather than have a rupture with him I took his son, and off we started for the next town, Ekong, which we expected to reach at the latest at 3 P.M. When that hour arrived, we were only crossing the Qua river, at a very pretty romantic part of its course. We had come seventeen miles, and were only two-thirds of our journey. At sunset we were still in the forest, and the town not near. We lit candles and still pressed on, the guide before with a white handkerchief over his back to enable us to see his whereabouts. At seven o'clock the guide said we were off the road, and he did not know the direction in which the town lay. We were not surprised at him losing the road, for even during the daytime we found it sometimes impossible to distinguish the track. But we had no help for it: so we got fires lighted, cleared a place to sit down, and got tea prepared. The prospect was not pleasant. Overhead, a tornado brewing; around, a dark forest; underneath, ground kept damp by the perpetual shade, and not half a mile off evidence of the sports of elephants the night before. The only thing that caused us concern was the approaching tornado. We did not relish the prospect of a drenching, and then remaining wet all night; but Mrs. Edgerley assured us all would come right, because we had done all we could, and a kind Providence would do the rest.

"At the time the guide said he could not distinguish the road, I gave him a candle and told him to examine the ground, hoping that he might fall in with the track. At the same time we fired a shot to attract attention. He soon disappeared in the gloom, and I had begun to wonder why he did not return. After waiting an hour, a number of lights appeared in the distance, and then we heard the guide's voice in reply to our challenge. He had found the

town, and told them that white people were encamped in the forest. You may fancy what an excitement such an intimation would cause in a place that had never seen white faces before.

"The chief had a band collected, each man with a torch, and was on the tramp to us. He made his intentions apparent before his person was visible, for long before he reached us, he and the guide were crying out, 'White people, get up! See the tornado! You will die before morning! Come to the town!' When he reached us, he made his people lift our baggage and scattered the fires, he placing himself with three torch-bearers as Mrs. Edgerley's escort, allowing Mr. Swan and me to attach ourselves to other lights as we liked. After half an hour we reached the town, and the tornado reached us.

"A deluge of rain fell with the suddenness of a single drop. The lights vanished instantaneously, while the rush of sound, caused by the rain and thunder, made even shouting a waste of labour. We did not feel the want of the torches, the flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the path before us was made quite plain. Of course we were drenched, and all our baggage not in cases was soaked through. We scattered in the town, seeking shelter as we best could. Mrs. Edgerley and I noticed a bright fire in a room when we were passing. We shot ourselves at once into the room, which was full of people. As we dashed in, the people rushed out; our presence scattered them almost as quickly as the tornado had put out our lights. Out into the storm the company exploded itself, and left us undisputed possessors of the hut and blazing fire. Do what we could, the company would not return; but one woman, seeing our wet condition, showed her kind-heartedness by braving our presence to heap wood on the fire and make contrivances for us to sit on.

"After the rain ceased, we went to the chief's house and settled for the night. Rules of etiquette are necessary, but what are they compared with the natural politeness of a kind heart, which can be evinced even by an African savage. The chief's wife, after welcoming us, hung timidly about Mrs. Edgerley, and by signs as much as by words, prevailed upon her to go into an adjoining room, then brought her tin case to her and shut her in, standing sentry over the door. Her cheerful, quiet manner and delicate attentions won Mrs. Edgerley's admiration, and made us style her a born lady. Yet we were the first white persons she had seen.

"We rested as best we could with nothing under us but the clay floor, and nothing to cover us but the roof under which we lay. Next morning we went through the town, supposed to contain about three hundred inhabitants, and had a meeting in their Egbo house. They asked us if we meant to settle amongst them, saying that some of them had been to Duke Town and gone to church there. When we went into the Egbo house I gave Mrs. Edgerley the seat provided for me, and stood beside her. This rather surprised them,—the idea of a man giving his seat to a woman. An exclamation passed round the chiefs, and another seat was brought. Women are not admitted into their Egbo houses, so that for this maintenance of equality they were not prepared. Some of them wanted to know afterwards if this was my best wife, and how many more I had at home.

"The people were very anxious for us to stay another day, but we went off to Oban, which place we reached after an hour and a half. Some men had passed through Ekong early in the morning going to Oban. By them I sent word that we would follow, so that the people of Oban were prepared to receive us. We found them out

in the streets waiting to see us, and so great was the rush at the door of the chief's house that it was with difficulty a road was bored out for us. A frank, laughing young man of about thirty-five years welcomed us, first to his house and then to the whole town. Some of the chiefs assembled, and I told them why we had visited them; but before commencing I asked for the king. The chiefs pointed to the young man whom I had taken for the owner of the house we were in, and our temporary host. I expressed my surprise that such a young man should be over so many older than himself. There was a good laugh, and some said that he was chief because of his wealth, others that his wisdom gave him his position; but he himself said, 'I am neither rich nor wise, nor am I chief. My father is chief, but he is too old for public business, and I act for him. He bids me make you welcome to his town, and wishes to see you in private after this meeting. My name is Awo; call me so.' I explained the reason of our visit, to get God's word established among them; and then we chatted like old friends. Three or four young men were introduced, who said they remembered seeing me when we visited Nsan. It was then arranged that we should rest, and dinner was to be brought to us. After the heat of the day we would get an opportunity of addressing the town.

"A good dinner was sent to us and our porters, and we would have been in perfect quietness but for the anxiety of the crowd to see us. Several youths were set to watch the door, and keep the people from forcing their way. They were proof against every argument or promise of the outsiders, until one of them being left alone, three girls directed all their artillery against him. We could not make out what was said, but there was no mistaking their smiles and glances; nor was there any mistaking his

increasingly pleased and sheepish looks. At last a remark from one of them caused him to open the gate and dart at her. Of course he missed her, and while he was returning to his post, the three darted into our yard and shut the gate in his face. Great was the delight of the crowd behind. The rush into the yard seemed to be the result of a sudden impulse, for, after they found themselves shut in with three dreadful *makaras*, they became ashamed and frightened, and turned their faces away from us. Mrs. Edgerley tried to coax them to her, but after a bashful glance, they slipped out as quickly as they had come in. In the evening we had a fine large meeting in the public square. Proclamation was first made that we were exhibiting ourselves. This brought a rush from all sides, and in a few minutes we were surrounded by a ring of about five hundred excited men and women. We sat a little while to let them stare and chatter. At last silence was procured. At the command of Awo, all sat on the ground, so that the outside groups might see us, and I was requested to tell them what was in our hearts. I addressed them until my voice became husky. I spoke in Efik, which they said was understood by all the upgrown people. At the close of my address I told them about a teacher, and advised them to try and get one settled among them. As I expected, they shouted out that they wished a teacher, but while I spoke to encourage the wish I did not forget that they were excited and ready to say anything.

"After the meeting Awo took me to see his father, a venerable, pleasant-looking old man. He wanted to stand in our presence, but we put him in his seat, and sat down beside him. I spoke to him about a future life. In his replies he showed a little acquaintance with Christ's name and mediation, and to my expression of surprise, he said

he had been at the meeting, and sat in a room prepared by his son behind us, so that he could see and hear without being seen. This led me to remark that it must be a great comfort to him to have such an attentive son. The look that passed between them showed that the father was proud of his son, and the son fond of his father. The old man seemed to have all his wits about him, but to be weak physically through age. We noticed a good many old people among them. On parting with the old man, I supplicated the Divine blessing on him, his son, and town, and then, led by Awo, made the circuit of the town.

"It is situated at the commencement of a valley, and has a fine conical hill of about 500 feet high to the north-west. In the cool morning the boiling-point indicated an altitude of over 2000 feet as the position of the town above the sea-level. For some distance around the forest was cleared away to allow grazing ground for their cattle. No swamps are near. The streets were clean, no mud about, but gravel in abundance. In the evening Awo and other chiefs came to confer with us. They wanted us to remain a week, but we were short of provisions, and I was anxious to get back to Calabar by Saturday night, which they assured us could be done, but not by retracing our steps. This I did not wish to do, and hearing that the Qua river was near, we determined to descend by it to Calabar. We started at 7 A.M. on Friday, and tramped until 10.30, when we halted in the forest to cook and eat our breakfast, for which we were well prepared."

Mr. Thomas Campbell and others have visited Oban, and all received a hearty welcome. He also followed Mr. Edgerley among the small tribes in the hills above Uwet, Budeng, Ibami, Uyanga, and others. When at the last-named, he penetrated a few miles beyond Mr. Edgerley's point. He thus describes his journey:—"The Uyanga, like

the Oban people and most of the other tribes near Calabar, have come from a site farther in the interior than their present location. But one part of Uyanga chose to stay behind, owing to some dispute; and thinking it possible that I might do something to heal the breach, and induce all the people to build in the one place, and so to have a larger population to work upon, I sought guides to take me to *Uyanga keset ikot, Uyanga in the heart of the bush.* These were at once promised, and as no white men had ever gone in that direction before, the chief despatched a herald to announce my coming. At dawn the following day, four young men, able-bodied, were sent to guide and guard me, and the chief with two others sent each a calabash of *fufu* and a pot of flesh and soup; so we did not start hungry. Then at each village as we passed we found *fufu* and other food awaiting us, with palm wine in abundance. The road was very bad, up hill two-thirds of the way, and all over stones. Fortunately the hills are all densely wooded. Trees, true forest giants, the like of which are not to be seen in Scotland, grow so closely together that their branches all interlace high overhead, and form a perfect shade, so that the sun's rays never reach you. The ascent wearied me much, but the descent, well I don't know what I may compare it to. If you can imagine descending for an hour a ladder made of fallen trees, lying at all angles, and big boulders, you have an idea of the worst part of it.

"But everything comes to an end, and so did the bad roads. After ten hours' hard walking we got on to a fine road and saw the town shining through the leaves,—welcome sight to a weary traveller; and in a few minutes we were aware, from children screaming in all directions, that we had entered the town.

"We went first to see the chiefs, of whom there are two.

They sat on each side of the door, dressed in shirts. Each had on a cap of native manufacture, ornamented with rows of leopard's claws, and in their right hand they held a sceptre. On offering my hand, they shrank back as if somewhat afraid; but we were soon good friends, and quite in each other's confidence. I had to speak through an interpreter, as there is no Efik spoken beyond Uyanga. I was asked first what kind of food they would cook for me, and if my own people would cook it, or the chief's wives. I replied, 'I am here as your guest; cook what food you please; so long as I am your guest, I will take what you set before me.' This little speech sealed our friendship, and won their confidence.

"Soon a liberal repast was prepared and brought to me. It was too late for a meeting, but the chiefs and about fifty others came to our evening worship of their own accord, drawn, I suppose, by our singing. Early in the morning I went out to visit the town. The people were chiefly at the farms. The houses are built of split logs plastered inside, and the roofs are very low; you have to stoop nearly double to get in.

"I called on each of the headmen, and each did me the honours of the place. In receiving a visitor they give him cooked flesh to eat. It is broken into small pieces, and each one present gets a piece. We are to eat what is set before us for conscience' sake, asking no questions. This rule I always observe, but when I get something extra nice I like to know what it is. 'This meat is very nice,' I said on one occasion; 'what is it?' 'Monkey,' was the reply, but my stomach refused to receive any more of it.

"At nine o'clock A.M. we called a meeting, and for the first time I felt the inconvenience of having to speak through an interpreter, and a heathen interpreter too. How I did wish the people knew Efik! I never felt more embarrassed.

After explaining our object in coming, we explained to them the truth about Jesus, at whose command we had come to see them. Then we taught them the ten commandments, and after they could repeat them, I asked, 'Now, what do you think of these laws; are they good?' They replied, 'It is not now for the first time that we know these things; we have always known them, and always believed it to be bad to do what these commandments forbid.' The readiness with which this reply was given rather surprised me. I asked them, 'Are there none who take God's name in vain here?' They replied, 'Plenty here take God's name in vain.' I asked again, 'Are there none who steal, etc.?' The reply was still, 'Plenty do these things.' I again explained to them the position as breakers of the law they were in before God, and how Jesus alone could save them. The admission of these people, who were never before visited even by Calabar people, is worthy to be marked, as it shows most plainly that they have the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile excusing or else accusing one another.

"I know, and all who live among heathen know, that it is an unquestionable truth, that no heathen man ever lives answerably to his own rule, and that they do not obey God according to the measure of knowledge which they possess.

"After a little all the chiefs met, and we talked over the matter of removing to the new Uyanga. They promised to consider it, and agreed that one large town would be better. All the people turned out to see us off, and one or two chiefs conveyed me to the first brook. On the way I turned aside to see the skeleton of a huge elephant that had fallen near the road. We then cut a short road down to the side of the Calabar river, three days' journey above the point where canoe navigation stops. It was very shallow;

gravel banks were numerous, and deep pools. Halfway on the road there is a resting-place, and here we stopped to eat and rest. Among those who joined our company was a mother with a sick babe, which she was carrying to Uyanga to inquire of a witch doctor what the matter was. A resting-place to the little babe it proved to be, for just as we began our meal, the Great Physician called the little sufferer home. The mother, poor woman, knew not the Saviour who carries the lambs in His bosom. She grieved as one who has no hope, and it was a sad sight to see her carry the corpse clasped to her breast for full five hours."

Mr. Edgerley and others of our mission staff made occasional trips up the Cross river, which had been explored as far as the rapids by Becroft in 1842. Since then, with the exception of a visit so far up by Vice-consul Johnstone last year, no other exploration has been made except by the agents of the mission. Our object was to make acquaintance of the various tribes occupying its banks, to ascertain whether they would receive teachers, and, if so, fix on important localities for their location. The travellers found these tribes, as they had found those inland, "the fragments of an earlier world," divided into petty communities in a chronic state of feud with each other, and in time of war most were given to the practice of cannibalism.

Mr. Edgerley died shortly after his return from his last voyage in 1882, the record of which is given by his fellow-traveller, Mr. Beedie. When the *David Williamson*, the small steamer, the children's gift, came out, the voyage up the river was renewed in 1884, and an attempt made to proceed farther. We who formed the party embarked on Monday, 10th November, and took our way up the mid-channel. Opposite Duke and Creek Towns the river spreads out into an extensive estuary, its water divided by numerous islands,

KING EYO'S CANOE AND THE CHILDREN'S STEAMER "DAVID WILLIAMSON"

which streams unite between Ikunetu and Ikorofiong. In the evening we anchored off Ikorofiong, and spent the night with our friend at that station.

Tuesday, 11th.—Left Ikorofiong at eight o'clock, and arrived at the first town of the Umon tribe early in the afternoon. On our way we passed Itu, a town of Ibibio, where there is a large oil market. Before reaching it we passed two islets showing sandstone strata, which rock is constantly cropping out on the banks of the river. This Umon town is situated on the head of a long island, looking up the river, pouring down from the interior, and flooding it in the rainy season. It is important as the site of a market to which the neighbouring tribes resort, and the farthest point reached by the Calabar traders. Having the key of the river, the Umon people bar their progress, and refuse a passage down the river to those above. The chief articles of trade are palm oil, yams, and canoes. The tribe possess several towns, in one of which, Ikotana, there is now a mission station.

We found the town under the despotic power of the fetish priesthood, and the practice of twin-murder and expulsion of the mother, the frequent trials for witchcraft and other customs of blood, keep the poor people under a reign of terror. As soon as we dropped anchor, we went on shore to make ourselves and the purpose of our visit known, but had to wait in the palaver-house a considerable time for the appearance of the chief. In the end of the shed there was a juju house ornamented with rows of human skulls painted with various coloured earth. At length the great man made his appearance, accompanied by his inseparable attendant the chief priest, who, he is persuaded, keeps him alive. Our reception was not at all cordial, and when on the following morning we paid a passing visit to make the usual presents, which was not

reciprocated according to custom, the priest forbade us to go up the river.

Wednesday, 12th.—Early in the morning we got up steam and reached Ikotana in the afternoon. The people had got notice of our visit, and we saw the British ensign flying as we approached the town, and we met with a cordial reception.

So far we made our way with the Efik language, but above this, though we found everywhere we went some one who understood our tongue, we required an interpreter to accompany us. Abiakari, the chief, provided us with one of his own people, a native of Atam, to act in this capacity. He interpreted our message of Gospel truth as faithfully as he could, so far as we could judge from his anxiety fully to understand what we stated to him in Efik.

The chief with his followers came on board to see our wonderful smoking canoe, and on the following morning took a short trip in it.

Thursday, 13th. — Left Ikotana at 8.45, and made Okurike, the first town of Akunakuna, at one o'clock. We anchored by mistake at a small town a little below it, and paid our respects to the chief, a withered old man, who was delighted to receive us. Having exchanged gifts according to use and wont, we went on to the beach of Okurike.

The town is situated on a rocky eminence, and from its position, being a short distance from the river, with a morass between, access must be had to it by canoe in the rains. As we went up we saw a number of canoes in the process of manufacture, this being a principal industry in the upper parts of the river. They are so far roughly prepared, and the purchaser finishes them to suit his taste and purpose. They are made of large hardwood trees, capable of conveying the palm oil puncheons carried to market by the Calabar traders.

A wondering crowd received us as usual on our landing, and as we passed we saw a remarkable specimen of native art—a section of a large tree rudely carved to represent two persons larger than life, the one standing above the other. We were conducted to the house of the chief, Okun Aba, but had to wait some time for his appearance, and in the meantime the elders of the town kept going out and in to the apartment where he was secluded. When he came out he wore a surly face, as if he made us anything but welcome, and the frown did not smooth down even when Mr. Beedie, one of our company, presented him with some carpenter's tools which had been promised him on a previous visit. He seemed somewhat of a character, and could enjoy a practical joke, at least when made by himself. He transferred the hat of Mr. Jarrett, our fellow-voyager, to his own head, and joined in the boisterous laughter with which his followers hailed the transformation. Okun went through a formal ceremony in receiving us. Calling for a lump of salt, he scraped a little off with his thumb, muttering something as he did so, then took a horn of palm wine, uttered a somewhat lengthy speech over it in a low voice, perhaps a prayer to his juju, and then poured it on the ground as a libation. A piece of dried venison was handed round, of which all took a morsel, and thus a friendly compact was formed. All then set to drinking the palm wine while it lasted. The chiefs of the tribes we visited went through such a ceremony more or less freely; the partaking of a little dried venison or fish being never omitted, employed likely because it is the only article of food they can have by them always ready for use.

Here we fell in with Eko, a young man who had attached himself to the company who visited these parts two years ago. He again offered his services as pilot, which were accepted, but the Okurike people exacted an oath of him

that he would not help us to a knowledge of their traffic. Human nature, civilised or savage, holds tenaciously to the monopoly of any benefit it can secure to itself.

Friday, 14th.—This morning we had a great many visitors, and among others Okun came down with a large troop following to inspect the steamer, wondering at and admiring everything. This being done, and having exchanged gifts, we left at 8.40.

Anchored off Emumuma or Emooramoora at 10.35. The people here had also got possession of a British ensign, and hoisted it in honour of our arrival. We visited the chiefs of two of them, both very old men. Whether the one word of truth and life which they heard penetrated the darkness which has been deepening upon their minds through a long life, only He who has access to the souls of His creatures can tell.

Left Emooramoora a little after mid-day, and dropped anchor off Ibum in the evening. In our way we passed a number of Afikpo people, a tribe on the opposite side of the river, who crowded down from their town, placed on the top of a hill, in order to get a nearer view of the steamer. They, with the people of Uñwana, are of the Ibo race, and a mission station has just been formed by the Rev. J. Gartshore at the latter place. We hailed them, and asked them to provide firewood for us against our return. Very probably they wondered much as to what use we could apply it.

Mr. Edgerley and his companions, travelling in a native canoe, had spent a Sabbath at Ibum, but when the people saw us moving along in our large canoe, vomiting smoke, they evidently feared that it might be something *uncanny*. When we landed, there was a good deal of altercation amongst the elders of the town, evidently in regard to our reception. The chief, it seems, had hid himself, not knowing

what we might be, or what our purpose in coming upon them in such a strange way, and we had to return on board without seeing him. We asked them to provide firewood for the steamer, and next morning they set earnestly to work, so that they had soon a large pile on the beach.

We renewed our attempt after breakfast to get a sight of the chief, and arrange for a meeting with the people. At the entrance of the town we passed through a market which was being held under the shade of trees. The articles exposed for sale were of the common produce of the country, with cloth and other European goods imported into Calabar and Bonny. Those latter are brought across the country by the people of Inokun, a town or district of Ibo, who travel among these tribes, making trade in every commodity they can get sold—slaves included. Their women are distinguished by the tasteful and elaborate mode in which they dress their hair. Their scanty clothing—merely a loins' cloth—gives little scope for displaying their desire for personal adornment, but they are at great pains to secure this in their hair-dressing. We do not often see such ornamental heads in Calabar; but the women of Gaboon have an elaborate mode of producing them. It is said there that it occupies a day to dress a head, but one dressing will suffice for a fortnight.

The chief crept out of his hiding to-day. We found him a little old man, busy weaving a fishing-net. As we passed through the town we saw many engaged in making cord of bark, and weaving nets, much in the way the art is practised in Scotland, or, I suppose, anywhere else. He seemed to have lost his timidity, and received us in a most friendly manner, at once assenting to our request that he would call the town's-people together, that we might address to them the message we came to deliver. In

speaking of the duty God requires of us to each other, our auditors, in speaking their mind, took exception among other requirements to that of the sixth commandment. The Afikpo people, they said, were at war with them, and all their negotiations had been unsuccessful in procuring peace. They themselves, they assured us, injured no one, but they must defend themselves when attacked; in the reasonableness of which opinion we acquiesced.

We had an incessant intercourse with the town's-people, now finding us harmless and friendly inclined; and as we purposed remaining at anchor on Sabbath, we arranged with them to have meetings on that day. However, on Sabbath morning, an alarm of war was raised from one of their villages in the neighbourhood, and all flew to arms. They poured out along the bank of the river towards the place where they supposed the Afikpo people had made an attack, most of them armed with guns, a few with only a hatchet. It proved a false alarm, and they soon returned, giving us the opportunity we desired of meeting with them. We had asked them not to visit the steamer on God's day, and a proclamation was made, prohibiting such visitation, which was faithfully obeyed, but a crowd kept up its position on the beach throughout the day, gazing at the *David Williamson*, and observing everything done.

The chief suggested the palaver-house as a better place of meeting than his yard. To this we repaired, and had an overcrowded audience. After our address, the elders of the town freely expressed their minds respecting the strange things brought to their ears, and we were glad to hear their opinions. At an afternoon meeting, the first spokesman, before giving his opinion, made obeisance to the chief, by bowing down and touching the ground with the tips of his fingers; then, turning to us, he placed the palms of his hands together so that we might blow into them, and

we returned the strange compliment, whatever it might mean.

Monday, 17th. — Left at 7.15, and, passing several villages, cast anchor between two towns, Ediba and Edidi, situated on opposite sides of the river. We saw the chiefs of neither, and got up steam again at mid-day, wishing to get to one named Inayekhe before sundown. In this we did not succeed, and anchored off the bush below the town.

Tuesday, 18th. — In little more than an hour after lifting the anchor, we reached Inayekhe this morning, and, going on shore, we had our usual noisy crowd as an audience, but saw nothing of the chief. Leaving a present for him, we took our departure, and at three o'clock anchored off Ekudi, on the right bank of the river. It would appear that a market had been held during the day; a great crowd lined the beach as we landed, and canoes from various places lay at the beach. A shouting procession accompanied us to the chief's house, who seemed very reluctant to make his appearance, but eventually came and presented the usual gift, a goat and a few yams. Many of the crowd were the worse of liquor, having partaken freely of the white man's strong drink, one man kindly offering us a bottle of that which he himself loved so well. With difficulty we made ourselves heard, and having given the chief our gift in return—a morning gown, a piece of cloth, and a few small articles—we left, and passed up to Adadaha, on the opposite side of the river, and anchored for the night. As soon as we had dropped anchor, a brother of the chief came on board, and invited us on shore—the first instance of such courage and confidence we have met with. At this place the river still presents a noble appearance, an island dividing the breadth of the stream. In the morning we had a meeting in the chief's yard. The chief—an old man, who sat by the side wall,

surrounded by others of nearly equal age—made the remark which the old men of Ibum had made, If we took away their objects of worship, we should give them something to worship in their room. They had been promised, they said, that one should be sent to instruct them, but we had not kept faith with them. We replied that they had God, the Creator of all things, with them, and should address their worship to Him, and that we would ask our friends to send a teacher. But our conscience felt somewhat uneasy in saying this, it seemed so like mocking the desire of these poor people, for when will their teacher come? As we returned to the boat, we saw a large number of empty gin bottles piled up, in order, apparently, to make a big juju. The work of the devil goes on; the contents of the bottles brutify them, and make them ready for any crime, while the bottles themselves serve as an object of worship. Certainly he has no more successful promoter of the interests of his kingdom than the dealers in strong drink.

Wednesday, 19th.—In the morning proceeded on our way, and, passing the villages of Atam, arrived in the afternoon at a town called Alaha, somewhat above the point reached by our friends on the former voyage. When we went on shore, two fowls were sacrificed at the beach, no doubt to counteract any evil influence we might bring with us. We were conducted into the chief's yard, and waited for his appearance, but considerable urgency was required to induce him to come forth. We found him a tall, stout young man, who came covering his eyes with his hands in his timidity, and laughing in the manner of a child overcome with shyness before strangers. We told him who we were, and what the purpose of our visit. In reply, he said that they had heard of a white man, referring to Becroft, and of the visit of our friends to Atam two

years ago, who did not reach so far as Alaha. They brought changes into the country, and they did not know but some evil might follow our coming. However, as we had come, they made us welcome, and would give us food, asking what they should cook for us. We replied, the food they prepared for themselves; and that we would be obliged to them if they would provide wood for the steamer. This they readily agreed to do.

Having thus made their acquaintance, and established friendly intercourse, we returned to the steamer, and next morning went up into the town, and found abundance of *fufu* provided, with its accompanying sauces. Having partaken of their hospitality, we delivered to them the message of the law and the Gospel; and at the conclusion of the meeting, the chief mustered courage to accept our invitation, and came on board the steamer, with the seniors of the town, to inspect its wonders. On being presented with the usual gifts, his curiosity led him at once to examine them, and when he went to the beach he exhibited each article to his admiring townsfolk. We lay at anchor all day, taking in firewood, and the people kept coming alongside with presents of ground nuts, in order to get a nearer view of the *David Williamson.*

Thursday, 20th. — Early this morning we took our departure, hoping to get up to the rapids which stopped the *Ethiope's* progress in 1842, but a fog came down on the river and barred our way. Mr. Ludwig, who had charge of the steamer, feared that we might not have fuel to serve out the voyage, and was not willing to wait till we could see the channel, so, with much reluctance, we turned the bow of the boat homeward.

On our way down the river we called at Uyenge, an Atam town, the farthest point reached by our friends in 1882. As we passed up, the people invited us on shore; but

we went past, and, to secure a visit now, they were pushing off a canoe to intercept us. We, however, intended to call at this place to procure the seeds of a palm which we have met in Calabar, frequently mentioned by Dr. Raith in his *Travels* as the debel palm, which he found plentiful near Lake Chad. The people received us gladly, and, crowding into the chief's yard, gave us an opportunity of addressing them. At the conclusion, they remarked that we had come to pay them a passing visit from God's side, that is, from where God reveals Himself, but how could they meet His requirements when they did not know them?

We left in the forenoon, and in an hour and a half's steaming reached Okporogup. We had our usual attentive audience, who replied to our address, that the time was not suitable for throwing away their idols and turning to God. Their town, they said, lies in the interior, and they had come to the river to escape from a neighbouring people who had made war upon them, and so were in an unsettled state.

We made our next visit to Omane in the afternoon. Here we saw a row of human skulls in the juju house, a spectacle we had not seen since leaving Umon.

In the account of the former visit, Mr. Beedie says:—"In visiting Inokpafia, we were taken to the palaver-house, where we counted 151 skulls ranged around. Many of them must have been the skulls of mere infants, and all of them were trophies of war. Several of them had been cut open, which indicated that they had fallen in fight, but the children had been caught and butchered. The people remarked that they observed we did not look at the skulls in an approving way. Strangers who came to the town usually praised them, because they could show so many heads of their enemies. They would take them down, but what would they do with them?

Mr. Edgerley said they should bury them. We were anxious to visit another village about three miles distant called Mbana. When a little more than halfway, we passed through the site of a town which had been destroyed by war about four years ago. It had covered a large space of ground, but all that remained were clay mounds, and the war-fence surrounding them. One of our guides showed us a thicket down in a hollow place, where he said about five hundred women and children had been taken by the victors and butchered."

Having lifted anchor we passed several villages without calling, while the people, hurrying off to the steamer with a goat or sheep, showed their wish for friendly intercourse.

Friday, 21st.—We lay off Inayekhe for the night, and about mid-day arrived again at Ibum. We went into the town, but got a very small audience to our message, the people having left to attend to their farm-work. We then crossed the river to visit a town of the Afikpo people, situated on a hill. The ascent was steep, and on the site of the town looking across the river, we saw a small lake, and beyond a range of hills. The people, who had not before met with the white man, were evidently at a loss how to receive us, and do the honours of the town. The elders gathered in consultation, we supposed as to the food they should prepare for us, and we relieved them of their difficulty by saying that we could not stop till they cooked food for us; we wished them merely to listen to what we had to say to them. The usual gift of a goat and a few yams was laid before us, and an attentive and thoughtful hearing was given to the message we brought to them. The people had less clothing than those of the other tribes visited, scanty as that is, and appeared altogether ruder. Mrs. Ludwig, who accompanied her husband in charge of the steamer, as usual made friends

with the women, and they in return sought to show their kindly feelings. Having nothing at hand to bestow but articles of their own industry, they ran about and picked up pots and dishes, of which they presented her with quite a collection.

In the evening we cast anchor off Itu, a small town lying between Emooramoora and Okurike to which our pilot Eko belongs, and here we spent the Sabbath. Eko was sold into Calabar, and so acquired a knowledge of the Efik, but found opportunity of escaping to his own country. We found him very diligent and efficient. We went on shore to see the chief, and arranged for a meeting with the people in the morning.

Sabbath, 23rd. — After breakfast we went into the village, and met with the people. Our auditors had as usual their remarks to make on what was brought before them. The chief, in making us acquainted with their opinions, jerked out his utterances, as seems to be a common custom, clause by clause, and the elders of the town, sitting around him, were always ready with their approving exclamation or amen. He remarked, that as we had stated that sickness and death came into the world in consequence of man's violation of God's law, we should stay amongst them to teach them His law, for they were ignorant of it, and so, knowing and obeying it, sickness and death might disappear from amongst them. With regard to the sixth commandment, he had the usual remark that they must kill those who tried to kill them. In reply to a question, they had the practice, he said, when any townsman died, to hunt in the bush for a stranger, and kill him to bury with the dead, but this custom they were ready to give up. Not only in Akunakuna, but in Umon also, this mode prevails of securing victims. The seventh commandment they could not keep; and as to the

eighth, had we no thieves in our own country? The padlocks which were brought out by the ships as a common article of trade showed that our own people were not all honest.

In the evening we returned to give another word of instruction. The chief, a lively old man, freely interposed his remarks, and did so sometimes apparently to show his wit. If there were two places in the other world in which God made a separation of the good and bad, God should send down the good to dwell in this world and keep the bad above. How tenaciously do these poor people cling to their present life with all its misery, for they know of no other! If prayer to God, he again remarked, procured good, we should beg Him to cause sickness and death to cease; at least we should pray that children might not die. That upgrown people who had done bad should die, he could understand; but he could not understand how children should die who had never done anything bad. At least we should pray that their lives might be prolonged until He made us understand by significant gestures they were reduced to the decrepitude of old age.

Monday, 24th.—The chief came on board this morning with his attendant counsellors, to see the wonders of the *David Williamson*, and having parted from him we resumed our journey.

We hoped to reach Ikorofiong in the evening, but were delayed by getting on a sandbank, the river falling now very rapidly, and we had to anchor for the night abreast of the Enyong farms. This is a small tribe, whose town is approached through a creek, entering the river above Itu, and at this point their farms are found on both sides of the river. Enyong has a small trade with Calabar in palm oil. Next day we reached Creek Town.

So ended our voyage. It was very gratifying to see the country and people among whom the mission seeks to extend. As to the country, it is "a goodly land" which lies before us to be possessed. Most of the towns are placed on sandstone strata, ready at hand for building purposes, though not made use of by the people, who are content with a much ruder mode of building and furnishing their houses than the people of Calabar. As we proceeded up the river, the dense bush which covers the country towards the coast very much decreases, and hills of no great altitude, covered with Guinea grass interspersed with trees, reminded some of us of Jamaica, this grass forming the pasture of that island, and is thus named after this quarter of Africa whence it came.

The amount of population along the banks of the river, and the large number of old people among them, strike the visitor from Calabar as remarkable. In the estuary, a great extent of marsh covered with mangrove forest spreads out, unfit for human habitation; but above this, especially beyond Umon, the villages are thickly planted along the river-side. A few of the towns are larger than any in Calabar, except Duke Town. The various small tribes carry on a traffic with their immediate neighbours, but each isolates itself as much as possible. This leads to frequent strife, and a quarrel at once rushes into a war. The headmen of a town never venture beyond their little territory, and even in Calabar this feeling of insecurity continues. Some of our chief men have never been to any of the neighbouring tribes.

The poor people are in the lowest state of heathenism, but are ready to welcome us among them, and are waiting for our help to lift them up, which they feel they are unable to do themselves. They hope for benefit from our entrance amongst them, they know not well what, but

they anticipate the breaking up of their isolation, and the cessation of the strife and petty wars which prevail. In Britain, the services of laymen as missionaries are extensively employed among the lapsed populations of the cities; why not use the services of such pious, prudent, devoted men among these simple rude tribes, if ordained missionaries cannot be got? If they are to wait for the latter class of agents, one or two generations of them must pass away in their ignorance of the way of life in Christ. In 1877, the Rev. A. Ross, in company with Mrs. Sutherland, who had courage for all effort and danger, visited the left bank of the Rio del Rey, now included in the German protectorate of Kameroons, and for several days travelled through that region. The trade of the people of that quarter is with Calabar, and it was under the auspices of an influential trader of Duke Town, called Yellow Duke, that they traversed the country. He conducted them to Odobo, the town where he had his trade residence, of which Mr. Ross remarks: "It differs from all the towns we have yet seen in Africa, in having gates and bars, streets regularly formed, and lamps burning suspended from the projecting roofs to light the streets." Probably this was a display by order of Yellow Duke. "He related to us a harrowing tale," says Mr. Ross, "regarding a war carried on some time ago between two towns, Ekita and Itoki. The people of Ekita lay in ambush, and caught men belonging to Itoki, had them brought to the palaver-house, and smashed their legs and arms. There they lay unable to move, then the headmen of the town assembled, and regaled themselves by feasting in the presence of the poor wretches. The people of Itoki had their revenge gratified with interest on Ekita. They captured forty men of Ekita, and treated them in like manner. Aqua Okunde united with Ekita and the war ended in the total destruction of Itoki."

Mr. Ross thus sums up the results of his journey: —"We visited in all thirteen towns, three in Nsahevet and ten in Kameroons. Seven of them speak the Efik tongue, and the six in Bakish speak a different language. From trustworthy sources I ascertained that there are sixteen towns in Kameroons that speak Efik, with an aggregate population of about 22,000.

"The country is hilly and rocky. It contains minerals, and abounds in mineral springs. I have not seen anything in Africa as yet worthy of the name of scenery except the falls of Komi, on a tributary of the Rio del Rey."

In the following year Mr. Ross repeated his visit, and got a young man stationed as teacher in the district, but the result was a failure. The people rebelled under the strong-handed dealings of the Calabar traders, and expelled them. After a few months, the intercourse was renewed, but the attempt at education was not renewed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LANGUAGE, AND WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN IT.

In the introduction to the Efik Dictionary,[1] I remarked that "to the philologist the languages of the Ethiopia races present much the same *terra incognita* as the regions which they cover do to the geographer, and the latter will get the *desideratum* of his science supplied in the exploration of the African continent before the former succeeds in filling up the *hiatus* in his by the acquirement of the knowledge of its tongues." Since the above date this anticipation has been amply fulfilled. Though in both these departments great advance has been made, especially large additions to our geographical knowledge of the dark continent, so long shut out from the rest of the world, are year by year crowding upon us.

On intertropical African languages the chief authorities in English are—Koelle, whose *Polyglotta Africana* is a work of great industry, but unavoidably very inaccurate; Pritchard's *History of Man;* Bunsen's *Egypt;* Latham's Papers contributed to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which were epitomized afterwards in his *Comparative Philology;* and Dr. Cust's *Sketch of the Modern Languages of Africa.* The last-named work very much supersedes all the former, and has been the work of vast

[1] Glasgow, 1862. The copies of later date on the title-page are merely reprints.

industry, such only as one who has a talent for and love of philology would undertake. Dr. Cust speaks in a depreciatory manner of his work: "This book may be thrown into the abyss, and form a platform on which a better edifice may be reared." It is true that in the discoveries so rapidly made at present in Africa, the philologist may be required to change his conclusions as frequently as the geographer his map; but Dr. Cust's volumes bring up his subject to the point to which it has advanced at present, and while the philologist must give his hearty approbation and thanks to their author, the gratitude of the missionary is especially due to him for his kindly sympathy with and warm appreciation of mission effort,—a sympathy and appreciation not always given by scientific writers.

Koelle, Krapf, Latham, and others lay down various classifications of African languages. Dr. Cust follows that of F. Müller, which is the following:[1]—I. Semitic; II. Hamitic; III. Nubu Fulah; IV. Negro; V. Bantu; VI. Hottentot-Bushman. It is with the fourth division we have to do in speaking of the Efik language.

It is commonly accepted as fact that there is such a difference of the language of the tribes south of the equator from that of the northern tribes as to call for their division into two distinct families; and that those of the south so much resemble each other, that they all may be classified under one head, named the Bantu. The physical line of division between the Bantu and the northern languages seems to be the river Rio del Rey, in the Kameroons mountain range, so that the Efik occupies the border-land. There are two characteristics which are alleged to unite all those just named in one family, and to separate them from the latter,—the system of prefixes,

[1] Dr. Cust, vol. i. 56.

and the alliteral concord. The first is explained to be the formation of verbal nouns by prefixes to the root of the verb;[1] that nouns are distinguished by their prefixes, numbered after the noun to which the prefix belongs, and that the whole grammatical structure of the language depends upon them. The second is defined to be an assimilation which takes place between the initial letter of words grammatically connected in a sentence, the word governed generally changing its initial into that of the word by which it is governed.[2]

These, however, cannot be held as distinctively characteristic of the southern languages. The Efik, which is one of the northern tongues, forms by far the greater part of its vocables, as the Semitic class does, from the root of the verb; and though the alliteral or euphonic concord be carried out more systematically in the former, we find the law obtaining more or less in the latter.

These facts prove that there is no such marked line of demarcation between the languages of the northern and southern tribes. Being ethnologically the same, we might conclude that their various languages must possess many affinities with each other. Bleek, in his Comparative Grammar,[3] asserts that most of the Negro languages of West Africa are connected with the Bantu family, and he defines a West African division of this family extending from the Kameroons mountains to Sierra Leone, which share the peculiarities of euphonic and vowel harmonic laws. In this Bleek is certainly correct.

These affinities are much more marked in their idiom than in their vocabularies or grammatical forms. It is

[1] Bryce's Kaffir Grammar; Archibald's Bechuana Grammar.

[2] The Bible of every Land, p. 352; Meuak's Isulu Grammar; Clark's Funandian Grammar.

[3] Cust, vol. i. 55.

essentially one, and so claims for them a common parentage. As our knowledge of them extends, it is found that they are in this as well as in grammatical structure more closely allied to the Semitic than to the Indo-European tongues. Not only in the idiom of their languages, but also in the usage of everyday life, the descendants of Ham have kept more closely connected with those of Shem than the family of Japhet have with either.

The tribes speaking these various languages were all of them without a written form of their tongue. Not even an alphabet was found among them. Where a people is broken up into small tribal communities, each kept apart from the other by hostility or natural impediments, it gradually loses its civilisation, and eventually the last shred of its literature disappears. This is proved by the state in which the little insular communities of the Pacific were found; and the Negro tribes have been for ages under peculiar influences of segregation and depression, which sufficiently account for the state of degradation in which we find them. No learned society has yet helped to remedy this state of things among the outcasts of the human family. None has given an alphabet to a savage tribe, or attempted to provide for its language in a written form. This important part of the literary work of the world is left entirely to missionary societies. So Dr. Cust makes the acknowledgment, seldom made,[1] that "the great propagandists of linguistic knowledge in Africa, as in Asia, America, and Australia, have been the missionaries of Christ's kingdom."

In reducing to writing an unwritten tongue, the Roman alphabet is, I suppose, universally employed, so far as it is required; and when new sounds have to be represented, and also to distinguish sounds confused by our English

[1] Cust, vol. i. 64.

orthography, a new character should be employed, so that each character may have one unvarying sound. All were not agreed on this plan in writing Efik, and we have sought to obtain this by diacritical marks. It is to be regretted that in the use of these marks absolute uniformity has not been secured. Dr. Thomson came out, a young man, as teacher of Creek Town School, and not possessed of an ear, in the musician's sense, to distinguish sounds nearly allied, he deviated slightly from the mode in which these marks were used in first writing the language, and employed an easier plan. Creek Town School being then the principal in the mission, the young men, his scholars, followed him, and his mode has spread. The difference is, however, not so great as to occasion any confusion to the native reader.

The scheme of a uniform alphabet has been frequently proposed by philologists, and the adoption of such in the case of unwritten languages would be comparatively easy, as it is most desirable, especially when different missions are labouring in the same language.[1]

At the instance of the directors of missionary societies whose work was carried on among unlettered tribes, the eminent philologist, Dr. Lepsius, produced a scheme of a uniform alphabet, which was approved of, and has to a certain extent been a guide to missionaries in the West

[1] "When the publication of the New Testament and Psalms in the Bechuana language was completed by the London Missionary Society, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society expressed to the Secretary of the Paris Society the joy which he felt when he thought of the rich blessings which would accrue to that people, and to the labours of the French missionaries among them. 'But,' replied his sympathizing friend, 'is it not sad that these thousands of copies already published are entirely unavailable and sealed to our French missionaries, who labour among the same people, and to all those who have received instruction from them, simply because they make use of another orthography?'"—Lepsius' *System of Universal Orthography*, p. 7.

of Africa, for whom it was especially provided, but has not been implicitly followed. All, however, have written phonetically, and the ability to read any book so written is easily acquired.

The vocabulary of these tribes is not extensive, but the structure of their languages is as strictly logical as that of the cultivated languages of the world, proving that the gift of language was a primary endowment of the Creator.

After a sufficient mastery was attained of the language of the people among whom the mission labours, the work of translation of the Sacred Scriptures, and the writing of books for use in school and church, were undertaken. The Efik very much resembling in idiom, as I have noted, that of the Semitic tongues, can frequently more clearly express the import of the sacred writers than can the English. My translation of the New Testament was printed by the Scottish National Bible Society in 1862, and Dr. Robb's of the Old Testament in 1873.[1] Besides, three separate books of the sacred volume were translated, chiefly by Mr. Anderson. Having a printing-press, the various books prepared for school and church were most of them printed in the country, and of these we have the supply required. I remarked above that no literary society has put its hand to aid the unlettered tribes in obtaining even an alphabet, and it is well that the origination of a literature amongst them is in the hands of missionary societies, so that the first utterance of the language in a written form is of the Divine Truth,

[1] These dates give sixteen and twenty-seven years after the entrance of the mission. While providing selected passages of Scripture and other books at once for the people as soon as they could use them sufficiently to reveal the great scheme of mercy in Christ, and instruct in the way of life, we thought it well to secure the great body of the language before undertaking the work of strict translation.

which alone gives men "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." By these, aided by Bible Societies, the confusion of Babel will be reduced, and the Divine Oracles find a voice in the many tongues of earth, harmonizing them all into the one song of heaven.

CHAPTER XV.

FOLK-LORE.

CONSIDERING the treatment to which the tribes inhabiting that part of the continent to which the Cross river gives access, we might well expect to find them, as we do, without even traditionary legends. They sometimes entertain each other with fictitious tales, after the manner of the Eastern story-teller; but the following is the only tradition, if so it may be called, which came to our knowledge among the Efik people when we entered the country. Some glimpses of truth had been woven into the following story. It accounts for the entrance of death into the world, and for the existence of the two races of mankind, the white and the black.

Abasi (the supreme being) created all things in the sky and on earth, — water, trees, rivers, and animals. He did not create man; all men dwelt yonder with Abasi. No one lived here in the world, only animals and fish, which inhabit the water, and fowls which we see flying above, and many other things, more than I can name. But there was no man in the world; all men dwelt yonder with Abasi in his country.

One day Abasi was sitting at his food, and Atai (his principal wife) joins him to have some conversation. She salutes him; he responds; and she remarks, "The situation

we have here is exceedingly good, and the earth which exists there belongs to thee also. This is our own abode, and didst thou make a complete place to keep it so, and didst not place man there? This is not good. Contrive a way in which thou canst place men upon the earth, that they may dwell there and make a fire, that it may be warm above. It is here cold because there is no fire below." Abasi kept silent for a length of time, and then addresses Atai, who responds. He says to her, "The attempt is beyond him. Should he place man on the earth, the man living there would try to be equal with him, and even presume to say that he surpasses in knowledge. That it is, you see, which prevents him from appointing man to inhabit the earth." His wife says, "Men would not attempt that. If you place man there, give him into my hand, and I will take care that man does not attempt to pass you. I myself am greater than man, and if he attempt to say that he is superior to you, he will say that I surpass him." Abasi assents, saying, "I do not object."

At length Abasi takes a man and appoints him to dwell on the earth, and when he hears the bell above give signal that food is ready, he must come up and get his provision, and having eaten he must descend to the earth. In the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening, he must go up to get his food; all his sustenance he must get there. Abasi charges him that he must not endeavour to find food on earth; for if he should get food there, he will no longer come up to get his provision above, and will forget him.

Then his wife says to him, "It is not good that man should dwell alone, not having a wife. It is good that man live with a woman, and woman with a man." Abasi agrees, and says to Atai, "It is fitting so, but if he determines to give a woman to live with the man, they will multiply

and have sons and daughters, and when they become numerous they will forget him." His wife replies, "It is proper they should live there, but not together as husband and wife." He assents and gives the woman, telling her to go and live with the man on the earth. The woman goes and takes up her abode with the man, but Abasi gives them charge not to live together as husband and wife. They assent and keep each other company, at the proper time going up for their food and then returning.

Her female friend visits her and takes a walk on the earth. The friend says to her, "The place where you dwell seems to be a very pleasant place, and why are you idle?" She asks "How?" "Because you don't take means to provide food for yourselves. Does not the journey you have to take distress you? So you will continue eating food which does not belong to man, when you might have food of your own? The bush here, I suppose, belongs to Abasi, and Abasi has charged you to remain in the bush; why do you not then take means to make a farm for your own food?"

The woman replies, "It is truth that you speak, but Abasi has given charge, saying we must not seek to have food of our own on earth, that he will give us food regularly above; for if we plant a farm and have our own food, we will likely not care to go to the table of Abasi above, and we will forget Abasi, and if we do so Abasi will have a quarrel with us." Her friend says, "He will not quarrel; he will say nothing." At the hour of food they go above. Her friend takes a cutlass and gives her, saying, "Give this to your husband that he may clear a spot before the yard, and having cleared it, let me know." She agrees, takes the cutlass and gives to her husband, and the husband makes a clearance before the yard. She tells her friend, who says to her, "Let it dry, and then I will direct you

what to do." At length the bush which was cut down dried. The friend brought fire from above to her, saying, "Put fire to the bush." She and her husband and friend kindled the fire, and it burns up all. The friend returns to her, saying, "Have you heard the bell for food?" She assents, and they go up to their food and then withdraw. The friend takes her and goes to the house and gives her all manner of food and fruits, which are planted in a farm, with sugar-cane, which she takes and places aside. At length the friend comes, having in her hand a knife and planting hoe, and hoe for gathering up earth, and calls her and her husband out, and takes them to the place they had burned. They swept the clearance, and took the food, cut it in pieces and planted it; then the friends all return and sit together in the house. Eventually all things spring up and grow large. The friend comes another day, and she takes her to see the farm. Her friend willingly goes with her, and says to her, "Tell your husband to cut you yam sticks and thrust in for the yam, which have sprouted, and see to do so to all things coming up." She agrees. The husband thrusts in sticks for all the things planted.

One day when they went up to get their evening meal, and returned, the woman spreads her mat and goes into the house and lies down. The husband lies on his mat as he had been accustomed. At midnight the husband follows his wife, but she says to him, "Abasi will quarrel with them." He answers, "He will not quarrel, but should he quarrel, let him do so; they have no way in which they can escape the quarrel of Abasi. Abasi had charged them not to attempt to have food on the earth, but they had planted a farm, and in so doing they had violated Abasi's commandment, then let them go on breaking all."

The day breaks and time passes, and they now consort together as husband and wife. Another day her friend

comes and says to her, "Let us go to the farm." They go, and her friend took a stick to dig, saying, "Let us try how we can scrape away the soil." They do so, and unearth the yam to keep it. Her friend tells her to lift it and return, and shows her how to do with it. She gives her pepper and salt and everything that is required in preparing a meal,—pot, and spoon, and calabash, and mortar and stone (to grind pepper), and then leaves her. They sit together till the wife boils the yam, and then as husband and wife they eat together.

The wife goes no more for her food to the country of Abasi. When the husband meets Abasi, he asked him, saying, "Where is your wife?" He replied that his wife was sick; he did not inform Abasi that his wife was pregnant; he was afraid, for Abasi had charged them not to live together as husband and wife. The wife bears a son, and by and by the wife gives birth to a daughter. They go no more for food to the town of Abasi. At length the father of these children—for he had a knowledge of books —takes his books and teaches them.

It came to pass on a certain day that Abasi calls Atai, and addressed her, saying, "You see that has happened that I told you; don't you see how man has forgotten me?" Atai says to him, "Do not trouble yourself about that; leave the matter to me, I will look after it." Then his Atai sends death; death comes and destroys the husband of the woman and the woman. Both die in one day, and leave the children. The children remained there a long time, and nothing either small or great occurred to cause dispeace among them, but they quarrelled. The Atai of Abasi caused dispute to enter amongst them, and death, and every evil, because their father had done evil. So it came to pass that the eldest son and second daughter quarrelled and fought with the second son and eldest daughter, and

the eldest son and second daughter took up all their father's books, and all things which their father had been accustomed to use, after the custom of the white man. They picked up all, and ran into the forest a long way to settle in its densest part. The eldest daughter and second son took the planting hoe, and the hoe for covering, and everything which belongs to the farm, and ran off and settled also in the midst of the forest. The eldest daughter settles there with the second son, and he takes her in marriage as his wife. The eldest son and second daughter were also united in marriage, and had many children. The eldest daughter and second son continued to do farmwork, cutting and burning the bush to make a clearance. This made them black. The eldest son and second daughter followed the sort of occupation which does not blacken, and white men they continue. Thus we live together black and white, but we have all one mother and one father. We black men are the people of the eldest daughter and second son; white men are the people of the eldest son. The eldest son picked up his father's books when he ran off, which accounts for the white man's knowledge of books. In like manner, because the eldest daughter picked up the farm tools of their father, that the black man understands farmwork.

She, the Atai of Abasi, did not forget the word she spake to her husband. If a man born into the world stands up in the greatness of power and pride, caring for nothing, she, Atai, is patient for a time; but if the great man will not abstain from his evil way, she kills him. She sends the death which all men die here. Atai says, "Man must not be permitted to multiply in the world; he must not live for ever; for if man live for ever, he will multiply too much." On this account she forgets not the word she promised to her husband, that she will not permit men to

live for ever in the world; and so she causes death. Though she gives men to live in the world, she takes us out of it; for if men knew not their condition, some men would become wild beasts.

The people have a great many *nke*, as they term them, fables or parables, to account for things being as we find them, resembling the history of evolution which Ovid has given us in his *Metamorphoses*. One may suffice as a specimen, which curiously reminds us of the fable Memenius Agrippa used to quiet the turbulence of the populace of Rome. At first each member of the body was possessed of distinct personality, and to try what manner of spirit they were of, Abasi applied to each in turn, as a poor man soliciting food. The hand, the foot, the ear, the eye repulsed this poor beggar with scorn, or threw to him only the peelings of *Mkpon*, except the stomach, who kindly entertained him. To reward the stomach for this kindness, Abasi deprived the other members of their personality, united them in one body, and made them all servants of the stomach. The feet were doomed to carry him, the hands to work for him, the ear, the eye, and the other parts of the body to perform their various functions in his service. Thus it was that the stomach became king. And king he is with the poor people, whose highest enjoyment of life lies in eating and sleeping.

Sir Richard F. Burton, who at one time filled the office of consul for the Bight of Benin and Biafra, compiled a book out of the publications of various missionaries, entitled *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*. He gives a somewhat lengthy list of Efik proverbs, extracted from the Efik Dictionary, the use of which I freely granted him. The following selection may suffice for this department of "Folk-lore:"—

A poor man makes market with his shoulder. A toom purse makes a blate merchant.

A knot in the tree spoils the axe; famine spoils friendship.

He grinds a man, as one rubs something on a grater; said of the oppressor of the poor. You drink, flood and ebb, ever on the fuddle.

The tide carries me in and out. I am unsettled in opinion or mind. A man who talks of others behind back, others will talk of him in like manner.

The fish has been kept over one tide. *The thing is stale.*

That man is as frigid in his manner as cold water.

The yawner says, he does not walk alone; if there be no one to follow, the leaves of the trees will fall. This is an *nke,* spoken by one who, knowing that his death is determined on, seeks an opportunity to kill some, so as not to die alone; which is sometimes done.

His heart lies quiet like limpid water.

He eats the honour of his father, *reaps the benefit of the respect in which his father was held.*

The small tree adheres to the large one, and grows big. *He attaches himself to some great man, and so prospers.*

While the rain fell he did not place out his jar; now that it is over he puts it out. *Wise behindhand.*

If the goat has anything, he eats it with the fowl; if the fowl gets his share, he goes up to the roof of the house. *I share with you when I have anything, but you keep all to yourself.*

He who falls by his foot (*slips*) gets up again; he who falls by his mouth does not get up. *By imprudent speech he gives his enemy power over him.*

I am unworthy to grind pepper for his food. *Unworthy to loose the latchet of his shoe.*

The leaf of the Eben is not close to the fruit; *the tongue of one man upon another is bad.*

You turn into a running sore, as a boil does. *You become vile.*

One monkey does not like another to get a bellyful. *You grudge what I get.*

I wish to see face and back—*to hear both sides.*

It is the sea only which knows the bottom of the ship. *Only Abasi knows the time of a man's death.*

The tongue is a person of skill dwelling in the same place with the teeth. "*Silence is golden.*"

He did that thing as if it were Edere. He acted as if he were drunk. *Aqua Edere* is the eighth day, spent formerly in feasting and drinking.

It had not lost a tooth. *It is none the worse.*

The animal escapes the trap, and dreads a bent stick. *Burnt bairns dread the fire.*

I beg you, friends, do not behead Edup (a kind of antelope) because it has a long neck. *Do not condemn the man merely on account of his bad character.*

Don't take a man before the palaver-house, and give a blind man the beheading of him. *Don't set me to do a thing of which I know nothing.*

The flood takes me in, and the ebb takes me out. *Varying desire makes me unstable.*

His opinions are like water in the bottom of a canoe, going from side to side. "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*"

Ekpeberusung (a kind of beetle) says, Times are not always alike. Sometimes he lifts the ball of dung and throws it on the ground, and sometimes it throws him on the ground. *We must meet adversity as well as prosperity.*

The rat says, There is plenty of food in the trap, and he risks his neck for it. *There is a good deal of risk in the matter, make the reward liberal.*

The forest is full of pitfalls: the esa (a small antelope)

bends its body in order to escape. *A small man should walk warily, lest he be involved in the quarrel.*

He mounts on the back of the elephant. *He puts himself under the protection of a great man.*

He loves to the eye. *Makes a show of friendship.*

As an old torn basket on a farm road, the world does not like a sick man.

Etikitpekpo (a small bird) shoots away all the arrows, that exhausts the quiver of the fowler. *I can easily put aside all you do or say against me.*

A stream coming down won't let you swim up.

Ekpo says he belongs to the world; the world says he belongs to Ekpo. *He tries to keep in with both parties.*

It sticks in my teeth. *To this injury or insult I must submit.*

He floats on the surface like oil. *He is not in the secret; he does not penetrate the matter.*

The miser does not refuse his cook part of what he roasts. *You will surely allow me this.*

A man does not use one finger to take out an arrow. *He is but one; he cannot do it.*

I gave you advice, you tied it in a leaf, and tossed it away; having done so, you lighted a torch and went about seeking it. *I gave you my advice; you rejected it; now you find its value.*

The monkey hears the cough of the hunter's attendant, but does not hear his own. *You make a great to do when any one else does so, but you do so yourself without scruple.*

He wipes his feet at that place. *He declares he will have nothing more to do with it.*

If the Udari (a fruit) shoots produce the branches, then justice might come forth for the friendless.

You put your hand under a tortoise-shell. *You placed yourself in the power of an extortioner.*

The tortoise and the snail, their backs are the same. *Do not give yourself airs on account of any fancied superiority.*

If he has hand and mouth too, but to have mouth only is not good. *It is foolish to boast, unless you can make your words good.*

He is sweet as salt in your mouth. *Said ironically of one who always shows himself hostile.*

The sea rejects the dead fish; it does not seem to have been in it. *Now I am useless to you, you cast me off.*

The thought travels quicker than the foot; if the foot travelled as the thought does, you would call me a bad boy. *If action was as ready as thought, we should reveal many a now concealed folly.*

The cat has not a farthing's worth of oil; he says he will feast on pounded yam. *Your aim is above your means.*

The fish when grown big returns to his rivulet. *You must not forget your origin.*

His wealth is superior to him. *Only his wealth gives him importance.*

They cut off his birth—*destroyed him to prevent him becoming too great or wealthy.*

Nick the bamboo. *Treasure it in your memory.*

He wipes his trouble on his chin. *He bears it patiently.*

The two-mouthed man, his canoe will turn bottom up. *Evil will befall him.*

The planter of koko wishes but a seedling. *Having a nest-egg, it will multiply.*

A stone is a good marketable thing, but it is heavy. *The thing is beyond my means.*

The bad tree, like the crooked sugar-cane, says he will not straighten; he breaks. *He is too old to mend.*

The Mbume (mud fish) is a small thing, but it has big eyes. *You presume much for a young man.*

One plantain pulled off the bunch does not finish it. *A little from your abundance will not ruin you.*

You lock up my goodness in the room, and you sell my badness in the market. *You conceal my good deeds and expose my bad.*

The one who passed before you saw the eye of the spring. *Older men know things better than you.*

When noise fills the bush, esa goes aside. *Keep out of the quarrel.*

Abasi makes dreams. *"Dreams come from Jove."*

The kernel and the oil nut have one mother. *I cannot favour one more than another.*

The one snail does not demand of the other that he walk quick. *You need not censure or advise, as you are as bad yourself.*

You have not caught the locust which you say belongs to the child. *Count not your chickens before they are hatched.*

The crab bit you, and you go and beat the water. *You punish one man for what another has done.*

The sap of the mimbo tree drops by degrees, and fills the pot. *He will gradually worm himself into possession.*

He puts ashes in your bag—*takes means to dog your footsteps.*

When a man sees sunshine, he dries his tobacco. *Make hay while the sun shines.*

If the fire consumes the skin of the civet cat, how much more the skin of the bush cat! *If he who is greater than you has been taken, how much more you!*

The elephant is said in size to reach the roof, but you know he is not so big. *You exaggerate.*

He who cut down the bush did not catch a tortoise; will he who lops the branches take one? *A much more deserving man got no reward; can he look for one?*

Move off a little! Move off a little! deprives a man of his position.

The tobacco or pipe is small; the smoke is not small. *"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!"*

Reverence your elder, for a man excelling in age excels in wisdom.

The shrimp has the whole river to swim in; but it keeps by the side. *He who may well do, does not give himself airs as you do who are nobody.*

You roll the medicine in your hand and it pains you; how will it do when dropped into the eye? Will the eye not drop out? *Why do you seek acquaintance with one so disagreeable?*

The quarrel of Abasi follows the sin of man.

You try to knock your foot against that which will wound you. *You knock your head against a post.*

I invoke your hand. *I claim your protection.*

That which is close to the cotton tree receives the dew from the cotton tree. *He is benefited by his connection with a great man.*

The Ukpek (a fish with a narrow back) says, If all were like him, the smith would not make a fish spear. *If all do as I do, there is no danger.*

The foot turns and ties the hand. *The inferior gets above the superior.*

A needle is as valuable as a heap of iron bars. *He is worth many of you.*

Abasi sends man to market; when you have made your market, you must lift your basket and off. *When Abasi's purposes with you are served, you must die.*

The feast of Abasi. *The feast of partaking of the new yam harvest.*

The Iguana says, Let him be pursued at his first start; if so pursued, he will be caught. *Check the beginning of evil.*

If the ear was an eye, I would close it. *I do not wish to hear.*

The chicken says, The warmth of his mother's body is better than milk. *The little of the good man is better than the wealth of the wicked.*

Thought breaks the heart.

Abiya (a small bird) does not dress itself, assume its beauty, in working time. *He adorns himself to go to work.*

It is the stomach that rules the man.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSION WORK AND ITS METHODS.

THE writer having spent half a century in the work of the mission field, a few remarks as the result of his experience may justly be expected from him.

That the New Testament Church is constituted as a missionary association, and so manifestly endowed with all capacity to execute the trust committed to it of evangelizing the world, is now recognised by every Christian denomination. All have now taken up this duty, though the Church was long in recognising it, and is still slow in carrying it out. At first it was the individual conscience here and there which was stirred; and strange as it now appears to us, the efforts which were proposed to be made in fulfilment of duty so evident, were at first opposed by many truly godly men. It required the vision given to Peter at Joppa, and the instruction of the Holy Spirit in interpretation of it, to open the eyes of the Apostles and their co-workers to the extent of their commission; and it was only gradually that the Protestant communities which had emancipated themselves from the power of the Roman Apostasy, and were free to act for themselves, were brought to see that this commission was also theirs.

The duty was taken up at first in methods now generally departed from. Cromwell's extensive scheme for carrying on the work, which was never entered on, would have

made it a department of the National Government, and the aid of men of political influence and mercantile companies was sought. In some cases, where there were not sufficient zeal in one denomination to support effort which would make an impression on the world of heathenism, general societies were formed, and on the Continent such still exist; but in Britain and America, each denomination deems it part of its work as a Church to carry on its own missions. So far is this individual responsibility felt, that many go forth to the mission field not as the representatives of any denomination, and so without Church connection in their work.

The Church is feeling the benefit of this zeal in mission work. New life is flowing into her, and she is beginning to see that it is in the heathen and anti-Christian field she must attain her destined magnitude. In Britain especially there is not room for much growth. The various denominations crowd each other, so that there is, in the case of many congregations, a struggle for life, and in the whole a competition for the outlying population, in which denominational interest claims too prominent a part, very detrimental to the common interests of Christianity. In this state of matters also the means of the Church are unwisely expended. Two or three congregations are frequently maintained in a population which might be effectively served by one. Especially is this the case in Scotland. Bypast events in our ecclesiastical history no doubt did much to originate this condition of things, now seen to be so unseemly and unjustifiable, and the desire for union is rapidly growing, so that the present division may be healed, and the Church put forth her undivided strength in the conquest of the world to Christ, and thus reach the glory set before her in prophecy as her ideal to be attained.

Another reflex influence of her mission work on the

Church will be to modify the government and creeds of the various denominations. This effect is already manifest. The new life flowing into the Church begetting a desire for union, will intensify, until her watchmen "see eye to eye."

The method of mission work varies. This is necessitated by the difference which exists among the various peoples among whom the work is carried on. The Asiatic nations are advanced in civilisation; while the Negro tribes of Africa are in a condition of utter barbarism. The former are in possession of languages and literature which were cultivated when Britain lay in darkness; the latter are quite unlettered. It is manifest that the mode of mission work must in many respects be different to suit these two extremes.

As to what is required universally for success in the mission field, it is surely unnecessary to name a kindly bearing towards all whose benefit we seek. This it is which first commends the missionary to his heathen community, and makes way for the great message he brings to it. His talents and learning go in the first instance for nothing; nor can they in any case win affection, however efficient he may otherwise be in his work. The affection of his pagan scholars must be won to the messenger before they are won to his message. He is the connecting link between them and Christ.

This "kindness and gentleness" in entering among a strange people, without which all other gifts and graces of the missionary will help but little in his work, is frequently difficult to attain, arising sometimes from his own temperament, and always from the people with whom he has to do. In the cultured nations of Asia, the assurance of their own superiority to the teacher will produce the feeling that they need not the instruction of his wisdom. Among the African tribes we find our difficulty in reaching

them is of a different kind. They are men; we are more than men; consequently they have nothing in common with us. The truth we endeavour to convey to them belongs to us to believe and practise, but they have their own beliefs and forms of worship, which it is proper that they should observe.

It is only a respect for men as men, and a meeting with the most degraded in common brotherhood, that will give us the attractive power flowing from "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and make a way to their hearts for ourselves and our instruction. This brotherhood of man we find entertained only by those under Christian principle. Those not under this principle, whose duties carry them among inferior races, they themselves being the standard by which all others are judged, look down on such with contempt, and when in their power deny them the equal rights of humanity. It is only by the power of the Gospel that the prayer and prediction of the poet can be accomplished—

> And man to man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be.

Again, is it necessary to remark that command of the language of the people among whom he labours is indispensable for a missionary? And yet there is occasionally found one, year after year, communicating his message through an interpreter. Should one entering the foreign field find that after a due time of study he cannot attain a ready use of the tongue of the people, he has surely sufficient evidence that this line of service in the cause of Christ is not given him.

A great part of mission work lies in the school. The importance of this is now everywhere recognised. Among unlettered tribes, the mission is the only instructor, and

has a duty to elevate them in everything. In these, the native language should in all elementary instruction be the medium of communication, even where English may be partially understood.

In connection with this, and as a principal outcome of the educational work, is the raising of a native agency. The importance of this also is generally recognised. It is obvious that it is only by its own children any country can be as a whole evangelized, and so each denomination should have it as the chief aim of their work to educate a native ministry, and raise native churches to sustain and propagate themselves. Not only does the vastness of the work lying before the Church yet to be overtaken require this, but a native agency has advantage over that imported, in that it is more intimately acquainted with those of whom it forms a part, and is ever close in touch with them.

In the preparation of a native agency there is in some missions more required of scholastic attainments than is necessary. If a native teacher has fully approved his Christian character and capacity to gather and guide others, and is as superior in knowledge to those whom he has to instruct as the average Christian minister is in the home church to his congregation, he is qualified for the office of the ministry. Sympathizing very much with Dr. Warneck [1] in his remarks on this subject, it is pretty generally agreed that it is a mistake to send a native Christian designed for the ministry among his fellow-countrymen, to a foreign country for the sake of an advanced education. Such a separation and education parts him from them, and so the loss much exceeds the gain.

The above subjects, and all others universally recognised

[1] Dr. Gustav Warneck's *Modern Missions and Culture*, p. 153. The book contains a thorough vindication of mission work, and wise counsels as to its methods.

as of importance in the conduct of their work, were amply, and with intimate acquaintance with them, discussed by missionaries from all parts of the world in the great Missionary Conference of 1889, which forms an era in Mission history. On the relative importance of some of them, a decided difference of opinion was expressed. The widely various states of the communities in which the missionaries labour, sufficiently account for this. A method suited to one people may be utterly futile as regards another ; and even among the same people as they advance, the method of work employed must be altered to suit them. With all this variety of view, the discussions brought out a most gratifying agreement on every important question except two,—the action of the missionary towards polygamy and caste.

In regard to the first, some were inclined to think that in certain cases a polygamist may be admitted into the Church. They ground their view on the fact of the existence of polygamy among the saints of the Old Testament economy, and infer from 1 Tim. iii. 2, the import of which is disputed, that it was permitted under the New Testament. But the law of Christ seems plain, and the only difficulty which surrounds the question is the results following the carrying of it out. But difficulty must be encountered in abandonment of any established evil custom.

The first argument was largely made use of by the Rev. Martin Maden [1] in a publication, now forgotten, advocating the introduction of the practice into Britain, to prevent the ruin of the many fallen women who form the scandal of our cities. No one will found now such a proposal on the existence or sanction of polygamy by the Mosaic law, or under their bypast economy; but it is pled that the polygamist who, following the custom of his people, may

[1] Brown's *History of Missions*, vol. iii. 558.

have entered into such connection before hearing the Gospel, should be dealt with as under the old law. But why go back to the old law for guidance, when we have the law of the Gospel now given us as our rule? And why found an argument on a disputed interpretation of a passage, which interpretation seems to be disproved by verse 9, as well as by 1 Cor. vii. 2, which latter passage as clearly prohibits polygamy as it does polyandry. Again, is there any difference of opinion or practice permitted by Christ, who, when the question of the lawfulness of divorce was appealed to Him, disallowed the sufferance given by the Mosaic law, and reasserted the Divine purpose in, and law of, marriage? It is clear from our Saviour's verdict that the seventh commandment forbids the addition of a second wife to the first, and so constitutes the first as the only wife.

Those who would admit the polygamist having become such before he had a knowledge of the truth, would exclude him who became such after acquiring this knowledge. But by what authority, if polygamy is not in itself a sin under Gospel law? And he who is excluded would have a wrong to complain of, in that admission is given to another, though in the same position as he is.

Much is said of the hardship which would be inflicted on the repudiated wives and their children should the candidate for baptism be obliged to separate from them. This, however, is beside the question. Again, are those added to the first wife really in the same position as she is? One Chinese missionary expressed his astonishment that a fellow-labourer in the same country should assert that all the wives of a native of that country were in the same position as the first. In most countries where polygamy is practised, I suspect that the additional wives are not related to the husband as the first is, but occupy an inferior position. As to provision for the separated wives, among

the intertropical African tribes there will be little difficulty. Bishop Crowther stated, amongst them wives have to support themselves for the most part at all times. In the civilised pagan nations, provision for the separated wives and their children may present itself as a difficulty. But this, as I have above remarked, is apart from the question, and to admit polygamy or polyandry into the Church would be to introduce a leaven of error and impurity.

In regard to the second, that caste is still tolerated in the Churches of some missionary societies will, I should think, be heard with astonishment by most Christians. Christ unites His people in the communion of the Church, "that," He says, "they may be one in us, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me." It is so obvious that the entrance of caste into the Church renders this union impossible, and so prevents the testimony to be given to the mission of Christ, as well as the mutual help intended by this union to be given by Christians to each other on the way heavenwards, that the toleration of it, be it what it may in origin or nature, is cause of wonder and sorrow.

It is not only in India that such a powerful custom of separation between Christians exists. The difference of colour in many American churches forms as insurmountable an obstacle to the attainment of the Saviour's idea, and to its effect upon the world He designed it to have, as caste among the Hindoos.

The vast amount of knowledge of their various fields of labour and their work therein, communicated by missionaries from all quarters of the world, and full discussion of the methods through which they seek to fulfil their duty, cannot fail to have as a result a much greater interest in the Christian community than formerly felt. And the

exposition of the new forces brought into the field cannot fail to enlarge and intensify this interest. Medical missions were not thought of formerly, but now they amply vindicate their claim to be recognised equally with evangelistic agencies, as doing the work the Saviour has committed to His people, and having its own special value in making a way for the latter where it could not readily find an entrance.

Women's work has brought another wing of the Lord's host into the field, recruited by numbers which will probably ere long exceed those of the old-established forces. This work has also its special sphere and value. By entering into the home, the heart of the nations, it advances with greater promise of permanent good, and helps to give security to the conquests of the other forces.

Rejoicing in all these new modes and agencies, we cannot fail to anticipate the speedier coming of the day given to our hope in the sure word of prophecy, when the darkness which covers the nations shall be dispelled, those evils which afflict our race become a thing of the past, and Christ reign universally acknowledged King over a regenerated world.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLANTING OF THE UP-RIVER STATIONS.

THE years 1880–1890 were years of extension. Hitherto the mission had been working almost entirely among the Efik people. But the brethren in Calabar had long hoped to find promising fields of labour in the interior, "a country far from the swamps, high and healthy," and the journeys of Mr. Edgerley and others had made them familiar with the people beyond, and had disclosed to them the greatness of the opportunity lying to their hand. King Eyo had pithily and strikingly expressed the feeling of all: "God has unlatched the door, and wishes us to push it open."

The tribe immediately above Efik is Umon, which has two towns of considerable size, Umon and Ikotana, on the banks of the river. These towns were not always on the best of terms with each other, as Ikotana had taken its rise in a secession from Umon, and old quarrels die hard. Of these the lower is Umon, situated at the northern extremity of a long island; and here the Calabar traders —I speak of the time before 1890—used to buy the oil from the Akunakuna traders through the Umon people as middlemen, into whose hands they put the goods which they had received from the European traders for this purpose. Accordingly, when Umon was at war with either Akunakuna or Efik, which not unfrequently was the case, its position gave it admirable facilities for blocking

the river and stopping all traffic and communication and causing endless trouble.

The missionaries had begun to look to Umon as a possible station. Mr. Edgerley had visited it during the dry season, and the chiefs had expressed their willingness to receive a teacher and to build him a house. But though the teacher went to live in the town and took up his residence temporarily in an empty house, the people, influenced doubtless by their juju men, who keep them in continual fear, made no haste to fulfil their promises. "I visited the town again," says Mr. Edgerley, "during the rainy season, and found it very dirty. The chiefs, however, did not keep their promises to give ground for mission purposes. They put me off every time I waited upon them, and at last gave me incivility. At this I gave up calling upon them and passed up the river to another town, Ana, where I hoped to open a station. On leaving Umon I sent word to the chiefs that their treatment of me and their broken promises were bad, but that I forgave them because they acted in ignorance." This message evidently brought them to a more business-like frame of mind, for soon after one of the chiefs gave a site and helped to build a house, while the town made proclamation that the teacher, his people and his property were free from all enactments.

At Ana, or, as it is more commonly called, Ikotana, the reception was much more favourable. On a former journey Mr. Edgerley had won the gratitude of the chief, Abiakari, by mediating in a long-standing quarrel between him and his brother Ojoi. But the people did not accept a teacher without question. Had not God's word caused twins and twin-mothers to enter into the Calabar towns? they asked. And did it not condemn the war-charms which they wore to make them brave against their up-river foes?

But on being assured that the object of the missionary was not to compel them to give over evil practices, but to teach them what is right, and that God's word would make war-charms unnecessary by doing away with war altogether, the people shouted, "Give us God's word; it is good; send a teacher to us." This visit was of great importance from the fact that now for the first time a white man was welcomed with the gospel beyond the barrier of Umon, and was invited, and promised, to return and push farther inland. A tribe, formerly exclusive, had in a day opened its gates to the gospel.

But it was not long before one of those inter-tribal wars, which have done so much to retard the progress of the country, broke out, and the native teachers in Umon and Ikotana had to consult their safety by flight. The cause of the war was as follows. In an Enyong village lying between Calabar and Umon an Umon man had been caught and killed on the occasion of the death of one of the headmen. To escape the consequences of their crime Enyong charged a Calabar man with the deed, whereupon Umon seized some Calabar men and threatened to behead them. This was the ostensible cause of the war; but it is not improbable that, as at the time Umon held a large quantity of European goods in trust from Calabar traders, the opportunity was thought a favourable one for wiping out their debts at the cheap price of a few lives.

The brethren in Calabar felt that mission work up the river would be less likely to be affected by the vagaries of Umon politics if one of the towns at least were occupied by a European. Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance was over, Messrs. Edgerley and Beedie went up the river for the purpose of choosing a place for a European station. Ikotana offered distinct advantages. It was eligible from a health point of view, being built on

high, stony ground. Moreover, unlike the people of Duke Town and Creek Town, who reside at their farms for months on end, the people of Ikotana go out to their farms in the morning and return home in the evening, thus offering a prospect of more uninterrupted labour. Besides, there was a certain atmosphere of progress in Ikotana, some of the chief men and women having stayed for a time in Calabar, and having thus to some extent already come under the influence of the mission. It was hoped that this place would prove a good centre from which a civilising and Christianising influence would go forth to Umon, Biakpan, Ukpem and the other towns of the tribe. The chief was willing to receive a European into his town, but expressed a little soreness at the departure of the native teacher, perhaps as casting reflection on his power to protect him, saying, "Suppose a man were to go and begin work at a farm by clearing the bush and planting the ground, and were then to leave it, taking no further notice of it, would it become a good farm?" No apter commentary could be given on our up-river work than this simple parable of the Ikotana chief.

The death of Mr. Edgerley, which took place in little more than a month after he returned from this journey, deprived the mission of one who, by his enthusiasm and experience, was well fitted to superintend the contemplated extension. Inevitable delays occurred, and it was not till December 1885 that the Rev. E. W. Jarrett took up his residence at Ikotana.

The first few months gave promise of speedy result. The attendance at church and at school was large. Ekpenyong Ana, the chief's half-brother, who as a boy had been in Mr. Baillie's house at Ikorofiong, seemed "not far from the kingdom of God." He had already left off wearing charms and had thrown Ibok unceremoniously out

of doors. He had only one wife, and kept the Sabbath by resting from his work. He, his children and his people were constant attenders at church. But soon the novelty wore off and hope gave place to disappointment. It became evident that it was not the desire for the gospel, but the honour and the convenience of having a white man and a useful citizen living in his town that had made Abiakari willing to receive a missionary. The attendance at church and at school fell off. The quarrels of Abiakari and Ekpenyong kept the town divided into two factions, who were always ready to fly at each other's throats. Abiakari was too powerful and too ambitious to remain long at peace with his neighbours. Still there were not lacking signs that the gospel was having a civilising influence. On one occasion when war was being carried on between Ikotana and a neighbouring town, and only three persons turned up at the Sabbath service, Mr. Jarrett said to one of them, "Had I known that they were not going to come out to hear God's word better than this, I should have gone to another town." And he received for reply, "If it were not for the good word you are always telling us, you would to-day see our town filled with heads."

The step thus auspiciously taken into the interior, encouraged the mission to contemplate taking a further step by planting a new station. On their journeys up the river the missionaries had for the most part directed their attention to the towns on the left bank. On the occasion of Mr. Edgerley's last journey in 1883 the party visited Ebom, a town on the left bank. Being pressed to stay over another night, that the people of a neighbouring town who had been sent for might arrive, they consented on condition that in the course of the day the people of Ebom would take them to see a range of hills on the opposite side of the river. This they agreed to do, and,

after food had been provided, the party crossed the river and climbed the hill opposite. "The path we ascended," says Mr. Beedie, the narrator of the journey, "wound about in ziz-zag fashion, and in some places we had to climb up steps cut in the white sandstone, holding on with our hands. The summit was beautiful, covered with long guinea-grass instead of the bush we had been accustomed to. The air seemed cooler at the top, and we got a good breeze, which more than recompensed us for the walk and the climb. Shortly after our return to Ebom a deputation came from the people on the other side of the river where we had just been, asking us why we had not visited their town when we had landed on their ground and gone to the top of their hills. We explained to them that we had not known of the existence of a town near at hand. They wanted us to go and visit them, but this we could not do till another time. This tribe is called Afikpo."

This was the first introduction of the mission to the Ibo tribe, which stretches from the Niger to the Cross river, and crops out upon the right bank of the latter at this point. Further visits[1] brought the mission into touch with a town belonging to the same tribe a mile or two farther down the river, whose name was henceforth to become prominent in its annals. Ungwana stands on the top of a steep cliff at a distance of about a mile from its edge. A clambering path leads up from the beach to the top of the cliff, at one point ascending a steep rock by ten or twelve steps cut in its face. "Once up, a magnificent and extensive view is had. The river flows west till it arrives at the Ungwana district, when it takes a sharp turn and runs almost due south. On the other side of the river is a large placid lake, which has not been visited by white men. Ranges of hills are seen as far as the

[1] For the account of one of those visits, *vide* p. 293.

eye can reach, one of which, culminating in an immense peak, attracts special attention." It was hoped that this town would, from its elevated position, prove a more healthy station than any that had yet been occupied, while a little inquiry discovered that it gave access to a large population, many towns of considerable size being within walking distance of it.

On 25th October 1888 the Rev. John F. Gartshore, M.A., accompanied by several of the brethren, took possession of Ungwana. A great crowd of the natives gathered at the beach, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Soon, however, they began to assist in unloading the canoes of the boxes and building materials with which they were filled. But the work was suddenly stopped as if a new idea had struck the workers. A native characteristic discovered itself. How much was the town to get for doing this? After some haggling the claims of the town were settled, and work was resumed. But a new question presented itself. How much were the chiefs to get? They too were satisfied, and the people agreed to carry up the wood and clear the ground on which the house was to be built. A native house was given to Mr. Gartshore for present use, and, according to custom, the chief men of the town came round the door at night and promulgated a new law: "This is the house where the white man lives: if any man is caught taking anything from his house, he has authority to punish the thief: the town will not interfere in the matter."

But while the people of Ungwana were ready to receive the white man into their town, they did not intend to leave themselves unprotected against his wiles and witchcraft. Great precautions were taken by the priests of the native religion lest harm should come to the town through its new inhabitant. Mr. Gartshore thus

describes the part of the ceremony that was open to the view of the uninitiated. "Ten men dressed in long garments made of palm leaves, fantastic feather head-dresses and masks with long noses, came to my house. Some carried yams, maize and other products of the ground. Others had wands, with which they smote any urchin who ventured out of doors. They danced, uttered peculiar cries, advanced slowly and then retired backwards, rushed forward as if charging an enemy, laid their yams on the ground, and pronounced incantations, performing a lot of antics not always of a dignified nature. This performance was repeated at least once a day for three weeks, and often too the night was made hideous by their screaming and singing. I soon found that, despite their robes of office, they were more frightened for me than I was for them, as, when I emerged from the house suddenly, they stopped their incantations, picked up the yams and bolted precipitately to what they considered a safe distance."

Meanwhile Mr. Gartshore was busy superintending the erection of his house and performing the various kinds of work that fall to the lot of a pioneer missionary, such as bush-cutting, rooting up trees, making roads, planting mangoes and bread-fruit, and, as he himself puts it, "acting the part of a backwoodsman rather than of a cleric." But he was also losing no opportunity of gaining the confidence of the people, and of learning their language and acquiring that knowledge of their customs and superstitions which is as necessary for effective mission work as is the knowledge of the human body for the rational treatment of its diseases. School work brought him into contact with the children. The dispensary won an entrance into the hearts of the sick; for the great dread of the native is sickness and death, and in his sight the

greatest benefactor would be he who could give the elixir of life. Visits to the town made him acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, which sometimes appealed not less to his sense of humour than to his pity at the darkness of the cloud of superstition that enveloped them. Some of these superstitions were innocent enough. The people have a tradition, that if a white man wearing black visits a chief, that chief will die. On one occasion Mr. Gartshore was denied access to a chief till he had exchanged his black shoes for a pair of tan ones, and once the white cover of his umbrella got him out of an awkward fix. But through these visits the darker traits in the character of "the happy savage" were revealed also. "Oh that I could depict," he writes, "one scene in its simple truthfulness which we have witnessed more than once! It is market-day. Hundreds are buying and selling. The sound of many voices may be heard at a long distance. Above all voices rises a weird kind of chant. It proceeds from a group of women, young and old, moving in a circle with their naked bodies painted red or yellow. Each has two small pieces of wood in her hand, which she claps, keeping time to a refrain repeated over and over. They move round with many twistings of their bodies, yet all making the same movements. What are they doing? Look at what is lying in the centre of the ring and you have the answer, a human skull. It is a war dance, a rejoicing over an enemy slain."

But all these efforts to reach the people he recognised as secondary to the great aim of preaching the gospel. Sabbath after Sabbath he took his stand in the market-place, a wide space shaded by magnificent trees, where palavers are settled, and the youths are trained in wrestling, and the feast of the yam-harvest is held, and having attracted the people by the singing of a

hymn, he preached unto them Jesus, who alone could give them the true and eternal life for which they longed.

By the following May matters were so far advanced as to warrant Mr. Gartshore in bringing up his wife, who had been staying at Duke Town. Her arrival was made the occasion of still further ceremonies and treaties of friendship. The chiefs visited the mission-house bringing a goat with them. They and Mr. Gartshore stood in a ring in the centre of which was the goat. One of the chiefs lifted the animal and carried it round, each man placing his hand on its head as it passed. It was then killed and divided. Thus, by a ceremony akin to patriarchal, the mission-house was declared sacred, and a compact made between the people and the missionary.

Meanwhile events were happening which threatened to wreck the work at Ikotana. The town of Ukpem had insulted Abiakari, who summoned his headmen and ordered them to collect a force to avenge his injured dignity. But the wise headmen did not foresee any advantage to be reaped from a war with Ukpem, and refused to obey. But the chief was not to be turned from his purpose. He consulted with his brother Ojoi, and the result of this brotherly conference was that in a short time Ojoi was on his way with rich gifts to bribe the people of Biakpan to punish Ukpem. Biakpan rose to the bribe. On 25th February a band of armed men burst upon the sleeping town of Ukpem and massacred twenty people, carrying off their heads as trophies. This West African Glencoe involved Abiakari in trouble with his neighbours, and also with the Consul. For two men belonging to Obo Mba, an Enyong chief, had been among the murdered, and he, having recently made a treaty with Acting-Consul Johnstone placing himself and his people

under British protection, wrote to the Consul demanding vengeance on Abiakari.

What would have happened had the Consul possessed a force adequate to deal with the case it is not difficult to say. Ikotana, a town of crazy mud houses, would have been levelled to the ground, while the chief culprit with his people would have betaken himself to the bush, whence to sally forth in quest of revenge on the first favourable opportunity. But the mission buildings and the mission work would have been destroyed. With the greatest difficulty Mr. Luke, who was occupying Ikotana during the furlough of Mr. Jarrett, brought the proud chief so far as to write a letter of explanation to the Consul, which concluded as follows:—"Such is the palaver which Umon has taken to spoil my name before you. If I am condemned in this matter, take from me forty boxes of rods (about £50). I, Abiakari, have spoken." The Consul, who was well aware of the difficulty and uncertainty that beset an expedition against Abiakari, thought it best to accept this tardy and reluctant submission, and the matter was settled.

But the troubles of the mission at the hands of Abiakari were not yet over. Not long after Mr. Jarrett had returned from furlough twins were born in Ikotana, and after some trouble he succeeded in getting hold of them, and brought them to the mission-house. Thereupon Egbo was blown on the mission. All the house-children were taken away, and no one was allowed to go to church, school, or dispensary, or to hold any communication whatsoever with the mission. That Mr. Gartshore removed the innocent causes of the mischief down the river only served to add fuel to the fury of the chief. He declared that no one would come near the mission unless Mr. Jarrett "put his hand to paper" that neither he nor the mission

would interfere with twins again. To this, of course, Mr. Jarrett would not agree, and the boycott went on for months. Nor was it till a deputation of the brethren visited Ikotana at Mr. Jarrett's request, that Abiakari was persuaded to remove the ban from the mission.

The same steamer that brought Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore to Ungwana brought Mr. Luke to occupy the new station of Emuramura, the chief town of the Akunakuna tribe On the 3rd day of May 1889 the *Lochee*, a boat named after the congregation that had given it, arrived at Emuramura beach with the message "*Emem ke isong*" (peace on earth) floating from its stern. The party were cordially welcomed by the kindly old chief Ebok, who had long been looking for the fulfilment of promises; and when he was told that the white man had come not to go away again, he asked that the statement might be repeated, so great was his joy.

Ere many days were over, the site which had been granted for the mission-house was cleared and levelled, and the piles on which the house was to be erected were set in position. Then the work of erecting began, and for weeks Mr. Luke and his doings were a continual source of interest and wonder to the natives. His activity astonished them. "*Mbakara ama utom*" (the white man loves work) was the comment of one native who, with his hands in his pockets metaphorically speaking, stood watching him for a few minutes. The novel tools he used delighted them. As Emuramura is the place where all the canoes are made—the Clydeside of the country—the natives there are adepts with the axe. Even the American cross-cut saw they soon became acquainted with. But "when the wheelbarrow was brought out it created an indescribable effect upon man and beast. Oxen, goats, sheep, dogs and poultry fled helter-skelter before the approach of that

wheel; and as for the natives, they behaved in a ludicrous fashion, leaning upon each other in the excess of their laughter, and uttering peculiar cries of astonishment. But old customs die hard, as is shown by the fact that a stalwart native, whose duty it was to bring home the barrow at night, was met with the whole thing on his head."

Emuramura has the reputation of being the lowest town on the river in point of morality; and perhaps it is in some degree owing to this fact that hopeful signs soon began to be noticed. Children were given to Mr. Luke to train; chiefs came by night, like Nicodemus, to inquire about the way of salvation; and the people soon manifested their desire of having a church in their town by the very practical method of subscribing over £6 towards building it.

On the 1st of January 1890, Mr. Luke and Mr. Bishop set out on a journey up the river, intending, if possible, to reach the rapids, which had been reached only once before by a white man, viz. by Captain Beecroft in 1842. Not only did they attain this object, but they pushed on for a week beyond. Their journey disclosed many towns containing large populations and wide fields for mission work. They were everywhere kindly received, any little suspicion at the first—it could not be called hostility—being quickly charmed away by the good-humour and friendliness of the two missionaries.

The autumn of 1888 saw the opening of yet another station, which, though not an up-river station, still formed an important extension of the mission. On 4th August of that year Miss Slessor took possession of Okoyong. The Okoyong people are a branch of the Ododop tribe, which came from the Rumby Mountains, and drove the Ibibio people from the narrow strip of land between the Calabar and Cross rivers, which lies behind Creek

Town and Ikoneto. "Physically they are of a far higher type of man than any of the coast tribes. The nose is higher, the mouth and chin firmer, the eye fierce and piercing, and their houses and their habits are much superior in every way." They are fierce and war-loving, setting little value upon human life, whether their own or that of others, and sitting down even to their meals with their guns and cutlasses ready. They are the "princes of drunkards," and are sunk in superstitions that make them a terror to themselves and a constant source of dread to their neighbours. Such is their suspicion of each other that they do not gather into towns; but each head of a house, with his people, occupies his own clearing in the forest, and seldom visits his neighbours, and then only with a string of armed followers; and it is only on the occasion of the death of a "big" man that they gather together to pay him honour by drinking and revelry.

Among this fierce and superstitious tribe Miss Slessor settled after a whole year had been spent in negotiations. "Our first visits," she writes, "were not particularly cheering. Everybody seemed afraid to meet us, and when we did get them gathered together they were armed to the teeth. They offered to give us a piece of ground and took us about that we might choose it. But they promised little else of a definite character; and, indeed, it was not till the fourth visit—and I paid it quite alone—that they seemed to have any faith at all in our promises. Even now, when I have come with all my belongings, they sometimes ask whether I really mean to stay, and not to go away any more."

Miss Slessor found all the horrors of heathenism, witchcraft, the poison ordeal, twin-murder, and hard drinking, in full swing at Okoyong. Shortly after she arrived the chief's son was killed by the fall of a tree, and the father

went off to the witch-doctor to inquire who had been the cause of his son's death. The witch-doctor called out the names of twelve persons, who were taken prisoners and put in chains. They were condemned to take the poison-bean in order that the guilty one might be discovered. But Miss Slessor and Mr. Ovens, who was erecting her house at the time, never rested till all the prisoners were released. Through their exertions the chief's son was buried without one life being sacrificed, a thing which had never been known in Okoyong before.

Twelve years of self-forgetful labour among them have won for Miss Slessor a great influence over the tribe of Okoyong. She is their trusted adviser and friend. They bring their palavers to her to settle. They bring their twins and orphans, who in former times would have met a speedy death either by murder or by neglect, to her to rear. And though as yet not one of that wild tribe has been gathered into the fold of the Church, by her very presence among them, as well as by her teaching, she is exerting in their lives an influence for Christianity and civilisation which shall bear fruit perhaps after not many days.

With our chain of European stations completely manned, it was hoped that the work would advance uninterruptedly. Each place thus occupied was the chief town of its tribe, from which it was intended that native pastors and teachers would carry the gospel into the other towns. But these hopes were disappointed. On 30th March 1890, Mr. Jarrett died at Ikotana from dysentery, contracted, it was supposed, from drinking impure water on one of his journeys. He was an earnest, devoted, plodding man, beloved by all his brethren, and, in spite of his strenuous opposition to their evil practices, esteemed by the natives. To facilitate his passage from Ikotana to

Ufut, a village about fifteen minutes' walk from the former, he had built a bridge across a creek, which in one respect resembled his work in Ikotana. He had fixed only two of the cross spars when death called him away. So in Ikotana the result of his work might seem imperfect. He had seen but one convert. But he had done much preparation work, and other men have entered into his labours.

The hardships which Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore had undergone brought on repeated attacks of fever, which made it necessary for them to go home to recruit. Unhappily the tribes above Ikorofiong were at war with the Consul and with each other, and Ndem Eno, a chief of Enyong, had blocked the river.

Knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore were sick, Mr. Luke went up to Ungwana and brought them down to Ikotana, where Mrs. Jarrett was waiting an opportunity of returning to her native land. His intention was to muster all the Efik workmen at the three stations, and to get them to paddle the party down to Duke Town. But when they arrived at Ikotana and learned the state of affairs they refused to go farther. Thus the missionaries were shut in with no definite hope of getting out in a hurry. Abiakari had a quarrel with Umon, and was powerless to help them. After much persuasion, however, he sent a canoe to try to run the blockade at night and convey a letter to Mr. Beedie, but after two days the canoe returned. Mr. Luke then decided to attempt the journey overland. Starting with a few men and the least possible luggage, he reached the Inokon villages in three hours and asked a guide, which was refused. Pressing on, he was pursued and compelled to return to Inokon with the threat that if his boys proved to belong to Akunakuna their heads would fall. But when he reached the village,

to his great joy he saw an Ikotana chief, who testified that the boys did not belong to Akunakuna. Guides were then asked and granted, and next morning he set out, and after travelling the whole day arrived at a village at nightfall. Next morning he was told that he could go no farther, but must return by the way he came. Protest was useless, for the command was accompanied by the threat that if he persisted in going on his men would be beheaded. Sick at heart he retraced his steps. To add to the peril of the situation he was seized with fever. Crying to God for help, he dragged himself along, in vain begging the Inokon men to carry him. He reached a village, whence he was unable to proceed. His guides came to tell him that the owner of the house would not allow him to stay there. He said, "Go and tell him that I will not rise; if he wants to cast out his white guest like a dead dog, let him come and do it; I am powerless to resist." Next morning he felt better and pushed on to Ikotana.

Abiakari had at length succeeded in getting a canoe past Umon, and Mr. Beedie's reply was anxiously expected. But it was seized by Umon, and torn in pieces. Hearing that an expedition was about to start from Emuramura for Efik by an overland route, Mr. Luke went up and had the pleasure of seeing it set out bearing his letters. On the last day of April Mr. Luke again left Ikotana for Emuramura, to try to persuade the chiefs to give him a guide to conduct him overland by another route. But he had not gone far when he heard that an unknown Efik friend was sending assistance to the missionaries. The Emuramura traders had met Efiom Otu Ekong, an influential trader who had once been an agent of the mission, at Uwet, and had told him of the straits of the white men. Efiom promptly sent thirty men to their aid with provisions and orders to carry all the party overland if they so

desired. But the invalids were too weak for such a mode of conveyance, and Mr. Luke resolved to go himself. After about five days' march he reached Uwet, where to his joy he met Messrs. Porteous and Bishop, who had come up to try and bring aid to the prisoners.

Mr. Gartshore's letter, which had passed Umon, had meanwhile let the brethren at Duke Town know the state of matters up-river: but the river was too low to allow the *David Williamson* to go up, and no Efik man could be got to attempt the passage in a canoe. Messrs. Beedie, Bishop, Ovens and Johnstone set out to try to reach Ikotana over land. But the road they took was so flooded with heavy rain that it was dangerous to proceed. Nothing daunted, they stripped off their clothes, carried them on their heads and waded through the water, which in some parts reached to their breasts. When they arrived at the village where they expected to get a guide, they were told that orders had been given not to let any white man pass. The Consul had got mixed up in the quarrel of the Enyong tribes, and for the present "white man" and "consul-man" were one. They had therefore to return to Duke Town. Then they tried if the river had so far risen as to let the *David Williamson* up; but they had not gone far when the machinery broke down, and they had to let her drift back to Duke Town. It was while the steamer was being repaired that Messrs. Porteous and Bishop went up the Calabar River to Uwet, where, as has been related, they met in with Mr. Luke.

The steamer was repaired with all possible speed and sent up to the relief of the missionaries.

Mr. Porteous was appointed to succeed Mr. Jarrett at Ikotana, but no one could be spared to take up Mr. Gartshore's work at Ungwana. Mr. Luke therefore, in addition to his own work, undertook the superintendence

of that station; but in the summer of 1891 he too was invalided home, and the care of all the up-river stations and their native agents, a work entailing great anxiety and frequent journeyings, fell on the willing but physically not too able shoulders of Mr. Porteous.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

MEANWHILE changes of the greatest importance were taking place in the country. The fact that most of the firms trading in the Old Calabar and adjacent rivers have always been British has given Britain a special interest in the rivers, so that for many years the country has been more or less under British influence. Prior to 1884 the Consul, who had his residence at Fernando Po, visited the rivers at such times as one of Her Majesty's gunboats was available to convey him. But ordinarily each river was governed by a Court of Equity, composed of the leading members of the mercantile community, who brought such pressure to bear upon the chiefs as the threat of a visit from the Consul and a gunboat enabled them to do. Several times in the course of the history of the mission the brethren had called in the traders to help them to put down some cruel and bloody custom, but for the most part the natives were left to manage their affairs as they chose.

The scramble among the European nations for valuable bits of Africa led Britain to reconsider and reverse the policy on which with more or less consistency she had hitherto been acting. The French pushed up to Gaboon. The Germans, getting a few days' start of us, obtained possession of Cameroons. In 1884, Consul Hewett came up the river for the purpose of persuading the Calabar chiefs to accept

British protection. The Creek Town chiefs readily acceded to the proposal. The Duke Town chiefs hesitated, but on being assured that there was no intention of disturbing social relations they acquiesced. But the Consul, who henceforth resided at Calabar, had not a sufficient force to enable him to carry out a complete system of administration. No revenue was raised, and the quiet or turbulence of the river still largely depended on the temper of the chiefs whose towns lined its banks. This semblance of power without the reality sometimes led the Consul to take fatal methods of exerting his authority over the up-river tribes. Such an incident happened in 1887. It has been already touched upon, in so far as it seriously affected the lives of our up-river missionaries. Ndem Eno was a powerful chief of Enyong, whose town lay on the right bank of the river between Umon and Ikotana. Its position gave admirable facilities for blocking the river. Ndem Eno had for some time been seizing canoes and murdering their occupants. As no canoe could run the blockade, trade was paralysed, and the British factories were being maintained at a heavy loss to their owners. The Consul took the unwise course of inviting the Efik people to make war on Ndem Eno, and an expedition was fitted out. But that chief did not wait the arrival of the war-canoes of Efik, but betook himself with his people to the bush, where he was safe. The burning of his town was all that was accomplished, a trifling loss to the Enyong chief, as a Calabar town can be erected with little labour. The expedition returned to Duke Town, and Ndem Eno came forth from his retreat to pursue his old tactics, as soon as the advent of the dry season made the river too shallow for a warlike expedition.

The last state of affairs was worse than the first, nor was there much prospect of speedy improvement. Besides, it can easily be conceived that a consul who pursued such

a policy in the interior would not be beyond making mistakes at Duke Town; and so great was the feeling that even there life and property were insecure, that the people betook themselves to their farms to stay, and the town was almost deserted. Representations on the state of matters reached the Foreign Office from the natives, the trading community and the missionaries, and in 1889 Sir Claude (then Major) Macdonald was despatched as Special Commissioner to enquire what form of government would be best suited to the circumstances of Calabar and the adjacent territories. He held meetings with the chiefs of the various districts, including Calabar. The chiefs of Creek Town, largely through the influence of King Eyo, advocated annexation by Britain. The chiefs of Duke Town expressed a preference for native rule, and desired to be left to themselves. The Commissioner said that that was now impossible, and that the alternative lay between a protectorate by Britain and annexation to the territory of the Royal Niger Company. Ultimately it was agreed to accept a protectorate.

In 1891, after the necessary preliminaries had been arranged, Sir Claude went out as Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General. Aided by an energetic staff of officials he set about reducing the country to a state of civilisation. With the consent of the chiefs, duties, which have been increased from time to time, were put on spirits and other articles; and a custom-house for the collection of the revenue was established. Hitherto the postal arrangements had been most rudimentary. As soon as the firing of a gun announced the arrival of the mail steamer, representatives from the factories and the mission put off from their beaches, the mail bag was emptied out on the deck of the steamer, and the chairman of the African Association distributed the contents. But now a post office

was established, and the well-known red "pillar of the State" became familiar to the inhabitants of Duke Town and Creek Town. A daily penny post was established in Duke Town, and a post between Duke Town and Bonny went through the creeks by canoe. A still more welcome change was soon effected. The postage of a letter of half an ounce from and to Britain, which had been sixpence, was now reduced to twopence halfpenny, and in 1898 it was still further reduced to one penny.

A great change was made upon the outward appearance of Duke Town. The Consulate-General, a long, bare, ill-kept building on the Consulate Hill, constructed of wood and corrugated iron, was cleaned and put in repair. The whole hill was cleared of bush, and houses and barracks were erected for the accommodation of the officials and of the soldiers. The beach was put in order, workshops were erected, roads were made, trees were planted, and everything possible was done to make the place healthy and pleasant. Sanitary laws were made for the native town, and inspectors appointed to enforce them. Even the European graveyard was not forgotten by Sir Claude Macdonald. Situated on the Mission Hill it was somewhat neglected, as no one had sufficient control over it to warrant him in keeping it in order. But the Consul caused the bush with which it was overgrown to be cut, walks to be made, and a living fence, which was soon replaced by an iron railing, to be planted round it.

These external changes were but the outward sign of deeper changes. The river was declared free, *i.e.*, Umon or Enyong was no longer allowed to hinder the Akunakuna people from bringing down their produce to the English factories, or the Efik people from passing up to trade at the markets of the interior. A stern-wheel steamer, named the *Beecroft*, after Governor Beecroft, who in 1842

had explored the Cross river to the rapids, patrolled the river to enforce the law. It was not, however, without trouble and loss of life on both sides that the practice of blocking the river was put down. But several punitive expeditions taught the natives how useless it was to pursue their old tricks, and the establishment of a military station at Ediba, a town beyond Ungwana, where a small detachment of Hausa soldiers under an English officer was stationed, greatly promoted the pacification of the river. Thus not only was an old custom, which had caused endless trouble and expense to traders and missionaries and natives alike, without a single compensating advantage to those who indulged in it, brought to an end, but by the opening up of the interior markets to Christian traders a door was opened for the gospel to an extent which we hardly yet realise.

It was the policy of the Consul to utilise as far as possible any native organisation which might fit in with his scheme of administration. Accordingly the native courts were reorganised, and even men who had not the full status of freemen were admitted to sit in them; while a consular court was established to hear appeals from these, and to deal with cases in which native custom was not involved. The leading natives in the various districts were appointed consular agents, and the fact that in more than one case these were removed from their position on its being proved that they took advantage of it to aggrandise themselves at the expense of their neighbours, did much to impress the people with the justice of the Government. The policy of the Consul was to insure justice to all without interfering more than was necessary with native custom and prejudice.

There were some customs, however, already to a large extent gone wherever the mission had obtained a footing, but still prevalent over a large part of the country, for which

there could be no toleration. Twin-murder and giving of the poison-bean were made punishable by death. An old treaty, which enacted that any person who even incited another to take poison should be executed, was put in force. Slaveholders were warned to put their house in order, and any slave who could prove that his master had ill-treated him was freed.

Egbo, which had played a large and not altogether useless part in the past, was reduced to the level of a freemason society. The natives were urged to educate their children, especially in English; and in a short time a hospital for the natives was established.

These changes brought others, which were not without their effect on the mission. A much larger European population became resident in Duke Town. The natives who, apprehending danger to life and property, had betaken themselves to their farms in the inaccessible bush, were encouraged to return to the town. A large accession of English-speaking natives was made to the population of Duke Town. The Government needed clerks, artisans, messengers, who were obtained from the more advanced colonies of Sierra Leone, Lagos and Accra; while a force of Hausa soldiers was levied. The new conditions also drew to the country a great many who were not in the service of the Government. English-speaking natives came in large numbers, some of whom were Christian men, while others brought with them vices which helped to deepen still further the degradation of the natives. A noticeable feature of this time was the increase of the facilities for public drinking. It has often been remarked that one can see more drunkenness in the streets of a Scotch town on a single Saturday night than can be seen in a West African town in a whole year. But where there are no public-houses no one can roll home from them.

Liquor was formerly taken home and consumed there, and the native slept off his debauch before appearing in the streets again. But many English-speaking natives were attracted to Calabar by the hope of getting employment from the Government or from the native chiefs, and, being disappointed in their hope, some of them opened shops in which gin and rum and other liquors occupied an important place, thus giving increased facilities for public drinking.

The Hausa soldiers brought a new religion, Mohammedanism, before the eyes of the people, and it was not long before Mohammedan traders from the Niger swarmed into Duke Town, and even up the river. The erection of a mosque has given a concrete form to the new influence. The strangeness of dress and habits of these new-comers, as well as the regular attention to their devotions, strangely impressed the natives, and they soon began to look upon them with a vague fear, which may in time become a great impulse to imitation.

Such far-reaching changes could not fail to affect the mission, and, to some extent, to alter the character of its work; and in this concluding chapter we shall try to show how far the mission has responded to the new conditions, and availed itself of the new opportunities.

The arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Rae in October 1890 supplied a long-felt want, viz. that of a medical man to work among the natives. For any of the European missionaries who were sick, and for such of the natives as could pay a handsome fee, the aid of the river doctor was generally available. But for many years there was no one to treat the more serious complaints of the poorer class among the natives. It was intended that Dr. Rae should settle at an up-river station, but, as Mr. Beedie was about to go home on furlough, it was deemed advisable that for the present he should take charge of Duke Town.

In August 1891, Mrs. Goldie entered into rest at an advanced age. Since the beginning of the mission she had seconded all her husband's efforts to upraise the people, but she found her special sphere in the management of the large household which gathered into the mission-house. When Mr. and Mrs. Goldie went to Creek Town after Mr. Waddell's departure, King Eyo had set himself to abolish the cruel custom of twin-murder. But it is one thing to make a law and quite another to eradicate a superstition. And so firm a hold had the old prejudice taken, that the unfortunate mother was strongest in her abhorrence of her innocent twin children. Mrs. Goldie formed a home in the mission-house for such of these as were rescued from death. Deprived of all her own children in their infancy, she had for many years a large family to care for in these little outcasts, as well as in the orphans and refugees that were thrown upon the care of the mission, and many of the best men and women in the Efik Church to-day were in their early years under her motherly care. But advancing age had impaired her strength, and for the last few years of her life she had been an invalid. Yet she performed an invalid's ministry. For a time she was taken to church in a bath-chair, and afterwards, when her strength waned, in a basket-chair. "I could not understand a word that was being said," said Mr. Porteous in speaking of his first communion Sabbath in the country, "but I got my sermon from watching the joy of Mrs. Goldie's face." Almost to the end she was able to be moved out to the verandah, where she loved to sit reading her favourite books. "A few hours before her death," wrote Mr. Goldie, "she requested me to sing a psalm, and I met her wish by singing her part of the 103rd, the last song of the Church below that entered her ear, so soon to be followed by the

song of the redeemed above. And so she passed away from us. God had graciously sustained her in a long life of active duty, and in that climate, proverbially unfavourable to European life, to attain the age of eighty-two years. She had laboured earnestly in the work the Saviour had given her to do until the power to work was gone. She had nothing more to do in this world, and so He took her home."

The death of Mrs. Goldie called forth many expressions of the sense of the value of her life to the country. On the day of her funeral all the flags in the river were hoisted half-mast high. The funeral was attended by representatives from most of the factories and from the consulate. But a more valuable testimony of her worth was the universal sorrow of the natives. "She was a mother indeed to all of us," wrote King Eyo to Mr. Waddell; "she really proved Dorcas in our country. Blessed are the dead in Christ!"

As has been mentioned in the former chapter, Mr. Luke was invalided home in the autumn, but September brought reinforcements in the persons of the Rev. John Taylor Dean, who had been appointed to assist Mr. Goldie, and Mr. Hugh Alexander, who came out to take charge of the *David Williamson* and of the transport. The beginning of 1892 brought Miss Slessor and Mr. Bishop, the printer, who were returning after furlough, and, for the first time, the Rev. Ebenezer Deas and Mr. John Manson, a carpenter who had come out to erect a new mission-press.

These additions to the staff would have made all the stations, if not fully, at least fairly well manned. Mr. Porteous had succeeded Mr. Jarrett at Ikotana, and Dr. Rae was looking forward to taking up work at Ungwana as soon as the return of Mr. Beedie, or the arrival of a new missionary provided for the needs of Duke Town; and Mr.

Deas was on his way out. But ere he arrived, death had removed these two brethren on whom the up-river work for the time depended. On Thursday, 21st January, Dr. Rae received a letter from Ikorofiong saying that Mr. Porteous was lying there sick of hæmaturic fever. Mr. Porteous had noticed the alarming symptoms on the previous Tuesday, and had got himself put into his canoe and paddled down to Ikorofiong. The journey took thirteen hours, but might have been done in less had he not, in consideration for his boys, made them halt halfway down and take food. When Dr. Rae arrived at Ikorofiong he found him as well as could be expected, and for a few days hope was entertained of his recovery. But on the Sabbath he took a turn for the worse, and soon it became evident that his recovery was beyond hope. His strength was sinking, and his mind was letting go its hold on things seen, and the realities of the eternal world were opening up to him. Sometimes he seemed to be engaged in his loved work of preaching, repeating what seemed to be his text, "For He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," and, after a period of silence, holding up his hands as if pronouncing the benediction. The eager and loving watchers around his bed caught from his lips snatches of texts and prayers, expressions of doubt that he was going backward, of faith that someone was taking him away in his arms and that it was Jesus, and of final victory, as the glorious vision burst upon his view. He lingered on till January 26th, when he passed away—a scholar and saint, yet counting it his greatest privilege that he was, as he said in his last message to his friends, "a poor, vile sinner, trusting in the blood of Jesus."

In addressing the Duke Town congregation on the Sabbath after the death of Mr. Porteous, Dr. Rae said

that no Christian could witness such a close of life and have any fear of death. Little did his hearers dream how soon he too was to descend into the valley. It was thought advisable, now that Mr. Porteous, the only European up the river, was gone, that a visit should be paid to the vacant stations for the purpose of encouraging the native teachers, and of assuring the people that as soon as possible missionaries would again be located among them. Although very much run down from overwork and with the effects of recent fever still upon him, Dr. Rae undertook the visit, and on Tuesday, 16th February, set out from Duke Town accompanied by his wife, Mr. Manson, and his dispensary boys. As the river was low the *David Williamson* could not go far above Ikorofiong, and the rest of the journey had to be performed in a canoe. The party reached Ikotana, where the doctor spent Thursday in going over the accounts of the native teacher and in an interview with the chief. Next day the journey was resumed. On arriving at Emuramura the doctor had to be assisted to the house. He soon realised that recovery was not for him. On Sabbath morning he told his wife that he was going home, and repeated, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." On being asked if he would like to live, he replied, "Yes, but if it is God's will, I am willing to go." He thanked Mr. Manson for all his kindness, and, seeing Tom, one of the dispensary boys, standing near, he urged him to be steadfast and firm. Among the last words he was heard to utter were, "For ever with the Lord." About ten o'clock on the Sabbath evening he entered into rest, and was buried near the church.

Dr. Rae was a man whose death would have been a severe loss to any mission, however well manned. He was a man of sterling honesty and great strength of character.

He knew no fear. He was unsparing in his efforts to advance the work to which he had given himself. Under the most disadvantageous circumstances he undertook and performed difficult surgical operations, which more than any other benefits of medical mission work impress the native mind. To cure a fever by medicine is only to do what nature often does without medicine. But to relieve a man of a constant weight of a few pounds of unnecessary flesh is a wonder indeed. Such was the confidence with which Dr. Rae inspired the natives, that, years afterwards, soiled and torn prescriptions of his were handed in at the dispensaries, and the people begged for exactly the same medicine as the doctor had given and from which they had found relief. Dr. Rae's death meant the loss of a true friend to the natives, and they were not slow to recognise it. Shortly after the news arrived in Duke Town "the verandah was crowded with native women, who, along with the children of the house, showed their sympathy after their own fashion by loud wailing." "We never knew one," wrote Ani Eniang Ofiong, his dispenser, "who liked his work better than Dr. Rae and who lived to do it by day and by night. His influence reached to an almost incredible extent in the country, for people in the interior came to get his advice. He wrought more than is good for one in our climate. Often after a morning's work in the dispensary he would seem as if he were going to drop down from weariness. The people called him a friend of love, because he has been so to them by the kindness with which he treated them when they were sick. It may be truly said that Dr. Rae will never die in the hearts of Calabar people, because he has done a loving work among them, both as a doctor and as a preacher." Dr. Rae has become a kind of standard to the native by which all his successors are measured, just as

Mr. Edgerley is a standard to the Creek Town people by which they estimate those who take up the work there.

Not only were the up-river stations thus left vacant, but a scheme of extension from which much had been expected was frustrated. In a country such as West Africa, where European life is so uncertain, it is to the natives themselves that we must ultimately look for any widespread aggressive effort. This was recognised by the older missionaries, who began to train young men for the work of teachers, evangelists and even ordained pastors. It was hoped to have the principal stations occupied by Europeans, and the subordinate stations by native pastors, who should carry on the work with a large measure of independence and yet enjoy the benefit of the European's advice and backing. Two young men had reached the stage of licence as preachers, and, having expressed their willingness to engage in up-river work, were appointed to two stations sufficiently near to European stations, and yet large enough to provide a sphere for the energies of a young man. Okurike, a town of the Akunakuna tribe near to Emuramura, had often been visited, and promises had been made on both sides. Ebom is a town a little above Ungwana on the opposite side of the river, and its occupation meant a new step into the interior. Itam Okpo Itam, now the minister at Ikoneto, and William George Waddell were appointed to these places respectively. These young men, who had both been trained under Mr. Edgerley, had been for a long time in the service of the mission, and every confidence in their fitness to undertake this work was entertained. It was thought desirable, however, that they should proceed to their stations for six months' trial before receiving ordination.

It is hardly possible for a European to appreciate the

amount of self-sacrifice which up-river work then meant to the native. Both of the young men were married and had families, with houses in Creek Town where all their friends were, and where they were accustomed to a certain amount of civilisation. Among the up-river tribes, dangers from which a European was free beset the native. The frequent wars among the tribes made life among a strange people very precarious. One could never tell when something might happen which would make Akunakuna seize all Efik men within its bounds, in which case their lives would not be worth an hour's purchase.

The plan, then, was in those days feasible only where the station at which the native pastor was to be located was near a station occupied by a European, to whom he might turn for advice or flee for protection. Okurike and Ebom were, from this point of view, eligible posts, for the former was near Emuramura, Mr. Luke's station, while the latter was but a short distance above Ungwana, to which Dr. Rae had been appointed. But by the removal of these two brethren the necessary condition of the scheme's being a success was removed, and as after events showed it would have been wiser to abandon the new step for the time. It is easy to be wise after the event, however, and the blame of the failure does not lie at the door of the missionaries or of the young men. They reached their stations about the close of 1891. The work was begun amid great encouragement. The people seemed eager to hear the word. But it was not long before Itam took sick, and the fact that there was no doctor up the river rendered it necessary for him to come down to Creek Town for treatment. William George held on longer; but a severe sickness, brought on by a debauch, in which a dead hippo was a prominent feature, broke out among the people, and they instead of blaming their own intemperance blamed the new

teaching. So hot did the place become for William that he had to leave. He took up his residence for a few months at Ungwana with Ekot, the native teacher, assisting him in the work and seeking an opportunity of returning to Ebom; but it was useless, and the station had to be abandoned in the meantime.

Soon the mission suffered another severe loss in the death of King Eyo, which took place on 24th March. King Eyo's name has been frequently mentioned in the course of this book, and Mr. Goldie has at once preserved the story of a worthy life and paid the tribute of a long friendship in his little book, *A Christian King in West Africa*. There is no need, therefore, to go with any fulness into the details of his life. But the period of his rule marks a great step of advance in the life of the country. From the day on which he assumed the kingship till the day on which he laid it down, his influence was steadily on the side of progress and civilisation and Christianity. He had early come under religious impressions, and as soon as he was able he made public profession of his faith in Christ. In many ways did he help the mission. He was an elder in Creek Town congregation, for a time superintendent of the Sabbath School, and once and again in the absence of a European missionary conducted service in the church. While naturally too modest to push himself forward, he was always ready to do what he could to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom in the country. But perhaps he advanced these interests most by the Christian spirit in which he performed the duties of his office. He consistently wrought for the advancement of his country. A shrewd man, he early saw that Africa must come under the domination of European nations, and that it was best for it that this should be the case. On the two occasions on

which the question was before the native chiefs, in 1884 and in 1889, he gave his voice for accepting the protection of Britain, and one of his principal reasons for doing so was the desire that the mission might not be disturbed in its work as the American Baptist Mission had been by the French at Gaboon. But King Eyo's own wishes went even further. He desired Calabar to be made a Crown colony, and looked forward to the day when slavery, the great obstacle, would be removed. He had a keen sense of the value of knowledge. Though he might be described as a man of one book, and that book the Bible, he possessed a small but choice library of English books. At the close of 1880 we find him making a proclamation that the children running about the streets must go to school, and an address which he delivered to the students in the same year contains the following weighty words: "Who will be the leaders in the Efik of the future? Those who gain knowledge. No matter what their position may be, they must rise. They will influence the country; and those who do not care for knowledge will be left behind, no matter what may be their rank or wealth." He was very anxious for the extension of the mission to the tribes beyond, and did all in his power, directly and indirectly, to promote it. Surely such a letter as the one from which the following is an extract does not often come from the pen of rulers:—

"On the 9th of April I took a trip to the country which is named Ofot Emun and Ita. The people there had heard about me, and came to one of my men who was there with the message that I must send to open their new market for them, and also that they wished to be under my protection. I sent my people to open the market for them, and, if the trade goes on, I shall send more people to live there and trade with them. On

Thursday I took my first trip to pay a visit to them, and reached them the following day, because my canoe goes very quickly. On Saturday I sent to their headmen, who came to me on Sabbath. I had a meeting with them; and they all sat very quietly to hear what was spoken. On Monday the chiefs who were in the interior came down to visit me. I had some conversation with them. They spoke of the good things of this life, and I took the opportunity of speaking to them of something far better —the welfare of their souls for ever. Their way of living is just what you found in our country, Efik, when you came here first. When we compare the present time with the time when the gospel came, we see what great works of mercy the Lord has wrought amongst us."

How great the change had been the funeral rites of the king enable us to see. In olden times hundreds of his slaves would have been slain to furnish him with a fitting retinue in the other world. Every evening would have seen one of his wives strangled with a piece of copper wire. Months of revelry and drinking and playing would have impoverished the town. But in the present instance everything passed off quietly. A salute was fired to officially proclaim the event; the flags in the river were hoisted half-mast high; crowds of chiefs and their followers assembled according to custom to pay their respects to his memory. But in a short time the town settled down into its usual quiet state, as if no such event had occurred.

The staff, which had been so weakened by death, was still further reduced by furlough. The first steamer that left the river after Dr. Rae's death carried Miss Edgerley, Miss Johnstone, Mr. Ovens, and Mr. Charles Morrison, while Mrs. Rae and Miss Dunlop left by the next steamer. But Mr. Deas took up the work at Duke Town which had fallen from Dr. Rae's hands, and in May the staff was still

A Mission Party

Dr and Mrs Rae — Mammy Fuller — Mrs and Mr Cruickshank
Mrs and Mr Beedie — Mrs Ludwig — Miss Edgerley — Mr Ovens
Harry (Miss Edgerley's boy) — Miss Hutton — Miss Hogg — Miss Hay — Atim (Mrs Cruickshank's girl)

further augmented by the arrival of Dr. Fischer and Messrs. M'Omish and Macallister, carpenters. All that could be done, however, was to keep the down-river stations going, and, by such superintendence and encouragement as could be given by occasional visits, to help the native teachers who, with a steadfastness that is beyond all praise, were doing their best in the three up-river stations. Not till the autumn was the staff fully completed. In August, Miss Stewart, and Miss Chalmers who came out to be married to Mr. Dean, arrived for the first time, along with Miss Hogg and Mrs. Ludwig, who though not officially in connection with the mission, yet during her short stay in the country rendered services of great value. The following month brought Mr. and Mrs. Luke, the Revs. Wm. Marwick, J. W. M'Kenzie, George M'Donald, and Miss I. M. Budge. Immediately arrangements were made for reoccupying the vacant stations. Mr. Deas, who on 8th November was married to Miss Isa Johnstone, went to Ikotana, Mr. and Mrs. Luke, Mr. M'Kenzie, Dr. Fischer, and Mrs. Ludwig went to Ungwana and Emuramura, and Messrs. Marwick and M'Donald were located for the present at Duke Town. The return of Mr. and Mrs. Beedie at the close of the year was a great strength to the mission. Further, the children of the church had presented a small steamer for the use of the up-river stations, whose name—*The Porteous-Rae* (familiarly known in after years as *The P.-R.*)—linked together the names of the noble men who, loving and lovely in their lives, were not divided in death. It seemed as if the year was to close in new activity and joy, and the hope to be realised that a step would be taken forward into the darkness.

But the joy was of short duration. On 16th December M'Kenzie fell asleep at Ungwana, and the new year was but five days old when Mrs. Dean was cut off at Creek Town

after a few hours' illness. This double blow fell very heavily. M'Kenzie was a man greatly beloved by all who knew him, and many hopes were blighted by his death. Of Mrs. Dean, Mr. Goldie writes: "So full of hope and cheerfulness, she sought to make all happy around her, and thus she drew to her the hearts of our native friends by her kindly intercourse with them."

February brought a young engineer, Mr. J. M. Ross, an ardent and whole-hearted missionary. But he was permitted to labour only for a few months. On May 13th he died at Ikorofiong, and was laid beside Mr. Porteous in the little cemetery there. Mrs. Cruickshank, who, with her devoted husband and Miss Hogg, had been passing through months of anxiety on account of inter-tribal quarrels and bloodshed, in which even some of the church members were to some extent involved, caught cold on the night of Mr. Ross's death, and the shock of that event, working on an already over-strained and weakened system, speedily brought on hæmaturic fever. She fell asleep on 19th May, just six days after Mr. Ross. In her the household of over thirty boys and girls lost a mother who had lovingly cared for them, and the whole people, and especially the women of Ikorofiong, a faithful and sympathetic friend.

On the very day on which the news of the death of Mrs. Cruickshank and of Mr. Ross arrived in this country, the Rev. Dr. Laws of Livingstonia and the Rev. W. Risk Thomson, late of Lucea, Jamaica, appeared before the Foreign Mission Board to say good-bye before going out to Calabar as a deputation to make arrangements for the establishment of a Training Institution, of which Mr. Thomson had been appointed superintendent. Dr. Laws had in view a similar institution in connection with his own mission; and having visited various institutions for

the purpose of studying their methods, and having embodied his views in a pamphlet which had been brought before the notice of the Board, he was asked and agreed to accompany Mr. Thomson to Calabar to examine the field, to consult with the missionaries there, to interview the chiefs and the Consul, to make such preparations as he saw to be necessary for the early commencement of the institution, and to bring home a report to the Board.

The value of industrial work as supplementing Christian teaching had long been felt both in the field and at home. In one of his early letters from Emuramura, Mr. Luke gave an interesting account of the manual work of the missionary and of its influence upon the native mind. "Our friends at home," he wrote, "who imagine a missionary to mean a man who goes about in clerical garments with a Bible under his arm, are very much mistaken. If they think of the Cross river missionaries going about half the day dressed as backwoodsmen, engaged in road-making, yard-building, beach-constructing, etc. etc., they will be nearer the mark. Besides the benefit to the missionaries themselves, to the natives the sight of a missionary at work of this kind is a good sermon." Nor had the work of training the natives in trades been entirely neglected. As far back as 1882, on the appointment of Mr. John Morrison, carpenter, the following statement of the Board's policy was made: "He will take two or three lads as apprentices, and this will be the beginning of an excellent auxiliary of the mission—an institution for teaching the natives useful trades." Mr. Bishop, too, tried to get some lads to serve their apprenticeship as printers, but he soon found that his ability to keep them till they "finished their time" depended upon the goodwill of their masters, and that sometimes they were taken away just when they were beginning to be

useful. Under these circumstances efforts at industrial training were not encouraging.

The question of industrial training was brought forcibly before the Church in a letter signed "One of the Zenana Staff," and known to be from the facile pen of Miss Slessor, which appeared in the *Record* for January 1892. The writer called attention to the need for industrial training to supplement Christian teaching, and pointed out that the natural resources of the country were not being drawn upon, but that timber was bought in this country and shipped at a heavy freight to erect mission buildings, when the timber of the country might be utilised. She also laid stress on the moral value of industrial work as affording a training to what is weakest in the African character, and suggested that a deputation should be sent out to see what the capabilities of the country really were, "to examine the timber, the indigenous and possible products, the water-power, the character and probable cost of buildings," etc., to interview the "kings, chiefs, and other natives of intelligence and influence, finding from themselves how far such work would be appreciated and supported by them." As a result, to some extent, of this letter, a conference was held between the Board and the missionaries who were then on furlough, and a series of questions were drafted and sent out to the mission committee in Calabar with the view of obtaining definite information on various points connected with this matter. A further impulse was given to the movement by the offer of Sir Claude Macdonald to make a yearly grant of £200 to the mission, to be devoted entirely to industrial training of the natives. Thus the Board were led to the decision to establish an institution on the same lines, though at first on a much smaller scale, as the Lovedale Institution in South Africa.

But in the new institution industrial work was to hold, though an important, yet a subordinate place to educational and religious work. It was proposed that boys should be admitted into the institution after leaving the elementary school, and that after a period of preliminary training, those who desired to learn a trade should be apprenticed, while those who showed special aptitude should be trained as teachers and pastors. The principal aim of the institution was thus to provide the mission with a supply of thoroughly trained native agents.

Early in the history of the mission it was recognised that if Christianity is to make headway in Calabar, agents must be got from among the natives themselves. Accordingly such education as circumstances allowed has always been an important department of the work. Side by side with the church stood the school. Indeed, during the first four years of a station one building generally served the purposes of both church and school. More correctly the school usually preceded the church, for it was easier to get the children to come to school "to learn book" than to get the parents to come to church. Not that the value of education for its own sake was always appreciated, for often the question was asked, "What are the children to get for coming to school and doing all this work?" just as their elders expected to be paid for cutting "bush." So the attendance was not very regular, and advance in learning was slow. But a most valuable adjunct to the school was the mission-house. Every mission-house had its complement of children, who were taught to wash, sweep, cook, and do housework, and whose regularity at school could be relied on. These house-children furnished an important part of the day's work of the missionary, and especially of his wife; for it was a good day's work to find work for them all, and to

see that they did it. They were drawn from various quarters. Some were twins who had been saved from death, or orphans who would have stood but a poor chance of survival in the Calabar world when deprived of a mother's care; others were the children of "big men," who were put into the mission-house to learn "white man's fashion," just as in the old days they used to be sent to live in the trading-hulks for the same purpose. This system was of the greatest use in advancing the work of the mission and the interests of the children themselves. It was rare to find an Efik parent who so appreciated the benefits of education as to take the trouble to see that his children went regularly to school and learned lessons at home. But in the mission-house the children were under the eye of the missionary and his wife. They were sent regularly and punctually to school, and in the evening what time remained after the religious instruction which formed part of "prayers" was devoted to next day's lessons. As a result, the mission-house children generally outstripped the town children in learning.

Out of the mission-house the native teachers gradually and naturally arose. It was a natural thing for the European teacher, when the school grew too large and the subjects too varied for his individual effort, to ask one of his more advanced boys to pilot a class through the mysteries of the alphabet; natural also for this work to become permanent, and the pupil to become a pupil-teacher. Soon the peculiar manner of life of the people demanded a step forward. For a considerable part of the year they live at their farms, and if they are to enjoy the blessings of education and religion, these must be brought within their reach. Hence arose the out-stations, subordinate stations at a distance of one, two, or even three hours' walk from the principal station, at which a young man,

who was probably taken from the teaching staff of the town school, was settled to give the bulk of his time to teaching, preaching and visiting.

But the general training of such teachers could not, under the circumstances, be very advanced, and it could not be allowed to cease. The persistent teaching of the mission-house has raised a set of men who know their Bible as few at home know it, but beyond that much could not be expected. Besides, some of the young men expressed the desire to go forward to the ministry, and in the absence of the facilities for a complete training, the best had to be made of the circumstances. It is an invariable entry in the minutes of Presbytery of that early time, that the teachers appeared and delivered their exercises, which had been prescribed at the previous meeting, and received exercises to be prepared against the next meeting. These exercises could not but be elementary, as our ideas go, and were, for the most part, religious. A number of questions in the Efik Catechism, or, if the pupil was sufficiently advanced, in the Shorter Catechism, were repeated, and an essay on a prescribed subject read. Thus the native teachers were carried on from step to step, at the same time as they were engaged in the work of the mission.

The teachers' class represents another step of advance. It soon appeared advisable to gather the teachers together for a month's training, even though this meant the interruption of school work. On these occasions a course of lectures was delivered, and examinations held upon them. The principal subject treated was, of course, theology, Church history, or some kindred biblical subject; but, combined with this, instruction was given on some such subject as elementary physiology, botany, physical geography, or school management. It is told that, at the

opening of one class, Asuqua Ekanem, afterwards the minister of Ikoneto, brought a goat with him to Creek Town, the skeleton of which was for purposes of instruction in physiology, while the flesh was intended "to make good soup" to sustain Mr. Edgerley in the work of teaching the class.

It has been deemed advisable to give the foregoing detailed account of the educational methods of the mission, as the former part of this book deals with the destructive, rather than the constructive side of the work, with the fight against cruel and superstitious customs, rather than the education of the natives. The immense amount of routine work, teaching, translating, compiling school books, superintending schools and native teachers, which is not of such a nature as to captivate the imaginations of the supporters of missions, has in no small degree been the secret of the success which has attended the work in Calabar. And the men who gave their days, and often their nights, to this work—Goldie, Anderson, Robb, Edgerley and others—have laid deep the foundations of a self-sustaining native church.

Such was the point at which the new proposal found the mission. But further, a great impulse had been given to education by the establishment of the protectorate on its new footing in 1891. Many English-speaking natives were required by the Government as interpreters, custom-house and post-office officials, etc., and in the lack of a sufficient supply of these from Calabar itself, men were drawn from Sierra Leone and other colonies on the coast. The Efik men soon discovered that this meant the deflection of a considerable amount of money from the pockets of the natives of Calabar; and soon those who in former times could hardly be got to keep their children regularly at school, were clamouring for English. And though the

Dr Laws and Mr Goldie

main purpose of the mission in teaching to read, was to open to the native his Bible, it had to take up and face as best it could, on so short a notice, this new demand.

Dr. Laws and Mr. Thomson arrived in Calabar in August 1893, and remained till December. In that short period they accomplished a great deal. They investigated the best methods of working such an institution as would meet the special circumstances of Calabar, interviewed the Consul-General, who entered into the scheme with enthusiasm, selected Duke Town as the most fitting place in which it could be established, obtained a grant of land for the buildings and a beach at the river-side at a nominal rent, and made such preparations as were necessary for the early starting of the institution. They met with encouragement on all hands. The native Christian conference presented them with an address. And as an illustration of how far the influence of the contemplated institution might extend on the West Coast of Africa, it was interesting to them that one of the steamers that arrived during their stay brought two Christian Krooboys who had heard of the proposal, and had come to obtain such a training as would fit them for Christian work among their own people.

Soon after the deputies arrived, the special need of Calabar was brought home to them by the death of Mr. Bishop, the printer, which occurred on 5th September. His death was a great loss to the mission, for during his short career he had won a considerable influence over the natives, and especially over the young men of Creek Town. He was skilful in all the branches of his trade, accomplished and helpful in many directions, and had a passion for music, which he delighted to teach the boys. He was a man of bright countenance and saintly soul, a true missionary, and a brother universally beloved.

The deputies had been commissioned to undertake such journeys as might guide the Board in determining in what directions the mission might be extended. But the season of the year was unsuitable for this work, and they thought that the sooner they got home with their report, the sooner would arrangements for the new start be made. They left in December, taking with them Mr. Cruickshank, a cousin of Dr. Laws, whose health had for some time been far from satisfactory. Soon the staff was still further weakened. Miss Hogg, who with Mrs. Rae had remained in charge of Ikorofiong, was invalided home by next steamer. Mrs. Luke had already been ordered home by Dr. Laws, and Mr. Luke, Dr. Fischer, Mr. Manson and Miss Johnstone followed not long after. Of all these, only Mr. Cruickshank and Miss Hogg were able to return. However, Mr. Weir, teacher, Dr. Thomson, Mr. Paton, printer, Mr. Lindsay, engineer, and Mrs. Rae were added to the staff.

On 3rd February 1894 the Rev. Asuqua Ekanem, late of Ikoneto, died at Ikorofiong. He was the second of our native pastors, and had been ordained on the afternoon of the day on which the Creek Town Church was opened. Advancing years and frailty had compelled him to retire from the duties of the pastorate about a year before his death, but he had been able to be present at the ordination of his successor, the Rev. Itam Okpo Itam, on the 4th of August 1893. He spent the short close of his life at Ikorofiong, the village to which he belonged. His last days were days of much suffering, but there was a peace in his soul that bodily suffering could not destroy. A note pencilled on his deathbed conveyed a last touching message to his fellow-Christians. It ran as follows:—

"Brethren of the Churches,—Dear brethren, may all be well with you! I am going before you into glory.

Cleave to Jesus, that ye also may come. There we shall meet and assemble together in the house of our Father above. Wishing you all good, I go before you.—I am, your friend, ASUQUA EKANEM.

"This is my last exhortation which I leave to you, my dear brethren and friends. 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world.'"

The character of Asuqua Ekanem is one the memory loves to linger over. He was a remarkable man, combining simplicity and shrewdness in a wonderful degree with a fine play of imagination and a mind full of quaint conceits. Apart from Christian simplicity, his main characteristic was the love and pursuit of knowledge. He was a great reader. He was said to be the only one in the field who read *The Fathers*, a number of volumes of which had been left by Dr. Robb in the Ikorofiong library, and so engrossed was he in Origen's heresies that when the bell rang for church he took the book with him, reading as he walked. "Fancy this man writing against heretics," was his comment, "and he a heretic himself." He had a good dispensary knowledge of medicine, to which he was ever eager to add. "Come, doctor, and tell me all about medicine," he once said to the river doctor, Dr. M'Kenzie, who had landed at Ikoneto for a ten minutes' rest. He did a considerable amount of translation work, and Bunyan's *Holy War*, translated by him and corrected by Mr. Goldie, was published. He had a strong desire, to which he was always giving expression, to see a good English school maintained in Calabar, which was second only to the desire of sending his children to be educated in this country, and for this the old man made a good many sacrifices. He was a lovable man, and, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was a great favourite with his brother missionaries. He

holds a larger place than he himself would have claimed in the history of Calabar and in the hearts of those who knew him.

In May, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson arrived to begin the new venture, and took up their residence in a house on the mission-hill which was the institution for the time being. The work was begun with about half a dozen boys and girls, but before the end of the year there were twenty apprentices connected with the establishment, while forty scholars were in attendance at the English school. Meanwhile, the building on the Institution Hill was proceeded with, and in less than a year was ready for occupation. The numbers have steadily increased, until at present there are no fewer than 136 boys and lads boarded in the institution.

In that hive of industry many trades are taught. Carpentry, engineering, and printing were already in the mission and were further developed. Ground for a brick-field was found at Ikorofiong, and ere long the work was in operation. A large part of the ground belonging to the institution has been planted with coffee plants, and such of the boys as wish to learn agriculture are sent to the Government botanic gardens, where they are trained by the skilled curators from Kew. This department promises to be specially useful, as the methods of the native agriculture are rudimentary in the extreme, and the Calabarman sticks with great conservatism to a trade of declining profits rather than venture upon anything new or not immediately productive. Tailoring and baking have also been added. All these with the exception of brickmaking, which to the loss of the community has been given up, promise to be successful. The day-school for the teaching of English has won high commendation from the Government Inspector. Pupil teachers are taken from

among the more advanced scholars, giving promise in time of a native agency. But the aim of the institution goes beyond mere industrial and educational training. Its object is not to turn out good carpenters and tailors merely, or even good scholars, but to send forth Christian men who will be a blessing to the country. To this end all the stations of the mission, as well as many of the up-river towns, which have not been directly reached by the mission, are represented under its roof; and a goodly number of boys whom the Government has gathered in the course of its various punitive expeditions have been placed there to be educated. The largeness of the European staff also renders aggressive Christian work among the surrounding villages and among the Krooboys at the factories, whom the mission had previously been able to do little for, and among the varied dwellers on the Consulate Hill, much more regular than could be undertaken from the Mission Hill. It is hoped that this agency will become more and more a centre of Christianising influence in the country.

Equal to the importance of training Christian men is that of training Christian women, and it was part of the original plan to establish a girl's section in the institution. As soon, then, as the first building was completed, a second similar to it was begun one hundred yards distant. Over this Miss Hogg was placed, and carried on the work till sickness compelled her to retire from the field. Here, in addition to a good school education, the girls are trained in the various duties of the diligent housewife. Here is a picture from the pen of Miss Hogg:—"Since Miss Wright's arrival the dressmaking class has been in great favour. She made a start with eleven girls. It was a treat to look into their busy work-room. The girls in their neat, fresh aprons, with their new scissors suspended at

their sides, the click of the sewing machine, the cloth and clippings scattered about, all look eminently business-like. The laundry, with its fixed-in tubs and all necessary appliances, is especially praised by visitors. For a little while the girls envied each other the honour of turning the handle of the wringer or the mangle; but, now that these machines have descended to the commonplace, there are fewer applicants for the distinction. Their horizon is being widened by so many things. Some are beginning to show a talent for drawing, a few can read sol-fa music, and four are having lessons on the organ. The organ lessons are an incentive, for only the best pupils are to have them. Three girls told us they had given their hearts to Christ, and their conduct since has been so consistent that it has made us glad."

In 1898 the boys' section had so increased in numbers that it was found necessary to take steps to increase the accommodation. It was deemed advisable to remove the girl's section altogether to Creek Town, where there was a suitable house vacant, and to utilise both buildings on the Institution Hill for the boys.

The year did not pass without some withdrawals from the staff through sickness. Miss Dunlop, Dr. Fischer, and Mr. and Mrs. M'Donald, who were doing good work at Ungwana, left the mission. The last day of the year also saw the removal by death of Mr. Peter M'Omish, who had been erecting the new house at Emuramura. Early in the following year, on 9th February 1895, Mr. Paton, the printer, died after a service of only nine months. The beginning of this year also saw the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Waddell at Dublin, who had been the pioneers of the mission, and who were thus spared to reach the threshold of its jubilee.

In March 1895 the staff was augmented by the

GIRLS AT THE INSTITUTE
WITH MISS HOGG, MISS LIDDELL, AND MR BARCLAY

largest party that ever came out at one time, viz. Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Nurses Scott, Graham, and Miller, Misses Ross and Brown, and Messrs. Dalgleish, Barclay, Marshall, and Simmers; while Miss Hogg came out by the following steamer to take up her work as head of the girls' section of the institution. But Mrs. Porter proved so unfit to stand the climate that she had to return home by the following steamer. In little over two months Nurse Miller was cut off by typho-malarial fever. She seems to have had a presentiment that she would not recover, for on the day on which she took ill, she wrote a touching letter of farewell to her mother, expressing her submission to the will of God and comforting her friends who were left to mourn her death. After a year or two of highly appreciated work in the Government European Hospital, but in the service of the mission, an arrangement was made by which the nurses were transferred to the Government service. During this year Mr. Kinsey, brickmaker, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were added to the staff, while Dr. Thompson and Mr. Lindsay withdrew from it.

The 18th of August deprived the mission of the presence of one who had been identified with it almost from its commencement, who had witnessed all its changes and written its history. The Rev. Hugh Goldie had for forty-eight years been in Calabar, and though for some time the weight of years had been telling upon him, he may be said to have died in harness, for on the Sabbath before that on which he took ill he preached as usual, and during the week he went about his ordinary work. On Sabbath, the 11th of August, he was seized with sickness. After being helped to bed, he said, "This may be the beginning of the end; if so, as the Lord will," and referring to the projected visit of his old companion-in-arms, Mr. Anderson, he added, "I fear I

shall not see Mr. Anderson on this side the river." He was found to be suffering from pneumonia. For some days hopes were entertained of his recovery, but towards the middle of the week it was becoming clear that his strength was waning. Mr. and Mrs. Beedie, Miss Hogg, and some of the other friends from Duke Town came to see him on the Wednesday, and he enjoyed their visit and was able to converse with them for a short time, but the strain was too much for him. Throughout the week he was lovingly watched by two of his old boys, William George Waddell, now pastor at Duke Town, and Aye, the native teacher at Creek Town. They noted down the broken sentences that fell, partly in Efik and partly in English, from his lips. "I am tired waiting." "I have owned Thy Son." "I have preached Thy salvation to many." "Are all you *etiede ke ebekpo*" (sitting on the throne)? "*Ada gospel önö mi*" (He gave me the gospel). One night towards the end of the week William summoned Mr. Dean, saying, "Etubom (master) wants to write." He went to him and asked, "Do you want to write, Mr. Goldie?" "Yes," he replied, "I want to write my decided opinion on the great evil of slavery." On being asked, "Will it do in the morning?" he replied, "Yes, it will do in the morning. I hope the devil will be defeated." His mind was flitting between two worlds, the seen and the unseen. "Are you going to start on that journey in the morning? Do you think that these four boys will be ready?" he was heard to ask. Many words that could not be distinctly caught fell from his lips. Often his lips moved as in prayer. On Sabbath about eleven o'clock the change came. Hurriedly such of the native teachers as were in the town and a few of the Christian women were summoned; and awed and silent they all stood

around the bed and saw the victor in so many fights breathe his last.

The news that Etubom was dead spread through the town and the adjacent farms like wildfire. The people crowded to the house and, taking possession of it, sat on the floor after their custom and mourned. But their mourning was for the most part silent. Occasionally one would break forth into wailing after the native fashion, but a word that Etubom would not have liked it produced quietness. They sat on the floor of the bedroom and of the verandah till after sunset, when they quietly went away.

The native members claimed the privilege of making the coffin and of preparing the grave. They said, "We feel that he belongs to us more than to you, and we should like to do all." Next morning the coffin was carried to the church by eight of his old house-boys, one at least of whom, a twin, he had saved from death. It was a sacred privilege to them to perform this last office. An impressive service was conducted by Messrs. Ukpabio, Beedie and others. Then the procession was formed, and wended its way up the narrow pathway, down which he had so often walked, of late with faltering step, on his errands of love. And he was laid to rest in the little cemetery beside her who for so many years had fought the battle against heathenism by his side.

Next morning one of the natives planted a living fence round the two graves.

A blank which could never be filled had been made in the life of the town. Never again would the familiar, bent figure be seen in the street or picking his steps into some humble abode. "I'm not well," said the native teacher next day when asked how he was. "What's the matter,

Aye?" was the next question. "It's not that," was the reply, "the town is not well." And one could understand that the heart of the town was heavy at its loss, as the heart of a family is heavy with a nameless pain at the loss of a loving and beloved father. For if these people can understand anything they can understand love, and it was enough to make one love them to see their love for Mr. Goldie. For weeks men and women, who had been away trading at the time of his death, might be seen going to the grave and taking a long look, and then quietly departing.

On the 31st of October, Mr. Anderson arrived on what proved to be his last visit to Calabar. Although by the death of "brother Goldie," of which he had heard shortly before sailing, the visit was emptied of much of its joy, still it was full of interest to the old man. It was an event which the Calabar people did not fail to celebrate in great style. "As soon as the steamer came in," wrote Mr. Beedie, "we hastened on board to meet and welcome him. A very great crowd of the natives was waiting him on the beach, and the women began to hug him. I had to keep them away by force, fearing that they would take the breath from him altogether. There was a great demonstration, school children marched before singing hymns, and some hundreds crowded round the house, all anxious to get a shake of his hand. We had in the end to put him into the room, and explain to the people that he was not so strong as to be able to stand so much fatigue." His old life came back to him with the old language. He sat and wrote at his old desk. He preached both in Efik and in English, with much of his wonted vigour. He saw everything, heard everything, was interested in everything. His days were spent in receiving the visits of his old friends among the natives. He visited the Institution,

and rejoiced at the work done there. "Mr. Beedie kindly provided me," he wrote, "with a fine little vehicle, propelled by two black boys, for the journey to the Institute. Looking at the past and at the present, I could not help saying at our happy dinner table that—'If in February 1849, when I took my first solitary walks in this quarter, a prophet had stood up in the jungle and said, "Know, O man, that ere fifty years pass away you will be whirling along this very spot on a smooth, delightful road in considerable style in your carriage and pair," I suppose I would have said to him, "Do not lie unto thy servant."'" But Mr. Anderson had come out to die, or, as he often expressed it, "to lay his bones beside those of his partner of forty years." After a week's illness he passed away on 28th December.

The memory of the three pioneers is perpetuated in the names of three buildings, and the purpose of each building is suited to what was distinctive in each. The father of the mission, the careful organiser, for whom no detail was too trivial, is commemorated by the Hope Waddell Training Institution, which is designed to be the focus of the mission's activities, and the centre of its influence. The Hugh Goldie Memorial Hospital commemorates the man who, with many great qualities, was perhaps greatest in the possession of a heart full of pity for the physical sufferings of the people. While it is fitting that Mr. Anderson, the fervent preacher, with the dash of genius that makes the true orator, the "old man eloquent" as he was sometimes called, has given the name beforehand to the Anderson Memorial Church which is to be built at Duke Town.

Meanwhile the work was advancing quietly, yet steadily. At Duke Town the work was being blessed in a singular degree. Never had there been so rapid an

increase in the membership. Never had there been so much Christian activity among the Christians, or so strong an influence being brought to bear by them on their heathen brethren. The church services were crowded, and subscriptions were being collected for the erection of a larger church. The week-night prayer meeting was attended by about two hundred. The catechism classes were large. Nor was this activity confined to the town. Numbers were working earnestly at their farms, and men and women were admitted to the Church whose training was almost solely the work of the native members. At Efut, Akpabyo, Idua and Okobo, places distant from Duke Town many hours' journey, there were arising small but steadily growing bands of Christians, who were being brought into the Church through the direct efforts of Duke Town members, and indirectly through the influence of the wise, kind, consecrated man who, amid growing physical weakness, was ministering to the Duke Town congregation. At Creek Town there was perhaps a less marked, but not less real progress. The people were growing in liberality. The women's association was doing a good work in the town, and in stimulating the men to increase their efforts. The membership was slowly but steadily increasing. Old men who had long resisted the gospel were coming in. And young men whose business took them to the oil markets in the interior related, when they returned, the endeavours they had made to tell the story of the Cross. "I never remember things looking so hopeful as they do now," Mr. Cruickshank said of Ikorofiong. Even up the river the harvest seemed nearer. The second convert was baptized at Ikotana under circumstances that are well worth relating. Ana Ekpenyong Ana was a slave of Ekpenyong Ana, the brother of Abiakari, the chief of Ikotana. Ekpenyong Ana had at one time professed con-

version, destroyed his jujus, broken up his harem, and sought to enter into the fellowship of the Church. But he had returned to native custom, and now sought to hinder all whom he had encouraged during his time of profession. Ana was one who had advanced so far as to be a candidate for baptism. The chief did not wish to appear the open opponent of the mission. He expressed himself quite willing that his people should become Christian. But he put obstacles in the way, and Ana was sent to Umon the week before the Sabbath on which his baptism was to take place. He was kept there for three weeks, although he asked permission to come to Ikotana on the Saturday, and return to Umon on the Monday. But on the fourth Saturday Ana left Umon for Ikotana in a small canoe, and after encountering the dangers of a tornado and the discomfort of a violent storm, he arrived at Ikotana at six in the morning. His master ordered him to return at once. At nine o'clock he appeared in the Sabbath School and told Mr. Deas his story, and it was arranged to baptize him and celebrate the Lord's Supper at the forenoon service. By one o'clock Ana was on his way back to Umon, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ.

Had Mr. Goldie and Mr. Anderson lived a few months longer they would have witnessed and borne a prominent part in the Jubilee celebration of the Mission. Throughout all the stations appropriate services were held, while for a week Europeans and natives celebrated the important historical event by games, picnics, bonfires, etc. It was fitting that a thrill of the joy should be felt in far-off Jamaica, where special services were held at Goshen, the place where the meeting of Presbytery was held in 1841, at which each of the eight ministers solemnly dedicated

himself to the work of God in Africa should the way be made open for him.

New workers were added to the staff, among whom was Dr. S. D. Cowan, who in the course of a short career was to win the affections of the people as few others have done. But this year also witnessed the breaking of the last link that bound the Calabar of the present to the pioneer missionaries. Miss Edgerley had for nearly forty years performed a quiet yet telling work in teaching the women and in training the girls to be Christian wives and mothers. But increasing weakness made it inadvisable for her to remain longer in the country. She left Calabar on 13th August 1896, followed by the prayers of both natives and Europeans that, after her long and faithful day's work, she might enjoy a peaceful sunset.

The appointment of Sir Claude Macdonald to Pekin deprived the country of a wise ruler and the mission of a warm friend. But both were fortunate in his successor, Sir Ralph Moor, who had been Acting Consul-General, and who has continued the firm but kindly policy of his predecessor.

The death of King Duke in this year removed a ruler whose power had been reduced to a shadow of its former greatness, whose life had been of little benefit to his people, and whose death happily was now fraught with no danger to them. A few weeks of playing and drunken revelry, and the town was as if no such event had happened. Had old customs been followed, or had the king's own wishes been consulted, what a difference there would have been!

The beginning of 1897 inflicted another severe blow on the mission in the death of the Rev. Robert M. Beedie, whose large knowledge of the native and practical common-sense had become increasingly valuable now that the

veterans were removed. He had returned from furlough in 1892, just after the mission had begun to recover from the severe losses of that year, and he had set himself to carry on the work of Duke Town with an earnestness which was rewarded with much success. But towards the close of the five years of his term his health so declined as to make a voyage home imperative, and the death of his youngest son through an accident told heavily upon him. He took advantage of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Cowan to leave the station in their hands. But his power of enduring the winter at home had been reduced by too long a stay in Calabar, and he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia on 31st January.

He was an ideal missionary. He could put his hand to anything, from the building of a house to the making of a violin. He had served the mission in every capacity, and the evidence of his skill will be apparent in its buildings for many a day to come. "His household was itself a mission-field. He ruled his boys and girls with firmness, and watched over them with wise and patient affection. But the strength of his work lay in his preaching and teaching. He loved the Gospel of Christ and believed in its power, and illustrated it in the godly simplicity of his life, and in his solid, sincere, and unassuming character."

Loss followed hard upon loss. In a few months Miss Hogg, who had been carrying on so important a work in the girls' institution, was invalided home not to return.

An event of importance, second only to the Jubilee of the Mission, was the Jubilee of the United Presbyterian Church, at which the mission was represented by the Rev. Esien E. Ukpabio, the first convert, the first who was ordained to the eldership, and the first native pastor. His visit to Scotland was a matter of great interest to the

natives themselves. They were proud of being able to send a representative to the historical event, and followed him with their gifts, their good wishes, and their prayers. The young men of Creek Town rowed him to the steamer, and a large number of canoes followed to bid him God-speed. The impression which he made in Scotland was exceedingly favourable. His kindly disposition, his genial good humour, his evident sincerity, won the heart of the United Presbyterian Church. His quaint manner of expressing himself, in not too perfect English, delighted his hearers. The result of the visits which he paid along with the other deputies to many of the churches was to greatly increase the interest in the Calabar Mission. His return to Calabar was eagerly looked for, and the fact that the steamer was eleven days late sorely tried the patience of the people. The young men were prepared to make their welcome even more enthusiastic than their send off. Several times false alarms of the steamer's arrival sent them down to Duke Town only to return disappointed. At length on Sabbath morning, just as the early Sabbath school was going in, the signs that the steamer was coming up the river were unmistakable. As the congregation dispersed from the forenoon service, a whisper rapidly spread that he had arrived. Immediately there was a rush for his house, for all were anxious to see the traveller from Obio Mbkara, and to welcome him back. The only persons who might be said to be disappointed were the young men whose good intentions to honour their "father" were frustrated by his precipitate return.

Mr. Ukpabio's arrival marked a still further advance in the development of the mission. Mr. Beedie's death, and the fact that no adequate response had been made to the frequent appeals for ordained men, rendered some

rearrangement of the existing staff necessary. Since Mr. Beedie had left the field, Dr. Cowan had been occupying Duke Town, and had earned golden opinions there. He had proved himself a friend to all classes. But the varied and heavy labours of Duke Town were proving too much for his physical strength, and were being performed at a great cost to the mission, since he was prevented from giving his undivided attention to his medical, and especially surgical work, which makes so great an impression on the native mind. The demands on his surgical skill were increasing, for his fame was spreading far and wide. That his time should be largely occupied with work that another could do was clearly bad policy when there was so much work that he alone could do. Besides, it was felt that the natural place for the medical man was Creek Town, where there was a well-equipped hospital.

The Creek Town congregation had so increased in liberality that there seemed to be no reason why they should not support a native pastor. Accordingly it appeared the best, and, indeed, the only plan, to place Mr. Ukpabio in Creek Town, with Dr. Cowan and Mr. Weir, the teacher, to give him what assistance they could, and to transfer Mr. Dean to Duke Town. This was the second time in the history of the mission that it had been found possible to withdraw a European from the direction of the religious work of one of the principal stations and to put it under a native pastor. It was the first time that it was so done as to make the congregation self-supporting, paying not only the congregational expenses, but fixing by conference among themselves the sum which they intended to offer their minister as stipend, and contributing over and above towards the support of the native teachers working among them. At the same time an attempt was made by Presbytery to put all the congregations on a better

footing financially, and to stimulate them to efforts towards self-support by giving them the control of the funds they raised.

The work at Duke Town also received a new impetus. The building of the new church was eagerly taken up, and through the agency of the Consul-General a site, one of the most suitable in the town, was granted free of burden, the only condition being that a school should also be maintained on it. Shortly after, Duke Town was greatly agitated by a series of fires, one of which levelled almost all the houses that had belonged to the late King Duke to the ground. It was believed by some that that worthy, being displeased with the meagre honours that had been paid to him at his death, had come to take possession of his own. Others, perhaps with more truth, put it down as the work of incendiaries. But it was a blessing in disguise, for instead of the filthy hovels and narrow streets a new and better town arose, built on a plan sanctioned by the Government.

As there had been a considerable addition made to the staff, all the stations were now occupied for the first time for years. Dr. Rattray and Mr. and Mrs. Simmers were appointed to Ungwana, and Mr. and Mrs. Marwick to Emuramura. Mr. and Mrs. Deas were at Ikotana; Mr. Cruickshank at Ikorofiong; Mr. Itam at Ikoneto; Mr. Ukpabio, with Dr. and Mrs. Cowan and Mr. Weir, at Creek Town; and Mr. and Mrs. Dean at Duke Town. Miss Slessor had followed the drift of the population to another part of Okoyong, accessible from Ikoneto on the Cross river. At the Institution, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson and the staff had been reinforced by the Rev. H. L. M'Millan and his wife, who had for many years been in Jamaica and Grand Cayman, and who had come out with instructions to take up the work of training native agents. It was with a pleasure

great as it was rare, that Presbytery, at its meeting in April 1898, was able to contemplate all its stations occupied. But experience had taught to rejoice with trembling, and Mr. Cruickshank moved that the attention of the Board be called to the fact that the stations were just filled, and that there was not a spare man to take the place of anyone who might break down.

How soon this apprehension was to be justified no one suspected, yet almost within a year the mission was to be crippled by death and resignation as it had probably never been before. The first break was at Duke Town, where in June Mrs. Dean was seized with sudden illness, which rendered it necessary for Mr. Dean and her to go home at once, and the medical verdict prevented them from returning. On 21st August, Mr. Deas passed away, and Ikotana, where so much good work had been done, and where the fruit was beginning to appear, was again vacant. On 26th December, Mr. M'Millan fell asleep ere yet he had begun the special work for which he had gone out. In March of the following year Mr. Simmers, Dr. Rattray's companion at Ungwana, was called away. On 24th September, Dr. Cowan died, and was buried at sea. And we are still under the shadow of the death of Miss Budge, who has been a faithful worker since 1892, and who for the last four years has been carrying on the work which Miss Hogg laid down.

Thus have we tried to gather up the threads of this history to the present time. It is the story of a lull, of a period of transition from the old cruel and superstitious days to the new times striving to be born.

If, in conclusion, we venture to look into the future, can we do so and not hope that amid the new opportunities that are opening up our mission has a large place? Great changes have recently been made in the administration of

the country. There are not lacking hopes that the great obstacle of the liquor traffic will soon be diminished, if not wholly removed; for has not the Colonial Secretary spoken of it as a disgrace to a civilised nation and ruinous to British trade? The whole country is opening up to the gospel. The old Calabar has passed away with its chiefs. King Duke, more superstitious than the meanest of his slaves; Archibong Edom, cruel and dissipated, yet preserving with fondness the New Testament given to him by his missionary friend; James Eyamba, once a church member and elder, latterly a wreck physically and morally; Ekpenyong Eyo, the last surviving son of the Eyo who ruled Creek Town when the mission entered the country,—all these have passed away, and the old Calabar has passed with them. It is a new Calabar that calls the Church, now richer in wealth and men, to enter in and take possession. Shall there not be many answers to the last message of the saintly Porteous, "May they come, more and more, and of the right kind"?

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